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32nd ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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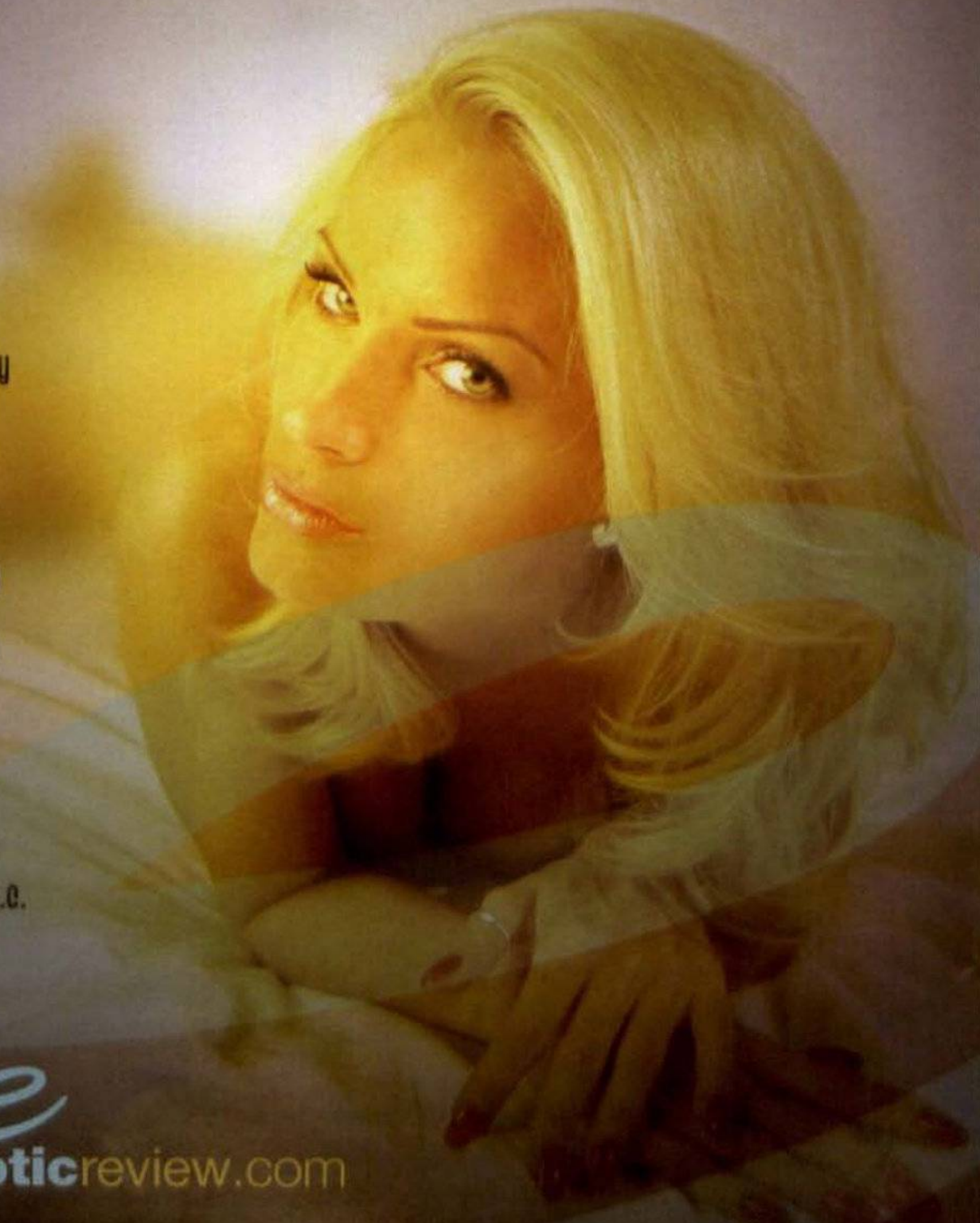

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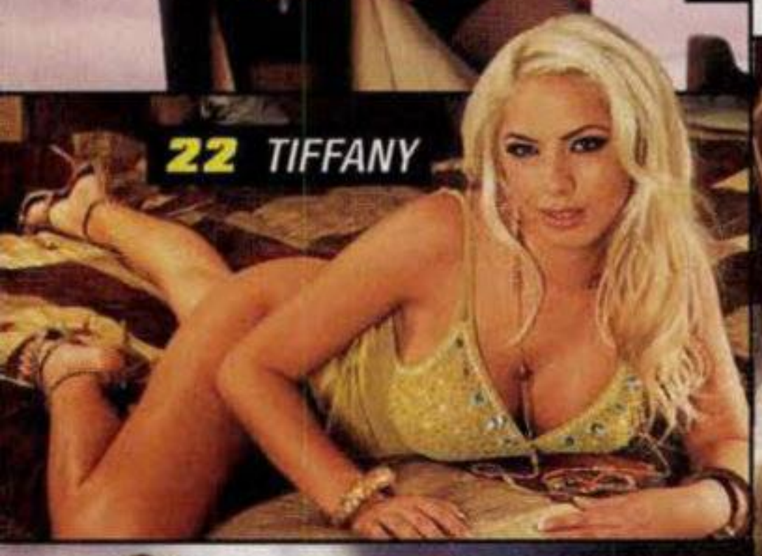

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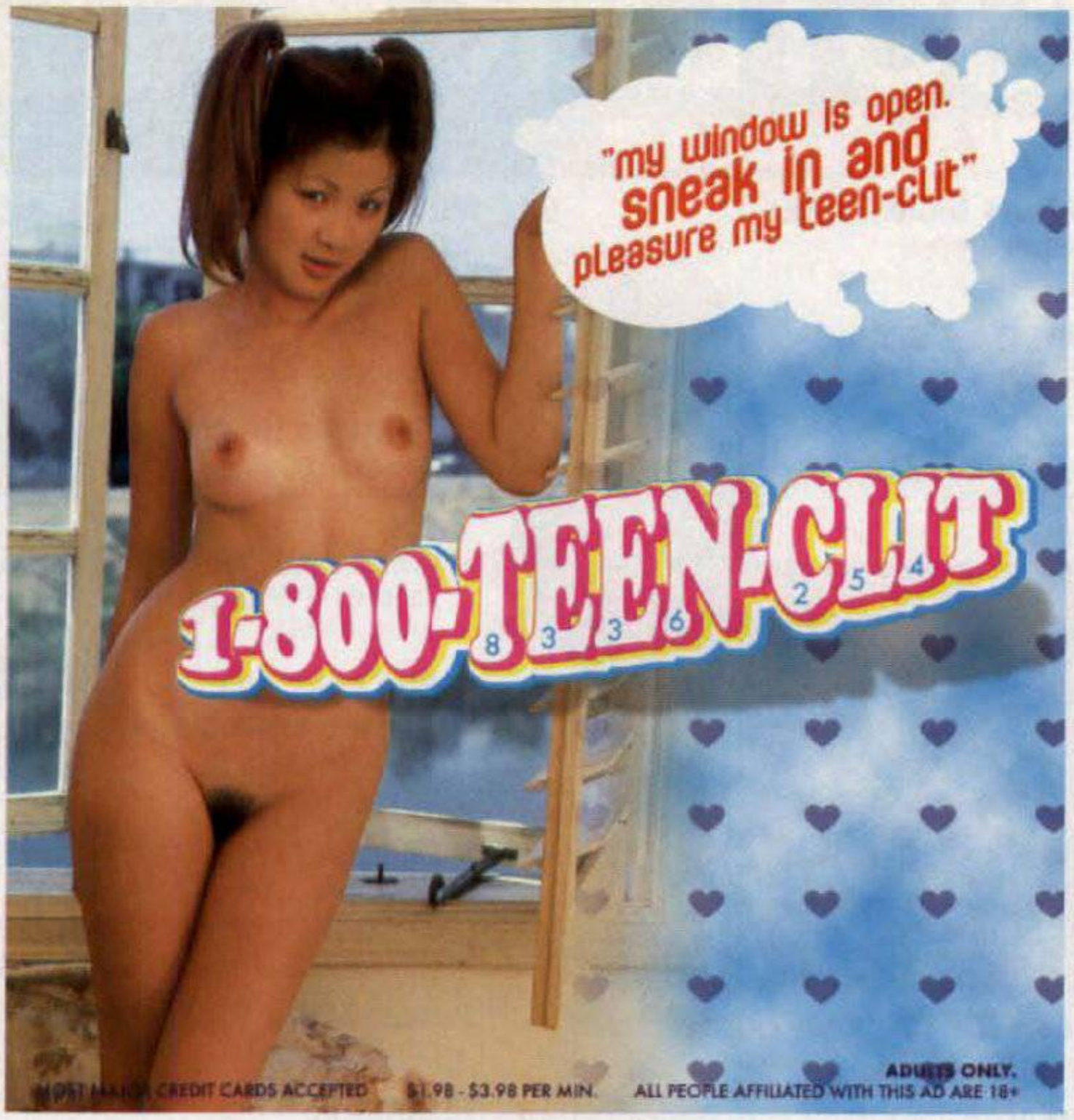
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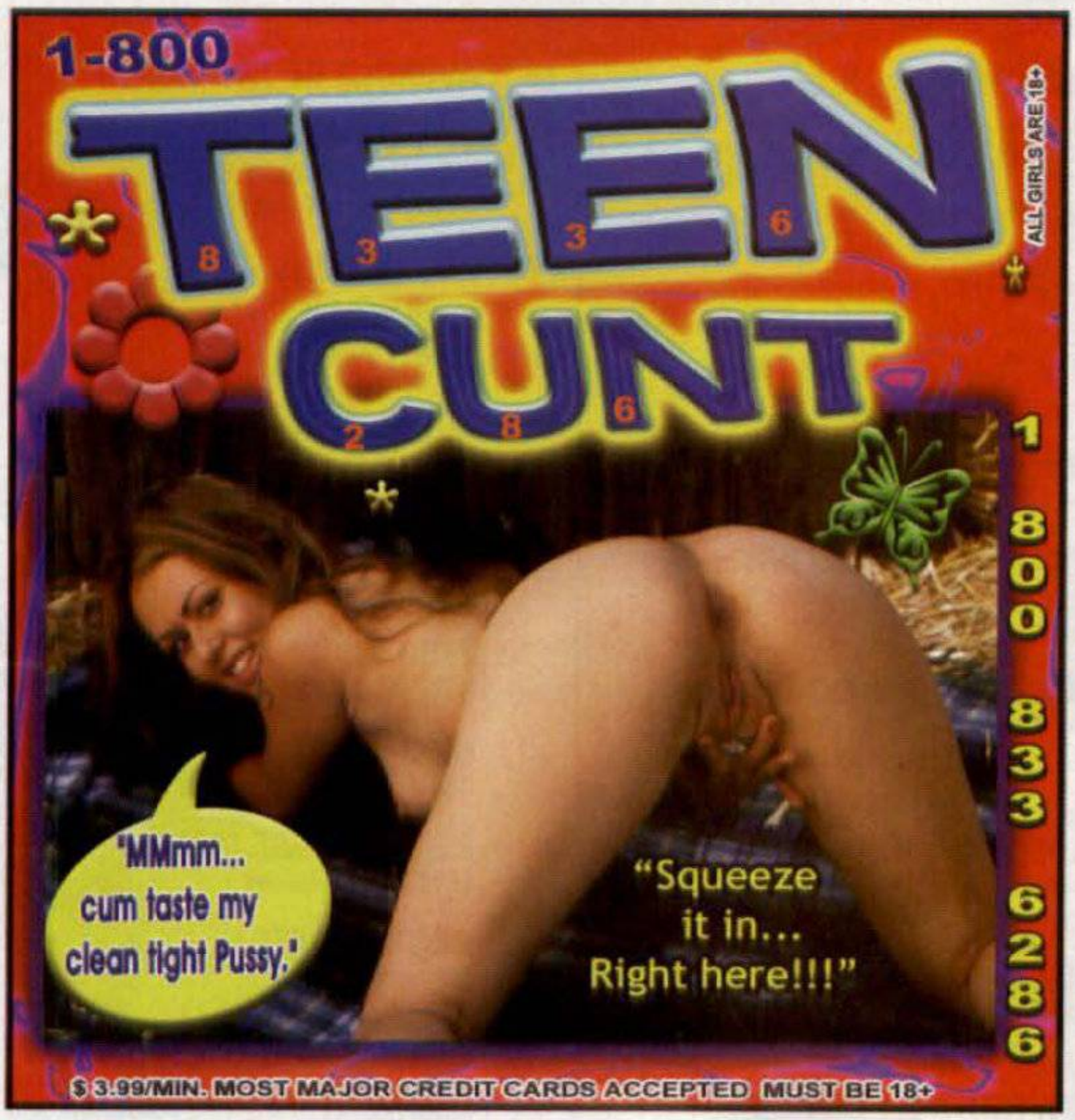
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Cover photo by Matti Klatt

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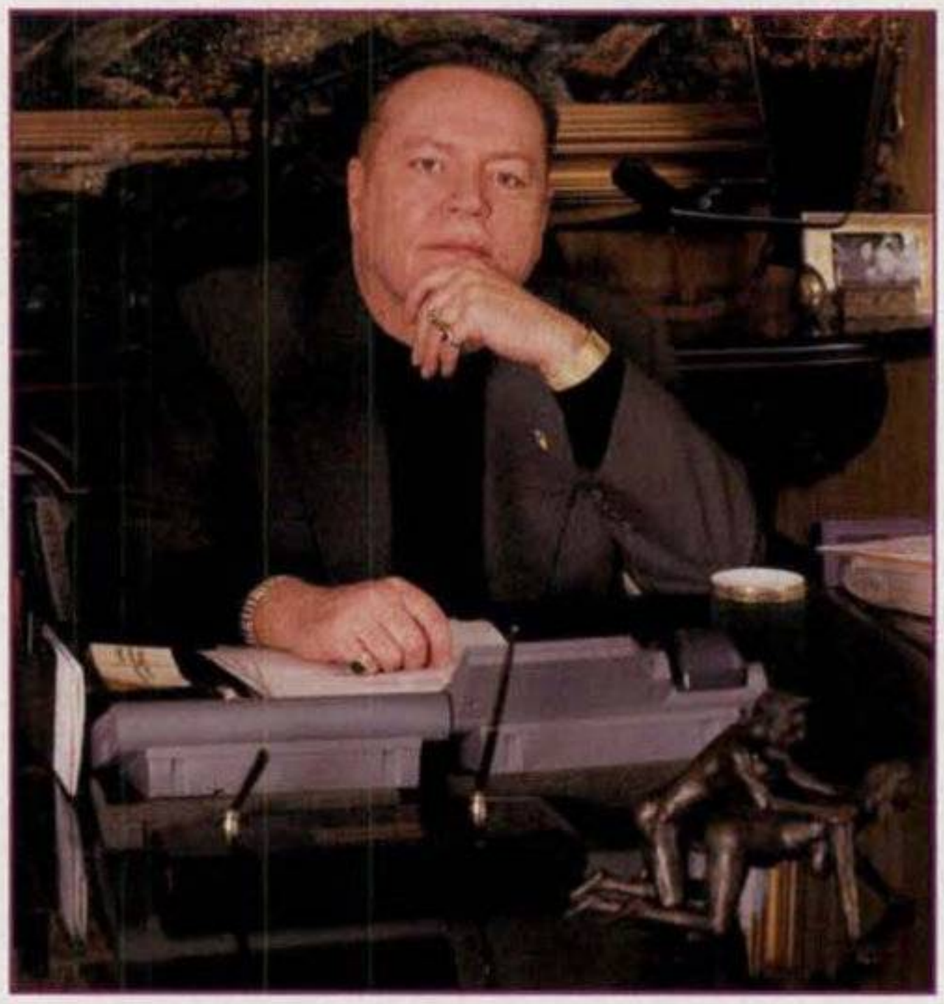


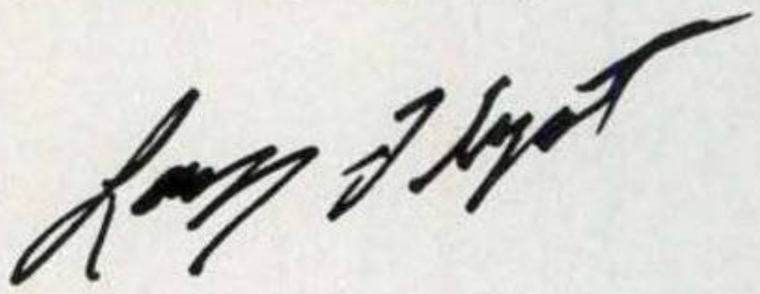
HUSTLER'S 32ND ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Thirty-two years ago, as I was about to publish the first issue of HUSTLER, President Richard Nixon was looking at the imminent demise of his Presidency. Soon after that July '74 issue hit the stands, Nixon resigned, saving the country from an impeachment trial over his efforts to subvert the Constitution.

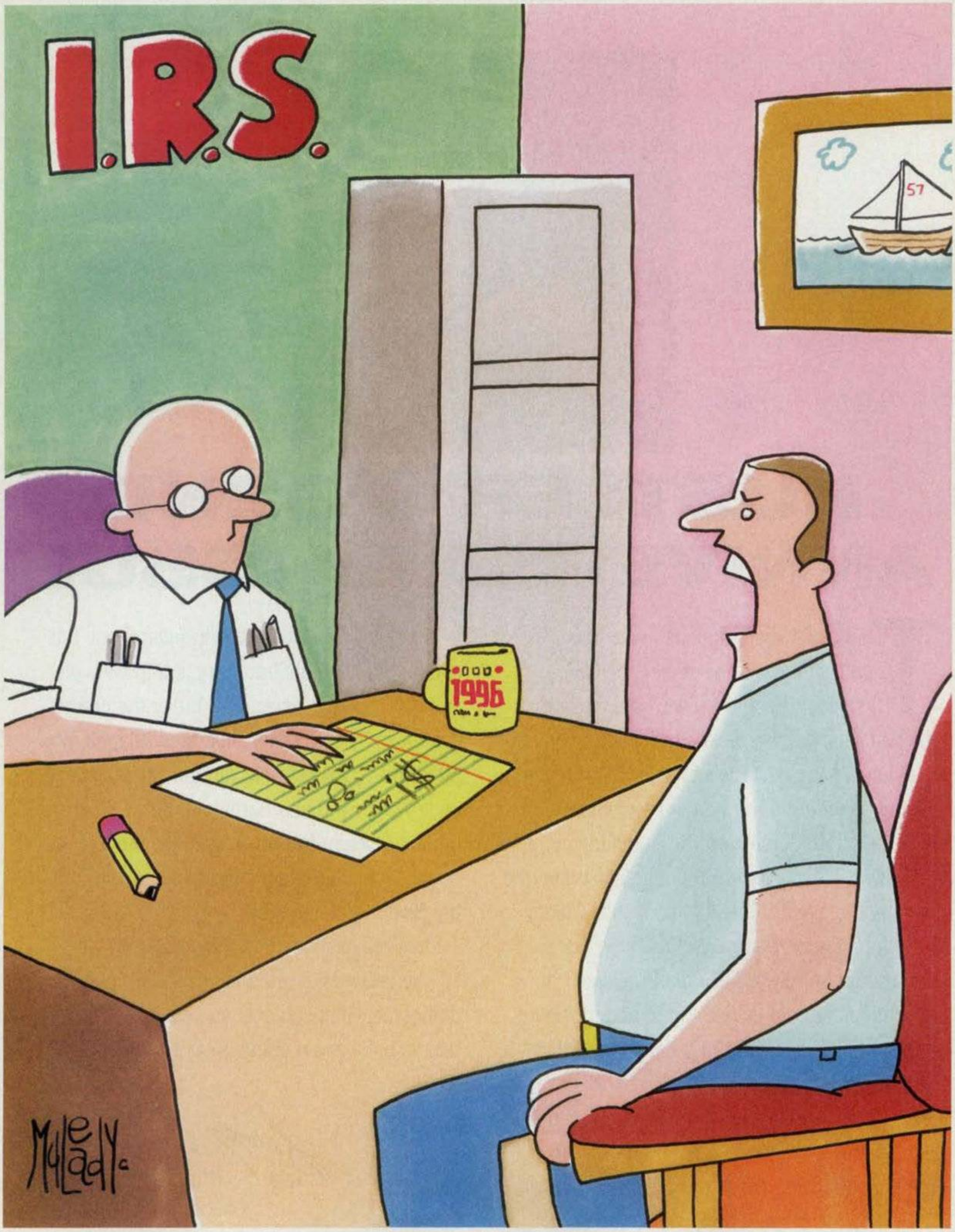
Today the neocons are trying to sell us on the notion of a "unitary President." That's a fancy term for dictator. George W. Bush and his cronies apparently believe the President can assume dictatorial powers up to and including "crushing the testicles" of a detainee's child (stated by John Yoo, a Justice Department lawyer), as well as spying on the American people and engaging in any number of other criminal offenses. These are powers not given to him by the Constitution. This is the same level of power Nixon sought and was denied.

In 1974, when HUSTLER first came out, this country still had a vibrant press that willingly challenged the government. Today the press seems spineless. Those, like Mary Mapes, who attempt to rock the boat get quickly jettisoned. Even Woodward and Bernstein, the original press heroes of the Nixon era, have let us down, Woodward becoming a cheerleader for the Bush Administration.

I feel relatively certain that HUSTLER will still be around 32 years hence. As for our democracy, that will only survive if we the people once again stand up to tyranny.



Larry Flynt
Publisher



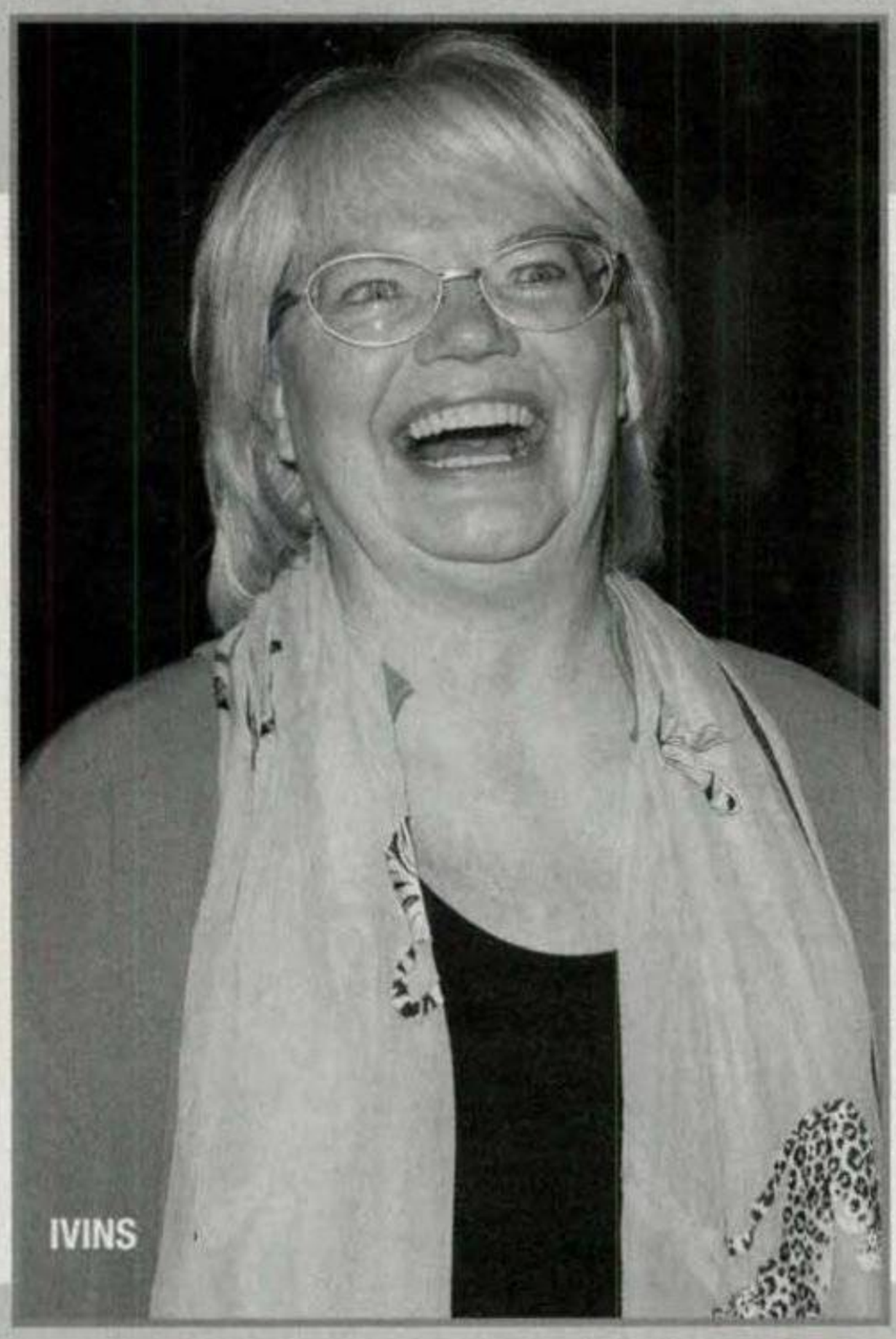
"How come you guys bust my balls over a $10 discrepancy on my tax return, but you can't find $9 billion that Halliburton 'lost' in Iraq?"

ALKON

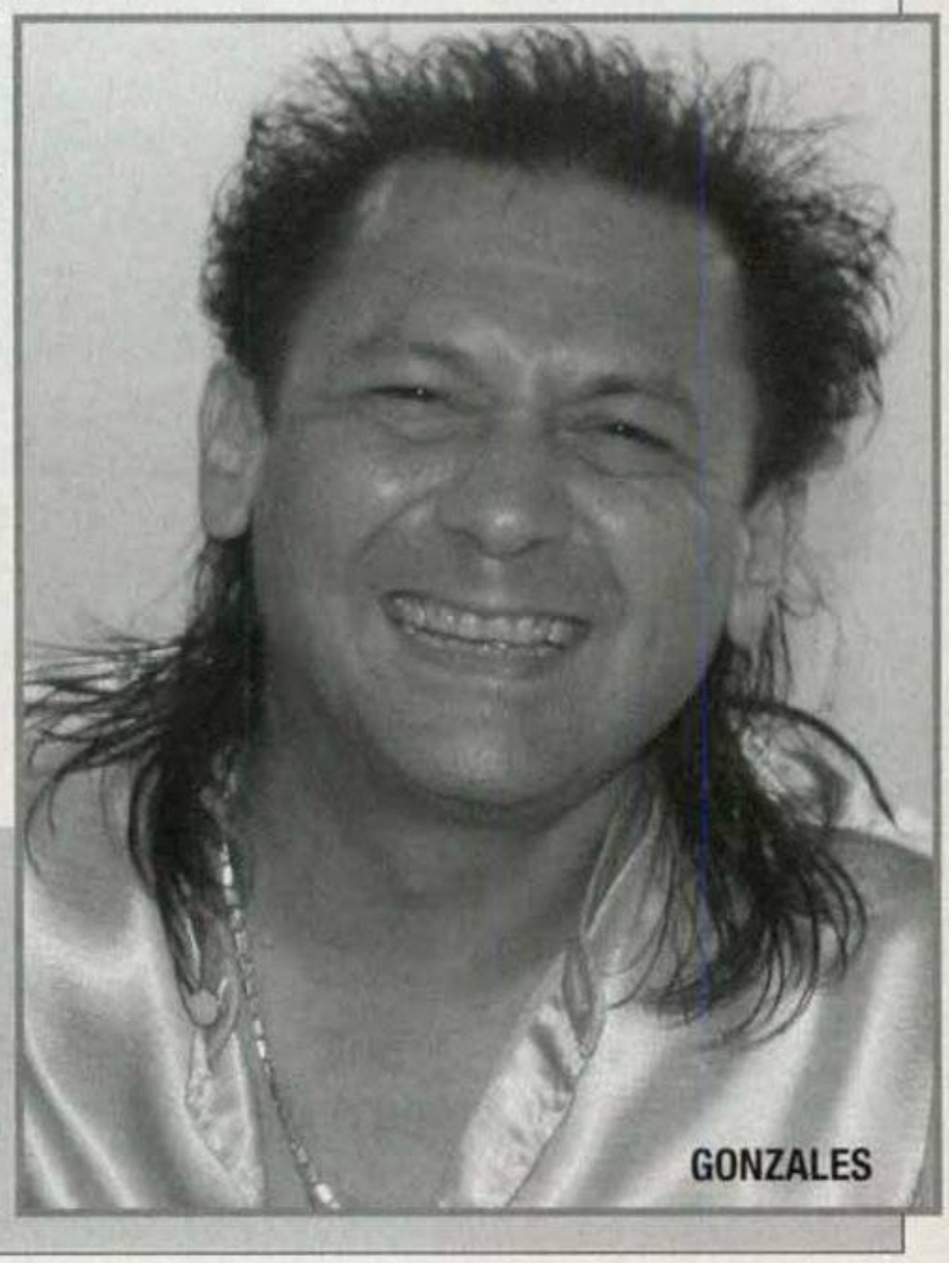
AMY ALKON is the author of "The Advice Goddess," a syndicated column that appears in more than 100 publications, most of which have yet to drop her despite such frank observations as: "Sex isn't special. Monkeys do it—and not because somebody gave them flowers or expensive jewelry." Alkon, who lives in the L.A. area and blogs daily at AdviceGoddess.com, drafted her profile on the Reverend Billy (pages 40-41) at one of the crusader's "favorite" places to get a cup of coffee.

GREENE

In his article *Sago and Alma: Disasters in West Virginia*, beginning on page 36, free-lance writer **JOSHUA GREENE** exposes the Bush Administration's budget cuts that ultimately killed 14 coal miners. The compassionate journalist's career includes a stint at the alt-weekly *The Cleveland Free Times*, where he penned the column "The Harvest Moon Hack," winning a prestigious award for his poignant chronicle of the downtrodden in one of America's poorest cities.


IVINS

MOLLY IVINS is a nationally syndicated political columnist whose reporting has been published in the *Houston Chronicle*, the *Minneapolis Tribune*, *The Texas Observer*, *The New York Times*, *Esquire*, *The Atlantic*, *The Nation* and *Harper's*. Besides appearing on National Public Radio, the *NewsHour With Jim Lehrer* and *60 Minutes*, she is the author of several books, including *Molly Ivins Can't Say That, Can She?* and, more recently, *Bushwhacked: Life in George W. Bush's America*. A three-time Pulitzer Prize finalist, Ivins is well known for her willingness to tell it like it is, as seen in the Texan's commentary *Not. Backing. Hillary.*, which can be found on page 32.


GONZALES

Once a jizz-mopper at a peep show arcade, **GUY GONZALES** has also performed live sex acts onstage, thriving in New York City's world of depravity and writing for *Swank*, *Screw*, *Vibe*, *The Village Voice* and DC Comics. Gonzales, who was profiled on A&E's *Biography* series, dedicates himself to preserving the Big Apple's sleaze aesthetic by documenting off-the-wall events like the South Bronx Fight Club, the subject of his latest HUSTLER contribution, *Total Carnage* (pages 84-86).

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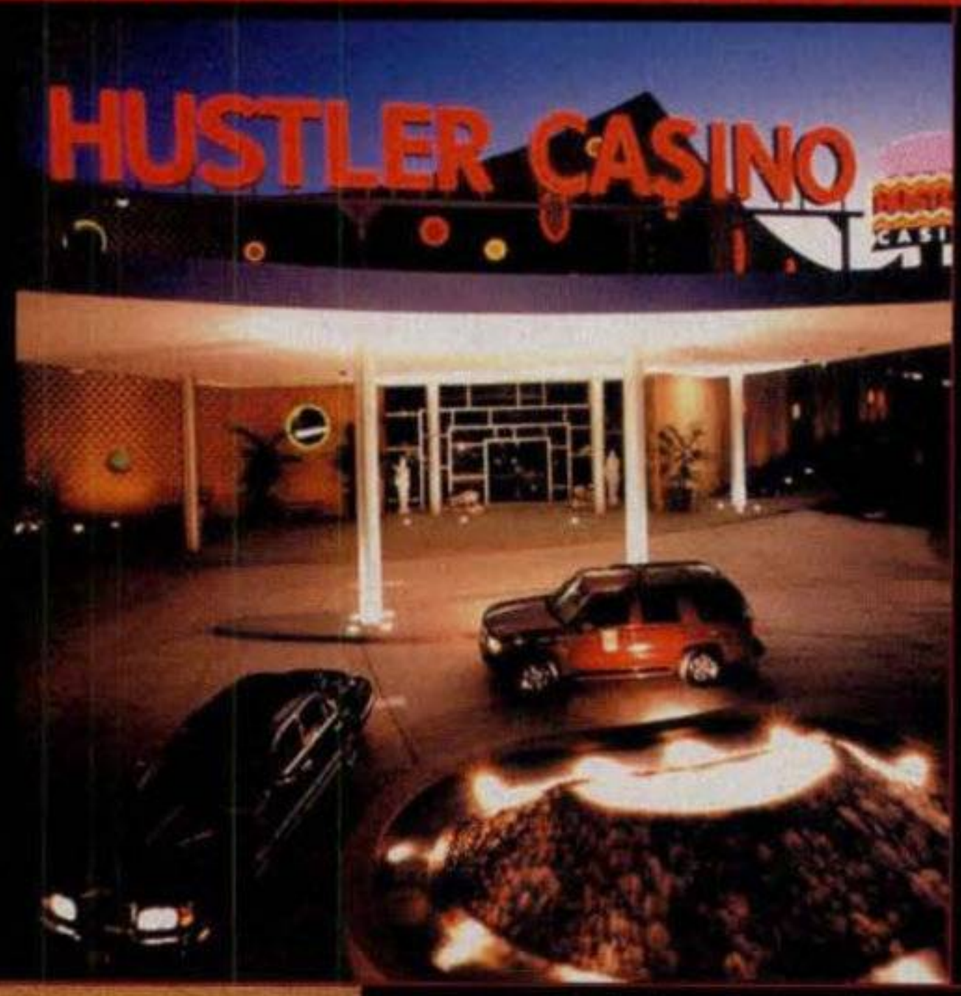

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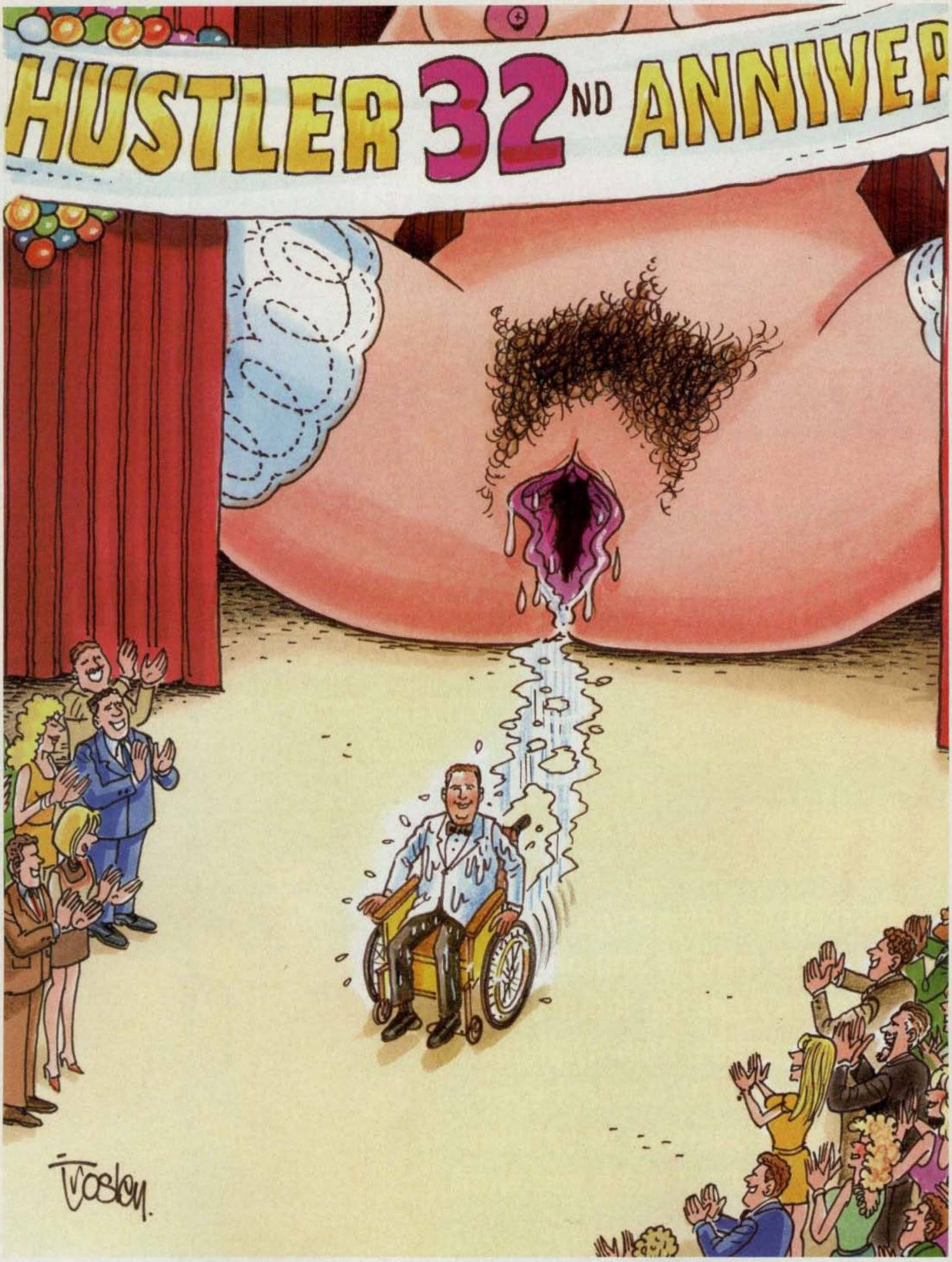

"Larry always makes a fantastic entrance!"

Thingamajigs?

I began subscribing to and buying old copies of HUSTLER after seeing *The People vs. Larry Flynt*. I love Larry, and you have a good magazine. I'm especially pleased that HUSTLER became political again after a few boring years of concentrating solely on sex. However, several things are bugging me.

First, your covers are pretty, but they're not very interesting anymore. In the '70s you had a ton of *classic* covers that were hilarious and eye-catching. If you want to boost sales, you must differentiate yourselves from every other porn mag on the market. Make people *interested* again!

Second, fake breasts look stupid. Everybody knows that by now. There is nothing at all sexy about two cement-filled basketballs taped to a pole.

Next, enough with the shaved pubes! There is nothing sexy about a woman with a 40-year-old face and an adolescent groin! Tell this to your dumbass *Beaver Hunt* entrants too!

Finally, does anybody really give a shit about Mancow Muller or Jenna "Plastic and Aging Rapidly" Jameson anyway?

Please at least consider these thingamajigs, but don't lose any of the humor, yellow journalism or Republican-bashing. All that stuff is awesome! **—M.P.**

New York, New York

Electrafying

Wow, Carmen Electra! But where's the pink? What a disappointment! For a minute there I thought someone was playing tricks on me, putting a HUSTLER cover on an issue of *Playboy*. But no, there's god Flynt himself with the *Publisher's Statement*! I'm sure Carmen had a favorite toy she could've played with for us to enjoy.

Thanks for the shots, but didn't you have enough singles in the stack to get the former stripper to spread? What's up—an exotic dancer/entertainer who won't sell the pink? Come on! I'm sure Larry Flynt's wallet could have spread open a bit wider to get Carmen to spread-eagle. For a longtime HUSTLER fan and subscriber, show some pink, please?

—Derek G.

Taos, New Mexico

Sorry you were disappointed, Derek, but the March '06 HUSTLER contained exclusive photos of superceleb Carmen Electra in the buff. That's nothing to sneeze at. And if she ever does reveal her twat (hairy or bald), it's sure to be right here.

Global Jenna Raves

Dear Jenna Jameson: I recently saw your picture in a friend's copy of HUSTLER Magazine, and it totally blew my mind how beautiful you are! All us Aussie guys crave you, babe. We think you are number one! Even my girlfriend tells everyone how attractive you are. So many chicks dig you, Jenna! Spins me out! **—Shane**

Perth, Australia

I am a huge Jenna Jameson fan. I love all of her movies, but my favorites are *The Masseuse* and *Bella Loves Jenna*. Those are the best XXX flicks ever made.

Jenna is the greatest adult-film star in the world. Besides being beautiful, gorgeous, hot and sexy, she's smart and successful both as a performer and a director. Jay [*Ms. Jameson's husband, Jay Grdina*] is a very lucky man! **—R.C.**

Douglas, Wyoming

Dirty Pictures

I'd love to see HUSTLER publish an all-out mud wrestling spread, either girl/girl or boy/girl. I'll be happy as long as the participants are getting it on in deep, thick muck! Such a layout would be a great addition to my collection. Only HUSTLER has what it takes to keep its readers happy. **—Ron**

Atlanta, Georgia

Verbose Sourpuss

I've decided not to renew my subscription to HUSTLER. The Bush-bashing and Larry Flynt's left-wing bias have become so prevalent that I can't take it anymore.

I made my decision after viewing Tucker Carlson's show on MSNBC. During an interview, Mr. Flynt admitted to being a "lifelong Democrat" who had donated thousands of dollars in campaign contributions to a few prominent Democrats, including Hillary Clinton. This, even though the senator initially voted in favor of Bush's going to war with Iraq.

Another reason I'm jumping ship is because Larry repeatedly harps about how Bill O'Reilly and Rush Limbaugh have such intolerance to those with differing opinions, but Mr. Flynt has repeatedly demonstrated an intolerance to those who disagree with him. For example, feminists who criticize HUSTLER are dubbed "Stalinist man-haters" and "Femi-Nazis." Since the latter term was coined by Limbaugh, Larry has adopted the Right's terminology.

Another reason is Larry Flynt's habit of telling his readers what to think on political issues. I was incensed over his *Publisher's Statement* in the April '06 issue that instructed HUSTLER readers to vote Democrat, even going so far as to suggest they "buttonhole" others at parties and try to persuade them to vote Dem as well. I don't need the likes of Larry Flynt to tell me what I should think or how I should vote any more than I need Bill O'Reilly or Rush Limbaugh telling me how to think or vote.

I considered renewing my subscription just for the pictures, skipping over all the annoying political bullshit. However, the nude pictorials have become so watered down that even the models look bored as they stare blankly into the camera. Even *Asshole of the Month* has lost its bite.

Over the years, Larry Flynt promised his readers that HUSTLER's main focus would always *(continued on page 191)*

Jenna Jameson was born in 1974, the same year as HUSTLER, and "maid" her debut as a November '94 delight. Now the XXX superstar, whose career is chronicled in our special edition ALL ABOUT JENNA (newsstand sales only), reigns supreme at ClubJenna.com. Inset: Jenna wows 'em at the 2006 AVN expo. (See pages 76-79.)

TOYOTA

RUNNING DOWN THE COMPETITION

A message from Katsuaki Watanabe, President, Toyota Motor Corporation

Greetings from number-one car company in world. That right, stupid Americans. We are number one sales! Once again beating your fat, razy asses.

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We also very busy behind scenes manipulation your sorry Congress and suing state of California over new regurations to reduce smog and greenhouse gas pollution. What you care? You get drive the number-one hybrid car in America. Thank you for your attention... ass...holes.

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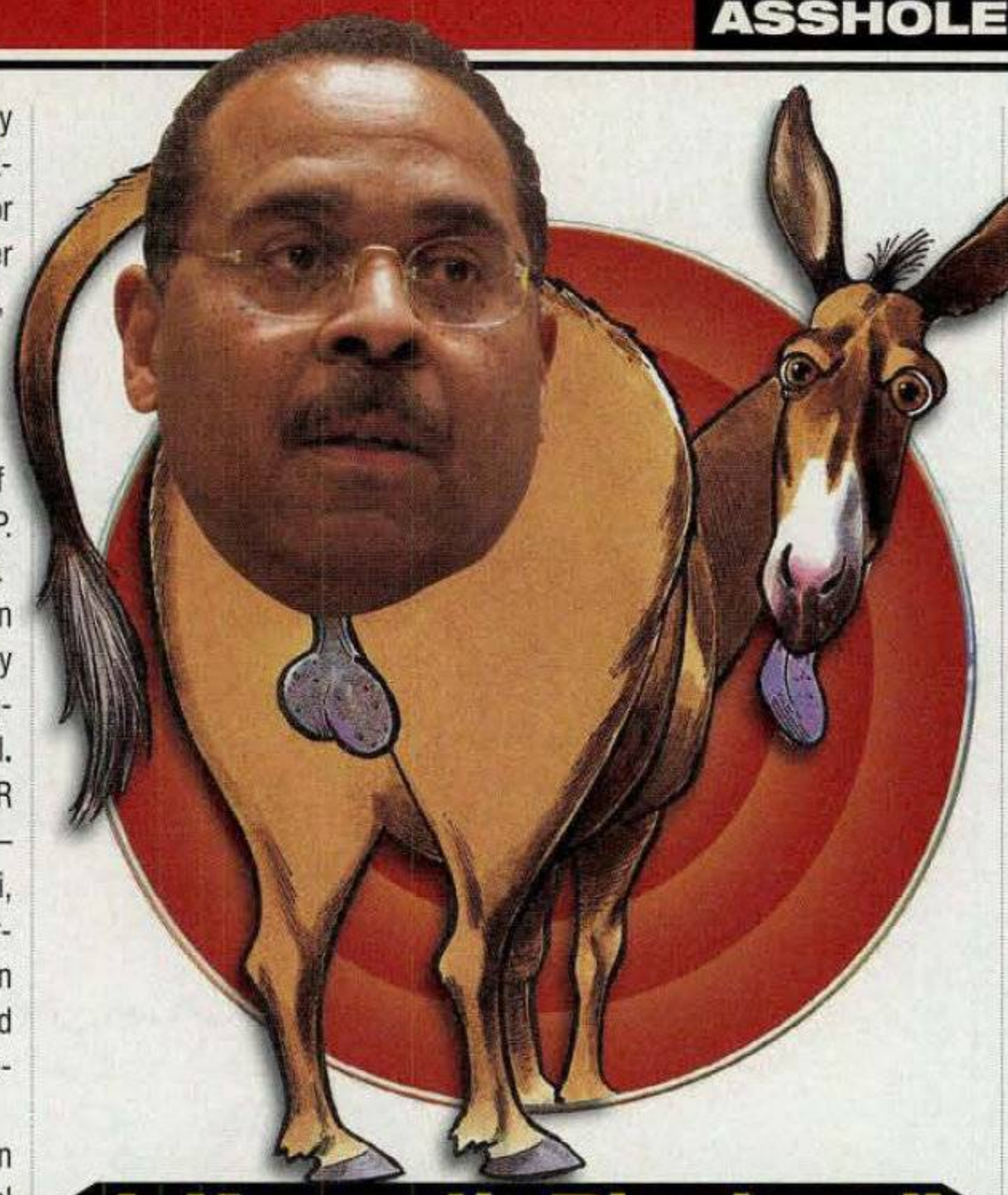


J. Kenneth Blackwell

Ohio's Uncle Tom Secretary of State J. Kenneth Blackwell should burn in hell for what he's done to democracy. Over the course of his political career, this slimy opportunist has evolved from a conservative Democrat pretending to fight corruption to a hard-liner who's part and parcel of the Buckeye State's corrupt GOP. Now he wants to run for governor.

We first smelled this shitbag in 1977 when Blackwell (a third-party candidate) won a seat on Cincinnati's conservative City Council. That same year—with HUSTLER headquartered in Columbus, Ohio—Larry Flynt stood trial in Cincinnati, where he was convicted of pandering obscenity and engaging in organized crime. (The charges and a 25-year prison term were subsequently overturned on appeal.)

Two years later, at a time when local voters didn't have the final say, Blackwell was appointed mayor of Cincinnati by his fellow council members (including Jerry Springer). Sure, Blackwell was already a major Asshole, but trust us when we say he's an even bigger Asshole now.

In the early '80s Blackwell switched allegiance to the Republican Party. When asked about his change of heart, the born-again Christian said, "The Left, and the party dominated by the Left, put their trust in government, and I wanted to be a member of the party that put its trust in God." The staunch pro-lifer then served under President George H.W. Bush in the Department of Housing and Urban Development and as ambassador to the United Nations Human Rights Commission. He was elected Ohio's secretary of state in 1998 and joined W.'s 2000 election campaign in Florida, where he was a prominent GOP presence learning the ropes from Katherine Harris—the powermonger in charge of stealing Florida for Bush. Harris's sleazy efforts got her a seat in Congress, which must have set Blackwell's mouth to watering.

Harris's method of vote manipulation relied on generating a shitstorm of technicalities (rejected ballots, "hanging chads"), hard-to-use "butterfly ballots," intricate codes on provisional ballots and the removal of legitimate voters from Florida's voting rolls—all aimed at Democratic precincts. Leading up to the 2004 elections, Blackwell enthusiastically supported efforts to install nonverifiable electronic voting machines as a "solution" to the "Florida problem," and in turn, W. appointed Blackwell as Bush and Cheney's Ohio reelection campaign cochair.

Turning his back on democracy again, Blackwell used his powerful position to plant thousands of Republican election "challengers" within 2004 Ohio polling places to arbitrarily question an individual's right to vote. The intent, which proved quite successful, was to slow down the process in largely Democratic precincts so people in long lines would get fed up and leave before voting.

Blackwell also refused to count more than 16,000 provisional ballots and over 90,000 "machine-spoiled" ballots that may or may not have had minor flaws. Not surprisingly, these 106,000 ballots came from heavily Democratic areas. Distinguishing himself as an Asshole of the highest magnitude, Blackwell distributed conflicting voter registration information, had supposed election officials send voters to the wrong polling places and ruled that voter registration cards submitted on any paper other than 80-pound cardstock were to be tossed.

Blackwell routinely violated voter-reform compliance guidelines. He blocked a statewide hand recount, prevented independent observers from monitoring the election and pressed the Ohio attorney general to persecute lawyers who challenged Ohio's recount procedures. He refused public access to log books and voting machine audits—the bedrock of any recount. He helped pass two election-reform initiatives (House Bill 1 and HB 3) that gut Ohio's voter-registration provisions, severely limit voter rights and make it illegal to challenge a federal election in that state. (See *Fascism on the March*, pages 42-43.)

Since a GOP candidate has never won the Presidency without securing Ohio's electoral votes, Blackwell has given the Republicans a firm hold on the outcome in 2008. More important, he is subverting the democratic process by stealing rights away from not just his fellow Ohioans, but from all Americans. Therefore, in our opinion, his behavior is unforgivable and seems to be treasonous. Grabbing power has become a higher priority for him than American values and freedoms. Eat shit, Ken Blackwell.

Farts in the Wind

GEORGE DEUTSCH was picked by George W. Bush to be the NASA Press Office's junior spokesman, but the 24-year-old Republican recently resigned when it was discovered he had falsified his résumé. Deutsch's "journalism degree" from Texas A&M was never issued—he left the school in 2004 without graduating. In 2005, Deutsch sent an e-mail to a NASA Web site contractor, insisting that the word *theory* be added after every mention of the Big Bang. The college dropout argued that when discussing the universe's origin, the space agency shouldn't rule out Creationists' intelligent-design dogma. Obviously, Deutsch's grasp of science is as half-assed as his education.

BEN SHAPIRO, 21, first made a stink at the University of California at Los Angeles when he helped establish UCLAprofs.com, which rewards students with $100 if they spy on and report lectures of liberal professors voicing "extreme views." The right-wing columnist's crusade against the Left has picked up considerable steam with the publication of his book *Brainwashed: How Universities Indoctrinate America's Youth*. This repressive hatemonger is helping the Bush Administration by turning students into Orwellian thought-police.

AIR FORCE ONE WILL TOUCH DOWN IN TEN MINUTES, MR. PRESIDENT.

WOW, THIRTY-TWO YEARS! I HATE YOU – BUT THANK YOU, LARRY FLYNT!

J. Billstein

Down & Dirty

Joanna Angel

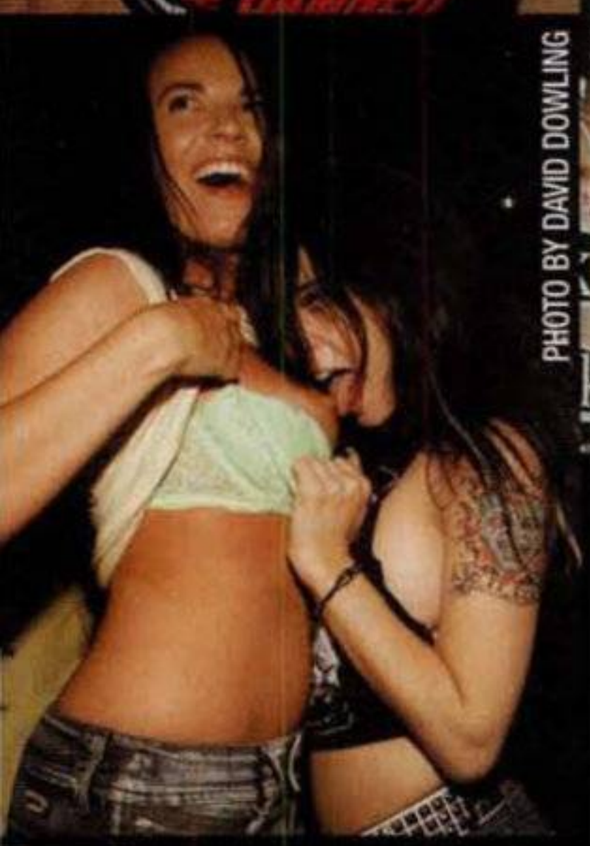


PHOTO BY DAVID DOWLING

Nyomi Zen

Theresa Flynt and friend

ALTERNATIVE PORN and its gritty stars, including Joanna Angel and Dana DeArmond, joyously celebrated the release of director Eon McKai's latest flick, *Kill Girl Kill 3.* Also on hand for the festivities at Joseph's, a popular Hollywood hangout, was first daughter Theresa Flynt. McKai's version of the 1980s classic *New Wave Hookers* is reviewed on page 135.

Dana DeArmond

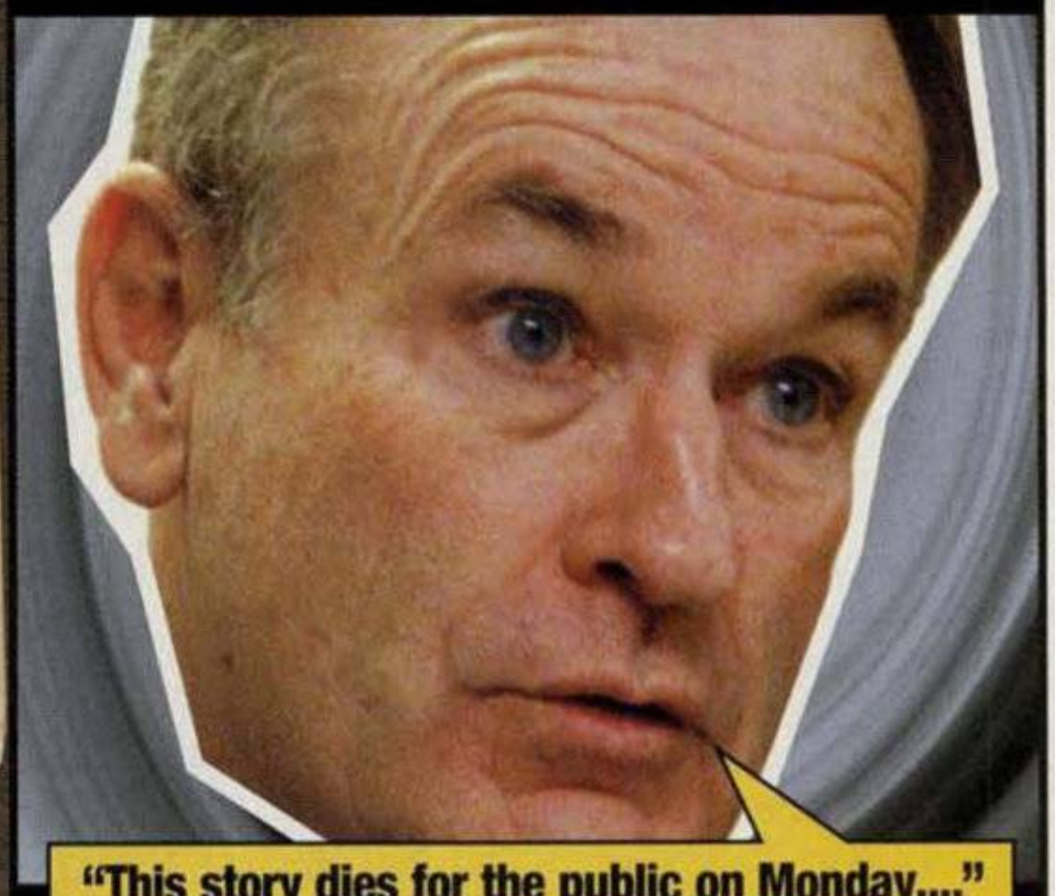
PHOTOS BY THEHARDCORESOURCE.COM

PORN FROM THE PAST

Thanks and $150 go to W.M. of New York City for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

The Stupidest Thing That Bill O'Reilly Said Lately

In reference to the Plamegate scandal:



"This story dies for the public on Monday...."

Which is odd, because a recent CBS News poll indicated that 86% of Americans surveyed think that former CIA agent Valerie Plame's unmasking in July 2003 is still a serious matter.

"Sex is like money; only too much is enough." —JOHN UPDIKE, WRITER

"If it weren't for pickpockets, I'd have no sex life at all." —*RODNEY DANGERFIELD, COMIC*

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Nicolette Sheridan* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

A LOT OF GUYS ARE COMPLAINING that age and perhaps too much plastic surgery have ruined the once-supersexy Nicolette Sheridan. We don't really understand that, because maybe second only to co-star Teri Hatcher, the blond beauty is the Desperate Housewife we'd most like to bang. Since that probably won't happen, we'll just have to take matters into our own hands.

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Nicolette Sheridan actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. Do not masturbate to this picture.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

The Complete "Omaha" the Cat Dancer

HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL

THIS MONTH'S PICK is *The Complete "Omaha" the Cat Dancer, Volume 1* by cartoonist Reed Waller and writer Kate Worley with James M. Vance. This graphic tome collects the sexy feline's controversial erotic adventures originally published by underground magazines in the late 1970s and early '80s. See why this "funny animal" may just be the purrfect mate. Available at comic shops or **NBMpublishing.com**.

NEWS BABES

OUR LATEST BREATH OF FRESH AIR is **Manisha Tank** from BBC World News. Thanks to T.V. for submitting our first international talking head. Remember, to nominate a local newscaster, provide the looker's full name, station and channel (include a picture if possible). If your favorite is chosen, you'll receive a nifty prize pack. Send your pick to HUSTLER's "Hot News Babes," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

NEWSBITES

One Powerful Prick

A 55-year-old Chinese man lifted a barbell weighing about 165 pounds for ten seconds—with his penis. Explaining his unusual prowess, the hardy fellow said that when he was 18 and recovering from an illness, his father taught him how to do it. He started by lifting small bricks with his cock, continually adding weights to extend duration and strength. Why did the guy do this? We aren't really sure, since he stated he has no interest in applying to the *Guinness Book of World Records*. Of course, we have no interest in seeing a photo of this feat of strength. And, doctors warn, don't try this at home—unless you never want to fuck again.

Perverted Pastor

A senior pastor at a Baptist church in Tulsa, Oklahoma, was booked on a misdemeanor charge of offering to engage in an act of lewdness with another man. Although he's derided homosexuality from the pulpit, the preacher is said to have driven into a parking lot known as a hotspot for gay male prostitutes and allegedly asked an undercover cop to join him in a hotel room for oral sex. The Bible-thumper claims he was set up. Meanwhile, the Vatican must be relieved that the suspect wasn't another Catholic priest soliciting a blowjob from a young altar boy.

Time for Nose Clips

Anyone who has ever visited the elderly realizes one universal truth: They smell bad. None worse than a 61-year-old grandma recently discovered in a suburban Cincinnati home. What's peculiar is that the geriatric had been dead for more than two years, propped in front of a TV set, while her daughter lived downstairs and even had a baby. Apparently, the new mom and a caregiver were preserving Granny, who before croaking had requested not to be buried because she believed she'd be resurrected. Man, this story stinks. Sorry.

Have Condom, Will Travel

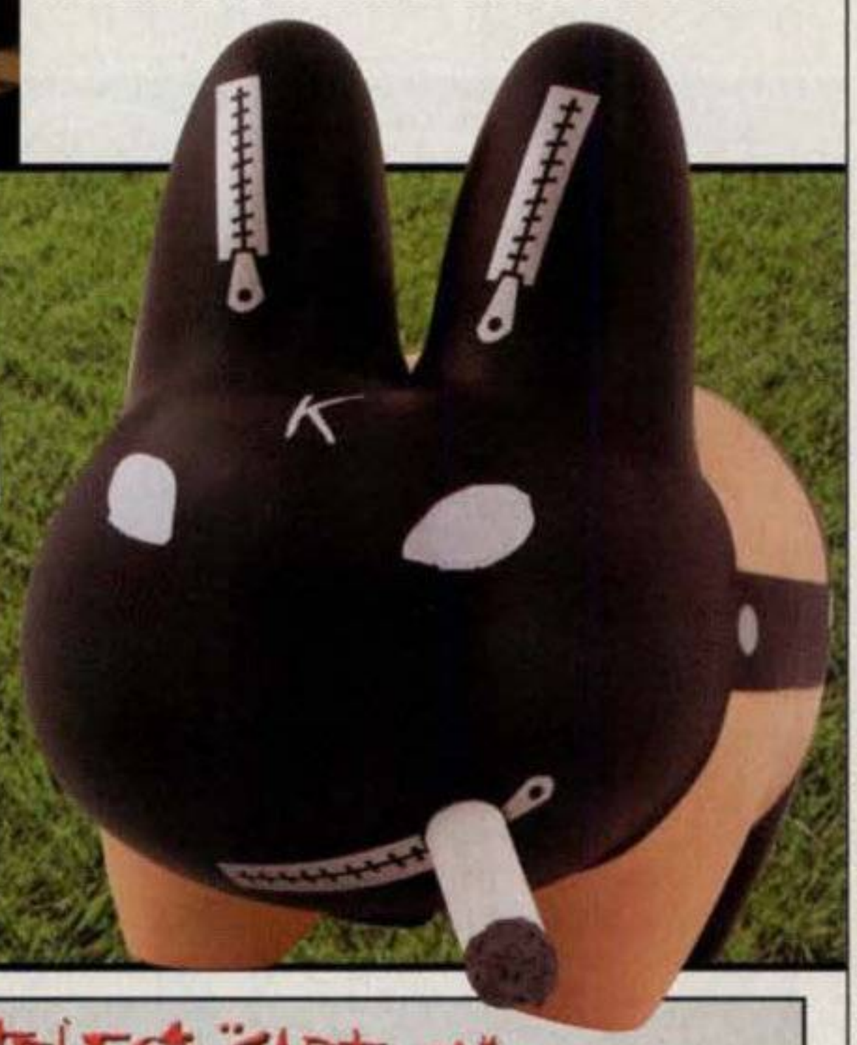
Looking for the perfect vacation spot packed with fun, sun and guaranteed sex with loose women? Try the Colombian city of Tulua, just outside Bogotá, where a local councilman proposed a law requiring everyone 14 years of age and older to carry a prophylactic or pay a $180 fine. His reasoning? "Sexual relationships are going on constantly here. If you carry a condom, chances are you'll use it during that day. It's not going to be there forever." Book us a flight!

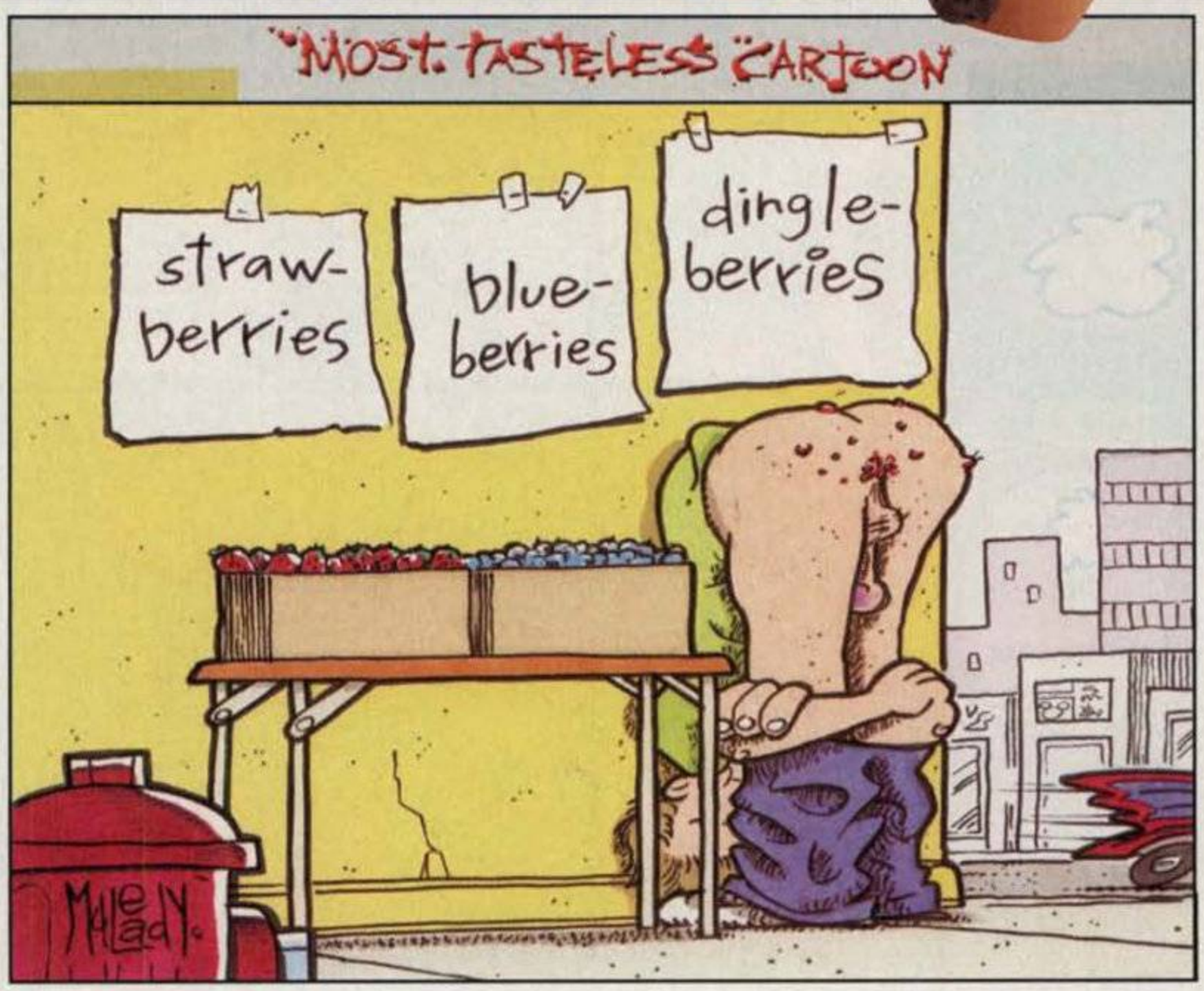
All Tied Up

IS THIS THE MICHELIN MAN'S PERFECT MATE? A female version of that Stay Puft Marshmallow Man from *Ghostbusters*? Nope, she's a model from the April '06 issue of our sister mag HUSTLER'S TABOO, who was bound and photographed in a tribute to the surrealist artist Hans Bellmer. We just thought it was cool. For the best in bondage and kink, check out HUSTLER'S TABOO, on sale at newsstands nationwide or call 800-566-5760.

Down On the Farm

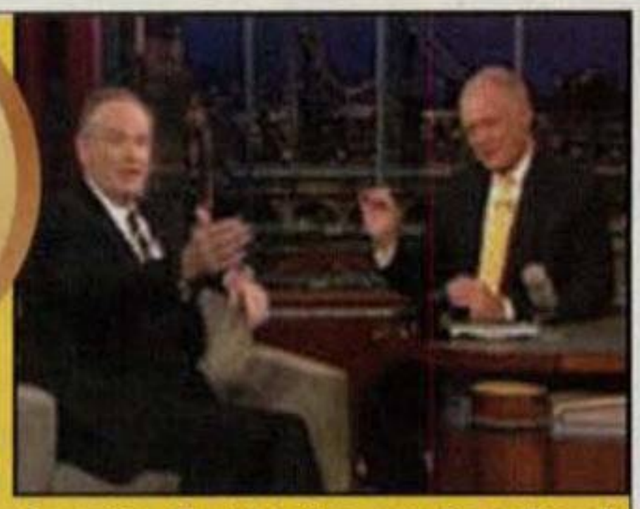
THIS IS BONDAGE LABBIT from artist Frank Kozik and the Kidrobot toy store. We are not sure what its purpose is. No, you can't fuck it. One of our colleagues tried. Don't ask. If you want one, go to a Kidrobot store or visit **Kidrobot.com**.





"Ah, summer, what power you have to make us suffer and like it." —*RUSSELL BAKER, COLUMNIST*

BRASS BALLS Award



WE ONLY BESTOW this hallowed trophy when it is absolutely deserved. That's why we are now honoring David Letterman for telling it like it is and putting Bill O'Reilly in his place when the conservative blowhard appeared on the comic's late-night show.

Responding to his guest's stance on Cindy Sheehan (whose son was killed in Iraq), Letterman told the blabbermouth flat out that "60% of what you say is crap"—which is off by 40% in our assessment of O'Reilly. For having the *cojones* to stand up and put the prick down, we present David Letterman with HUSTLER's Brass Balls Award.

Elton's John

SUN NEWS

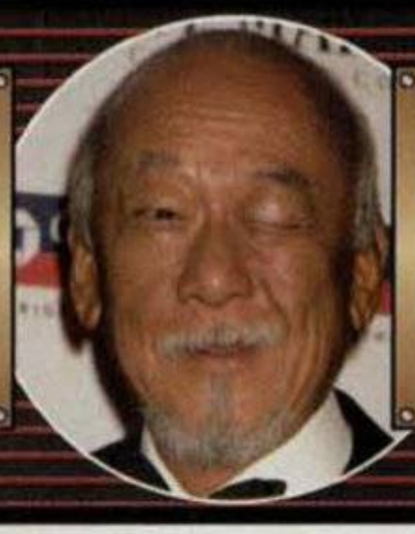
ELTON TAKES DAVID UP THE AISLE

SUPERSTAR'S GAY WEDDING

Why is this front-page news? Hasn't Elton John been taking it up the aisle from this David guy for years now? What? Oh, they got married.

HUSTLER will not interview the following celebrities because they are dead.

BOB DENVER
Currently on a three-hour tour of hell.



PAT MORITA
His *Happy Days* are over.

ROSA PARKS
From the back of the bus to the back of the hearse.

ANGRY GIRL D'ARCY

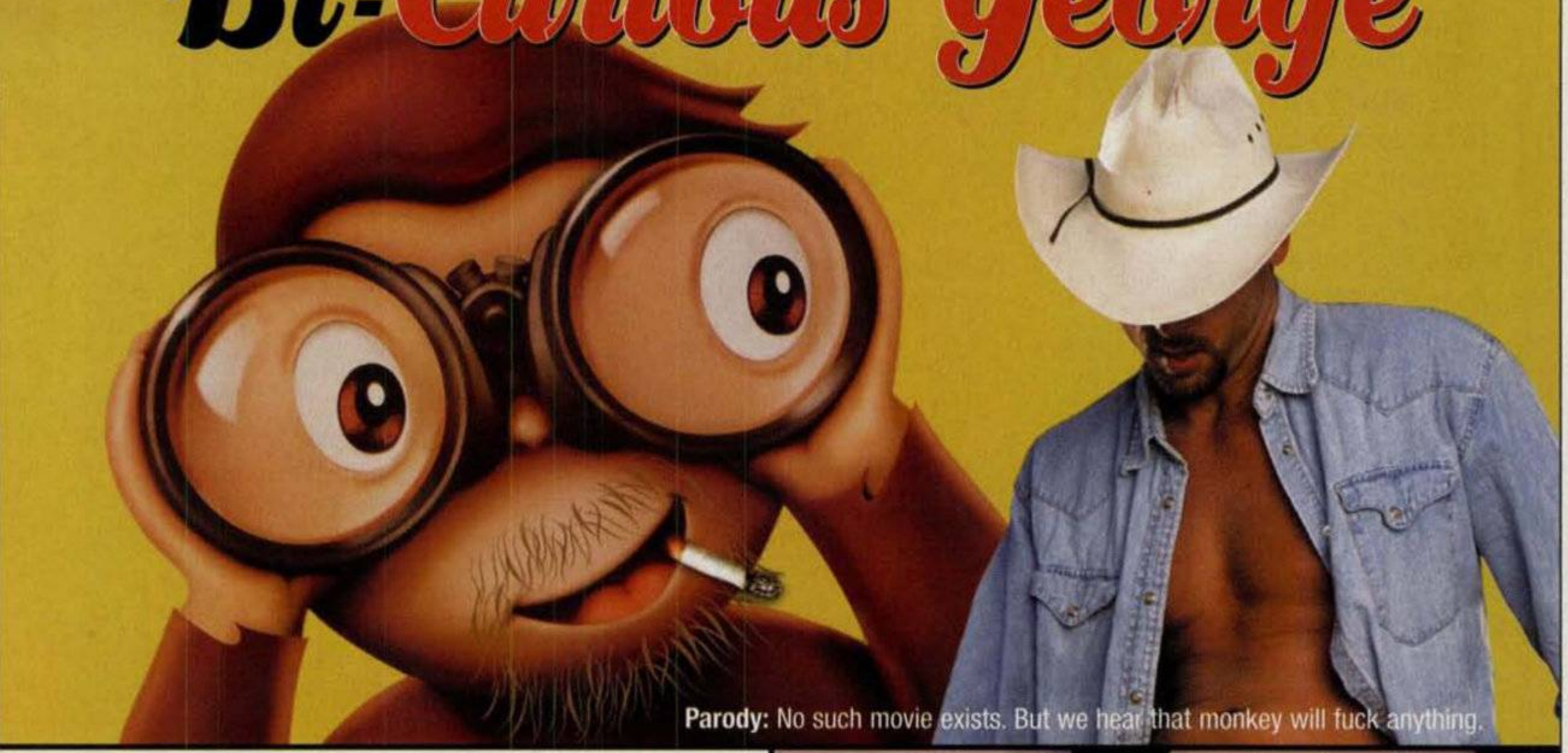
BY MAX BURBANK

I had this dream the other night that Bill O'Reilly took me to the beach.
The sun was beating down...
Liberals made a war on Christmas! Next thing you know, they'll try to take out July 4th!
And he just kept going on and on...
It got hotter and hotter, but he just wouldn't shut up.
Pinheads run around saying, "Get out of Iraq!" These are the same people who said HITLER wasn't such a BAD GUY!
Until...
FUCK Al Franken! FUCK Jon Stewart! FUCK LETTERMAN!
BLOODGE!
Hey, a girl can dream, right?
MAX

"Marriage is like a violin. After the beautiful music is over, the strings are still attached." —JACOB BRAUDE, AUTHOR

Show Me Your Monkey!

Bi-Curious George

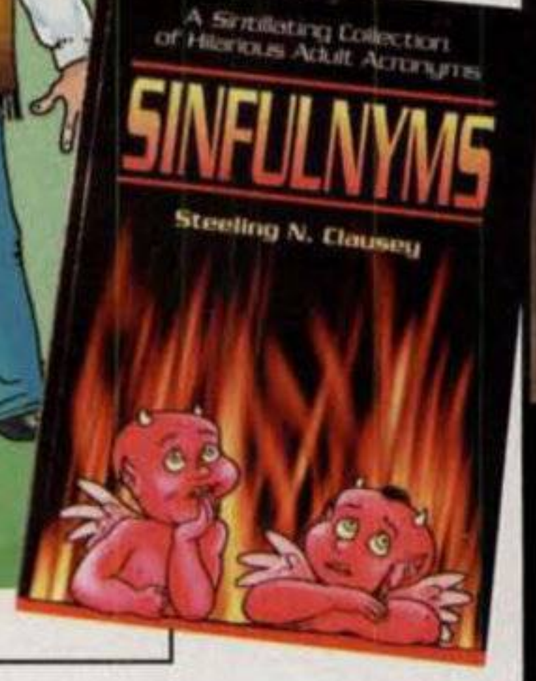


Parody: No such movie exists. But we hear that monkey will fuck anything.

Funny as Sin

ADIOS: A Dick I Often Suck

Here's an excerpt from Steeling N. Clausey's very funny book *Sinfulnyms*. Available at **Amazon.com**.



THE INTIMACY CHAIR, first manufactured in South Korea, was originally intended to allow paraplegics and their partners to enjoy sexual pleasure. Now available in the U.S., this contraption may be just the wild ride you've been looking for. Jenna Jameson owns one. Shouldn't you? Check out the ultimate sex toy at **IntimacyChair.com**.

This 20-year-old brown-eyed beauty may be the perfect woman. Not only does the 5-foot-6 brunette have a smoking bod, but she's also always up for down-and-dirty fun. "I love sex!" Tiffany exclaims. "All kinds of sex—even wild fuck parties!" What does that mean, dear? "Well, I've always been very sexual and open to anything—including threesomes, foursomes, gang-bangs. Whatever you want. I've always been open."

TIFFANY DiGIOVANNE

GOLDEN GLOBES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN BRANT

Specifically, what does Ms. DiGiovanne and her delightful 34DDs expect in the bedroom? "Sex with me should be rough and hard," she admits. "A guy should throw me around, rip off my clothes, choke me out and slam my pussy as hard as possible. If I don't come away bruised, then it wasn't that good."

And Tiffany has good news for female admirers. "I'm mostly into men," she coos. "Nothing beats a hard cock, but hey, if a hot chick wants to give me a little play, I can dig that!"

Away from the biz, Tiffany spends her time in the gym or just kicking back. "I work out like a fiend every day," she declares. That explains the superhot body. "At night I like to drink down a few cocktails with friends and get loose." That explains all the group sex.

And what does the future hold for this hot-to-trot babe? "Right now I'm taking a break from doing porn flicks and just hanging out at home in New Mexico," Tiffany informs us. "Of course, I'm going to keep posing naked, and I hope I can keep doing that for years to come!"

I had kind of hoped to be on the receiving end, but I tried not to show my disappointment.

SEDUCTIVE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

Let's get this straight: I'm not kinky, okay? I'm a normal, red-blooded American male… who's dreamed of being pissed on ever since I began to masturbate. I'm a sophomore at a small Midwest college and a quarterback on the varsity football team, for chrissakes—hell, you can't get much more normal than that.

Anyway, for years I never told anyone. Sure, I've had girlfriends, but they were mostly giggly, gossipy cheerleaders—no one I'd dare confide with my deepest, dirtiest secret, much less ask to actually urinate on me.

So in the shower or alone in bed, I'd dream about a naked coed standing over me, a heavenly stream cascading out of her pristine pussy and splashing over my cock and ball sac. I could almost smell the seductive, spicy aroma. My fist moving faster and faster, I'd fantasize and jack off to total euphoria.

Last week I was running laps around the track when I noticed the dean's lovely wife—Mrs. P.—perched high up in the stands, checking me out like I was choice Angus beef. I kept running, staying in shape during the off-season, but when I looked up again, the lady was gone. Next day, the same thing, except she sat lower in the bleachers. An elegant, classic beauty, Mrs. P. reminded me of a young Sophia Loren. Oh, what knockers!

On Day 3 the dean's sexy wife was already sitting in the first row when I started running. Her skirt was bunched up around her hips, and glancing over, I got an eyeful of honest-to-goodness pink. I stumbled, but managed to regain my footing. Lapping the track, I rounded the bend, heading toward the stands and—what the fuck?! Was I dreaming?!

An amber stream gushed from Mrs. P.'s slit, forming a small puddle in the dirt by her feet. Damn! I broke my stride and walked over, hyperventilating and mesmerized. I couldn't take my eyes off that mind-blowing sight. All too soon Mrs. P. had finished relieving herself, but I was still staring at the sparkling drops of urine clinging to her pussy lips when she slipped a motel key into my hand and murmured, "Eight o'clock." Then the immodest creature rose and ambled out of the empty stadium.

Seven forty-five found me pacing outside the door to Room 219 at some edge-of-town flophouse, wondering about my future football prospects if the dean found out about this clandestine rendezvous. But suddenly, the image of his pissing spouse filled my head, and my cock swelled and throbbed. I knocked.

Through the door I heard Mrs. P. say to use the key she'd given me, but when I entered, I didn't see her. She called out again, and I followed the sound of her sultry voice to the bathroom. There she was, reclining like Goya's Naked Maja in the empty tub. I just stared in awe at her majestic breasts capped by long, dark nipples, lush curves and a raven-black landing strip above smooth, bare labia. I realized my mouth was hanging open.

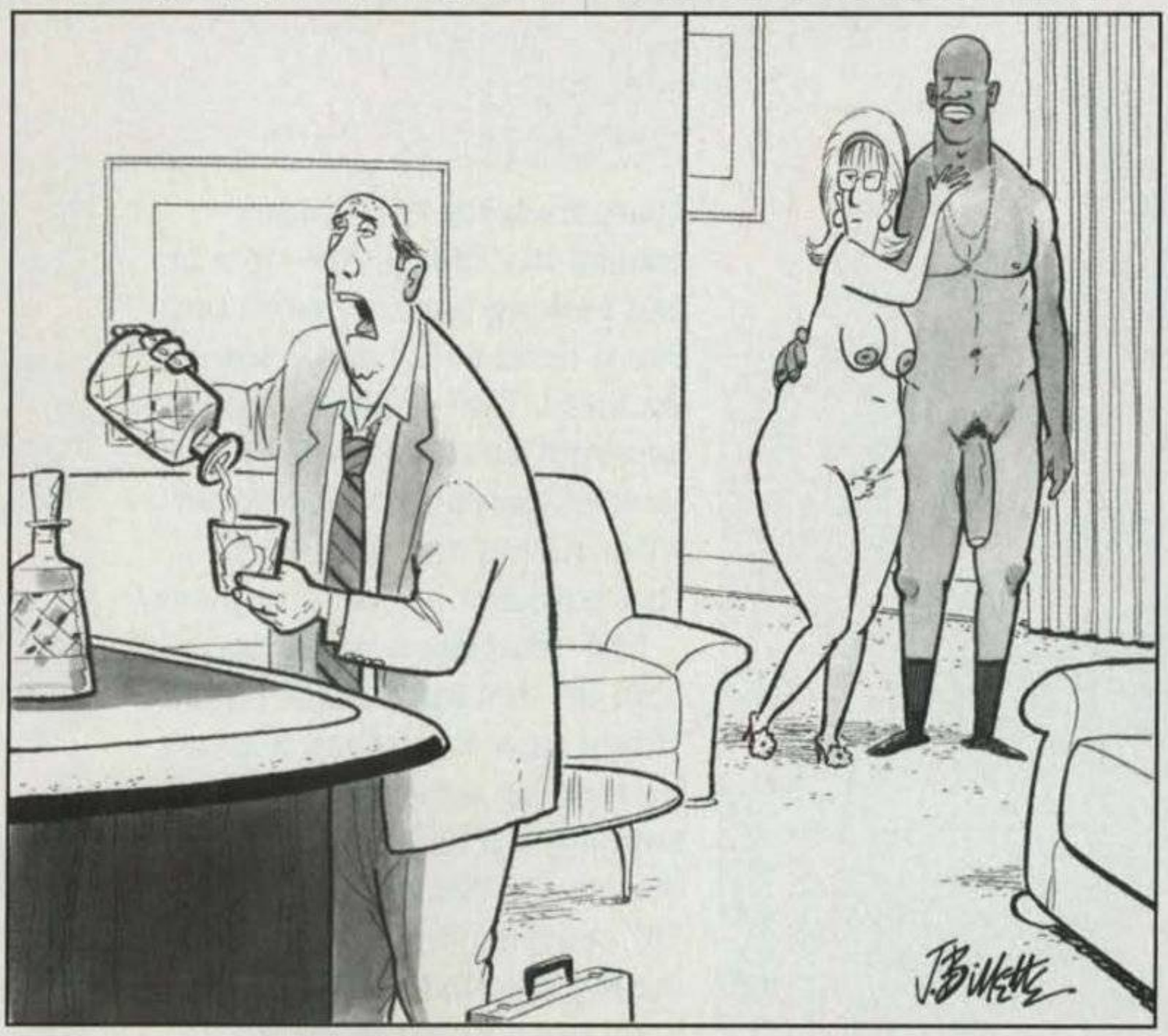
Apparently a woman of few words, the dean's wife looked me over and snapped, "Strip!" I tore at my clothes in a rush to obey, but when I was completely undressed, she asked me to pee on *her*. I had kind of hoped to be on the receiving end, but I tried not to show my disappointment and desperately tried to pee—not so easy with a semi-boner.

I closed my eyes and concentrated until I felt pressure radiating up my dick. Then I opened my eyes just in time to see my torrent of piss gush over Mrs. P.'s massive melons. The sight was truly amazing, and I'd never seen a woman's face express such utter contentment. I aimed my hose lower to fill her belly button. I sprayed her trimmed pubes, her fat twat lips and the bull's-eye, her clitoris. There was no mistaking her orgasm. Writhing and moaning, the stunning fortysomething rubbed my urine into her glistening skin and begged me to keep firing away. When I ran dry, the drenched damsel immediately stood up and motioned me to hop in the tub.

Finally, my fantasy was about to come true! Mrs. P. loomed over me as I gazed up at her exquisite vagina. Suddenly, hot piss hit my forehead and was soon filling my mouth. The taste was salty, tangy and wonderful—and then it stopped raining. God, I hoped that wasn't all! But, no, Mrs. P. just had incredible muscle control. She moved down to my rock-hard rocket, slipped the cap inside her tight snatch and commenced peeing once again!

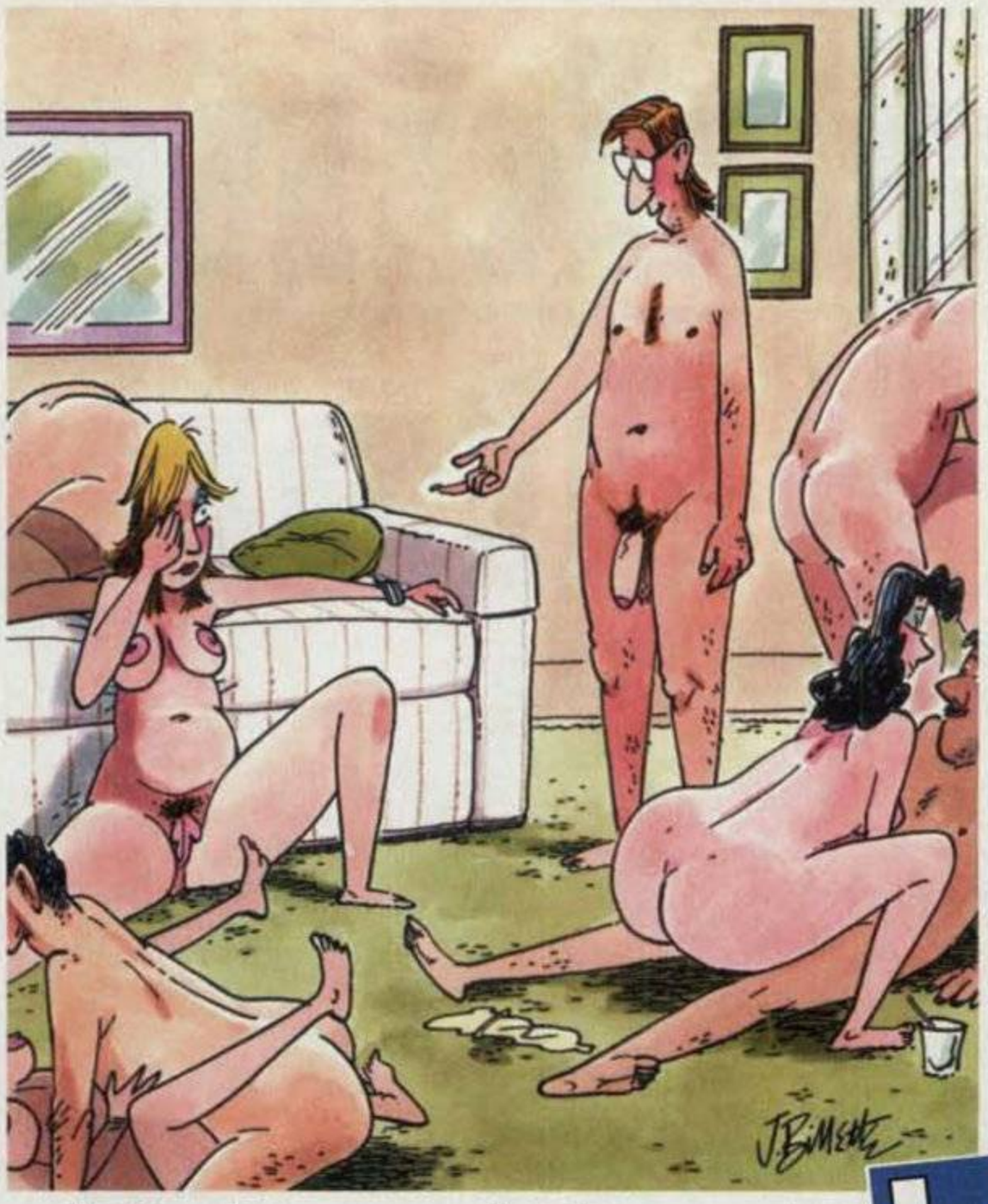
This time, warm, golden nectar poured over my stiff shaft and my balls and even into my asshole. It was better than I'd ever imagined. I fought the urge to come, but by the last little trickle, I couldn't hold back a second longer. Grabbing a handful of tits, I lunged up into her cunt and fucked the bitch to a jizz explosion!

Tonight Mrs. P. wants to hook up again. I know it spells trouble, but I'm going back to that motel. —URINE-LIKE-FLYNN JOCK
HOMETOWN WITHHELD BY REQUEST

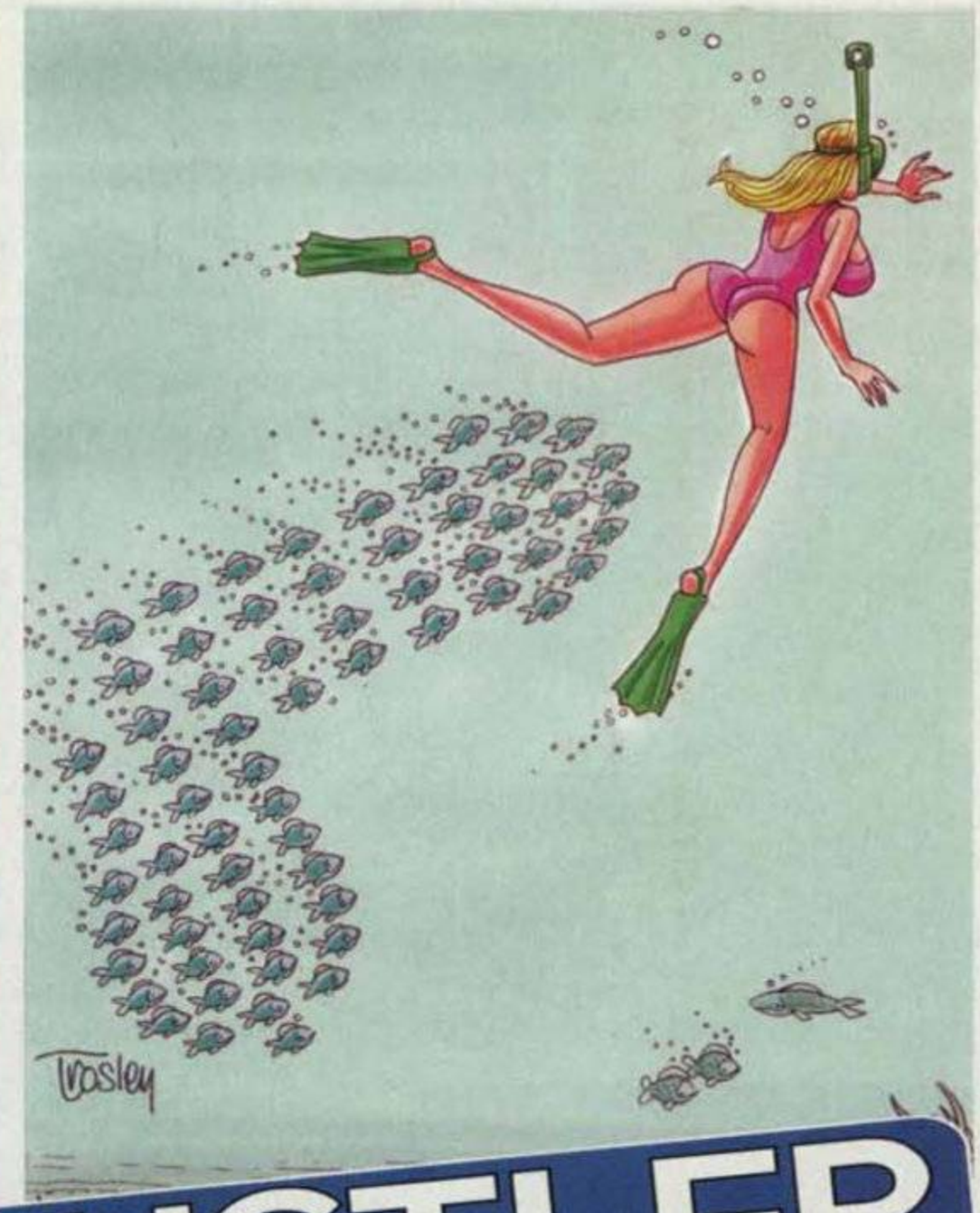


"Honey, you home?! It was a real shit day at the office. *Everything* went wrong!"

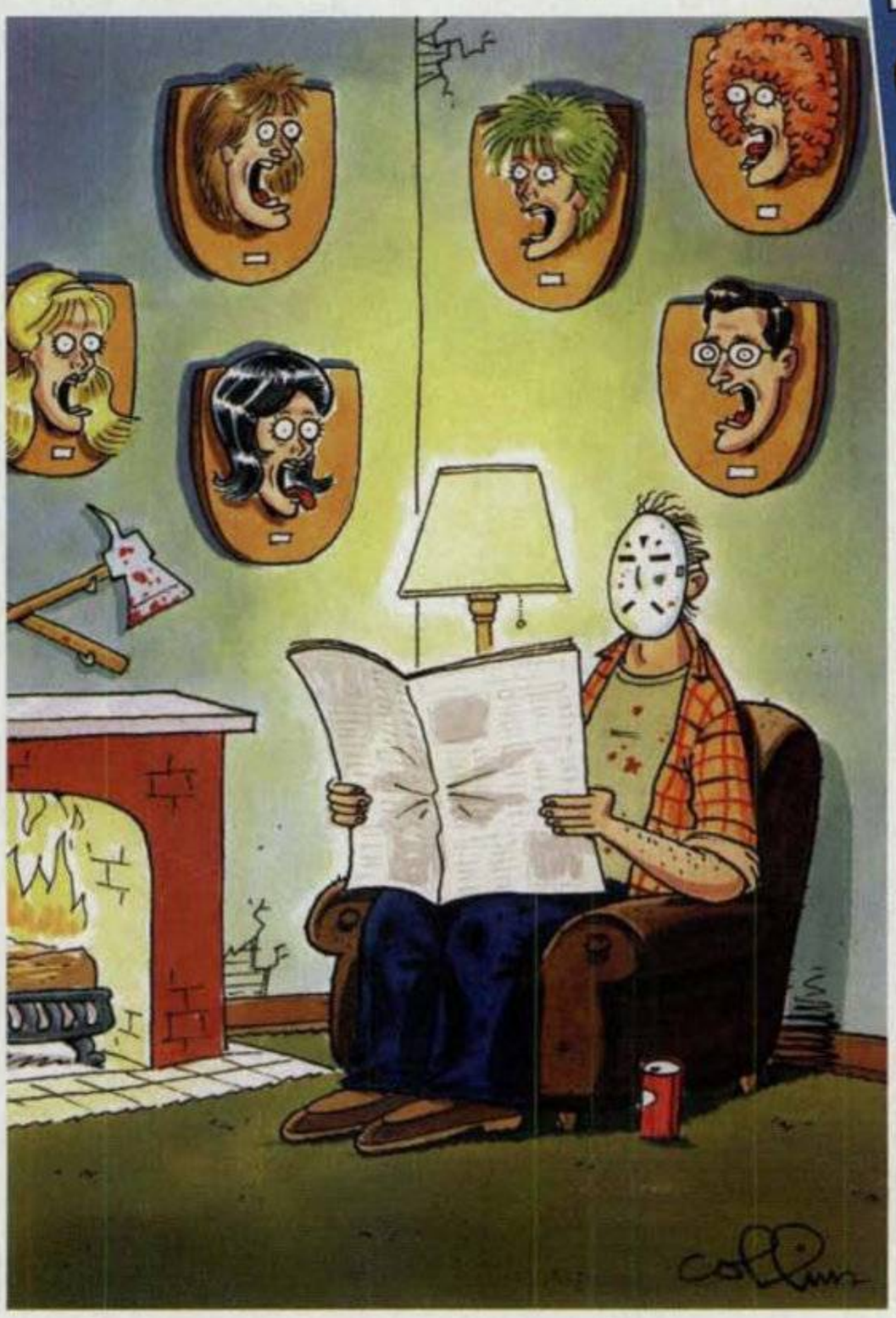
Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

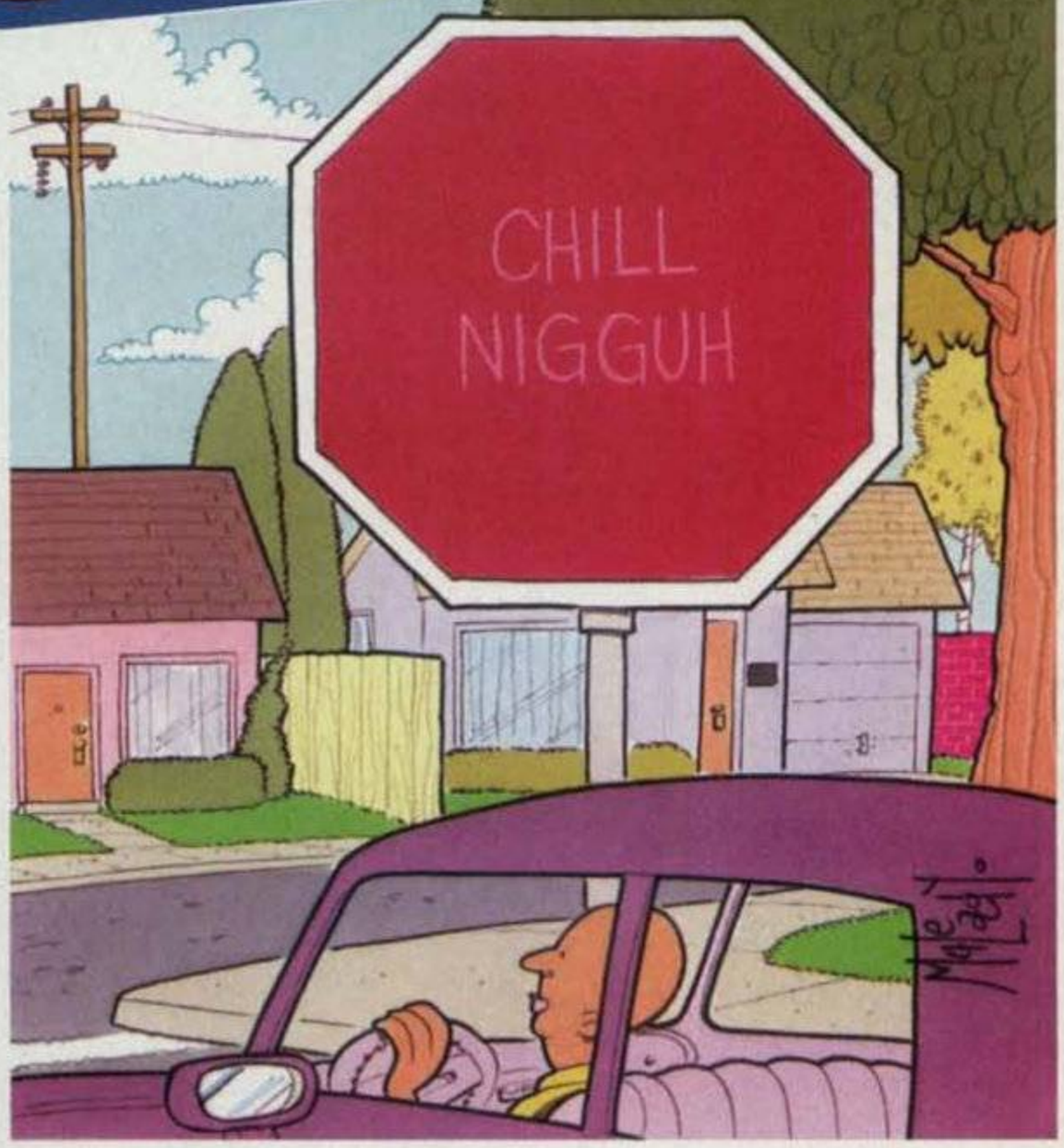


"I found your contact lens! It was under my foreskin."



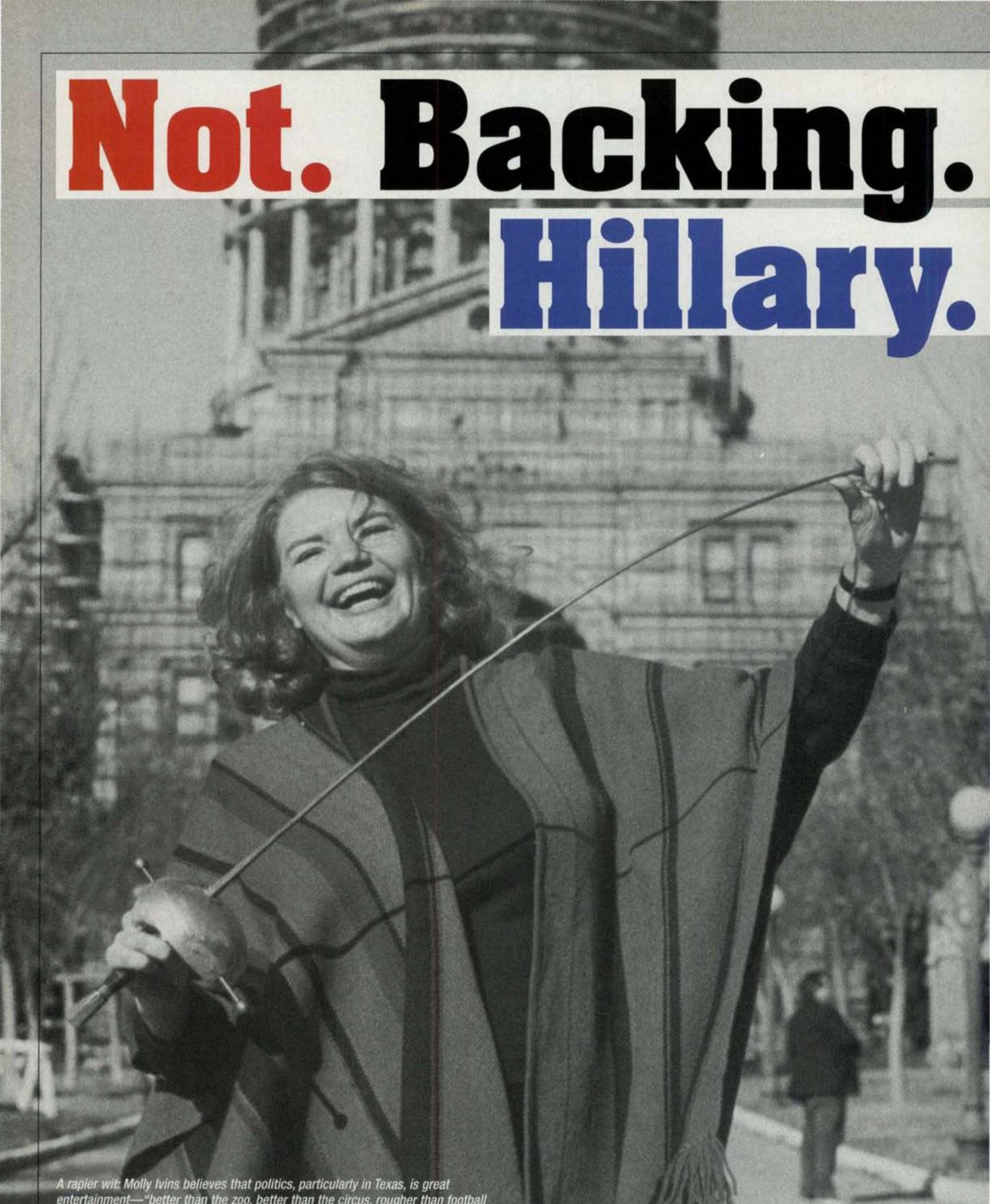
HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS





EBONIC ROAD SIGNS

Not. Backing. Hillary.



A rapier wit: Molly Ivins believes that politics, particularly in Texas, is great entertainment—"better than the zoo, better than the circus, rougher than football and even more aesthetically satisfying than baseball." As for George W. Bush, the columnist concedes, "Okay, he's not the brightest porch light on the block."

PHOTO BY MARK PERLSTEIN, TIME & LIFE PICTURES/GETTY IMAGES

Syndicated nationwide, Texas-based political commentator **MOLLY IVINS** lashes out at Hillary Clinton and other Dems for not doing their part to stop the Republican machine.

COPYRIGHT © 2006 MOLLY IVINS

I'D LIKE TO MAKE IT CLEAR to the people who run the Democratic Party that I will not support Hillary Clinton for President.

Enough. Enough triangulation, calculation and equivocation. Enough clever straddling, enough not offending anyone. This is not a Dick Morris election. Senator Clinton is apparently incapable of taking a clear stand on the war in Iraq, and that alone is enough to disqualify her. Her failure to speak out on Terri Schiavo, not to mention that gross pandering on flag-burning, are just contemptible little dodges.

The recent death of Gene McCarthy reminded me of a lesson I spent a long, long time unlearning, so now I have to relearn it. It's about political courage and heroes, and when a country is desperate for leadership. There are times when regular politics will not do, and this is one of those times. There are times a country is so tired of bull that only the truth can provide relief.

If no one in conventional-wisdom politics has the courage to speak up and say what needs to be said, then you go out and find some obscure junior senator from Minnesota with the guts to do it. In 1968, Gene McCarthy was the little boy who said out loud, "Look, the emperor isn't wearing any clothes." Bobby Kennedy—rough, tough Bobby Kennedy —didn't do it. Just this quiet man trained by Benedictines who liked to quote poetry.

What kind of courage does it take, for mercy's sake? The majority of the American people (55 percent) think the war in Iraq is a mistake and that we should get out. The majority (65 percent) of the American people want single-payer health care and are willing to pay more taxes to get it. The majority (86 percent) of the American people favor raising the minimum wage. The majority of the American people (60 percent) favor repealing Bush's tax cuts, or at least those that go only to the rich. The majority (66 percent) want to reduce the deficit, not by cutting domestic spending, but by reducing Pentagon spending or raising taxes.

The majority (77 percent) think we should do "whatever it takes" to protect the environment. The majority (87 percent) think big oil companies are gouging consumers and would support a windfall profits tax. That is the center, you fools. WHO ARE YOU AFRAID OF?

I listen to people like Rahm Emanuel superciliously explaining elementary politics to us clueless naifs outside the Beltway. ("First, you have to win elections.") Can't you even read the damn polls?

HILLARY CLINTON

Here's a prize example by someone named Barry Casselman, who writes, "There is an invisible civil war in the Democratic Party, and it is between those who are attempting to satisfy the defeatist and pacifist left base of the party and those who are attempting to prepare the party for successful elections in 2006 and 2008."

This supposedly pits Howard Dean, Harry Reid and Nancy Pelosi, emboldened by "a string of bad news from the Middle East...into calling for premature retreat from Iraq," versus those pragmatic folk like Steny Hoyer, Rahm Emmanuel, Hillary Clinton, Joe Biden and Joe Lieberman.

Oh, come on, people—get a grip on the concept of leadership. Look at this war—from the lies that led us into it, to the lies they continue to dump on us daily.

You sit there in Washington so frightened of the big, bad Republican machine, you have no idea what people are thinking. I'm telling you right now, Tom DeLay is going to lose in his district. If Democrats in Washington haven't got enough sense to OWN the issue of political reform, I give up on them entirely.

Do it all, go long, go for public campaign financing for Congress. I'm serious as a stroke about this—that is the only reform that will work, and you know it, as well as everyone else who's ever studied this. Do all the goo-goo stuff everybody has made fun of all these years: embrace redistricting reform, electoral reform, House rules changes, the whole package. Put up, or shut up. Own this issue, or let Jack Abramoff politics continue to run your town.

Bush, Cheney and Co. will continue to play the patriotic bully card just as long as you let them. I've said it before: War brings out the patriotic bullies. In World War I they went around kicking dachshunds on the grounds that dachshunds were "German dogs." They did not, however, go around kicking German shepherds. The MINUTE someone impugns your patriotism for opposing this war, turn on them like a snarling dog and explain what loving your country really means. That, or you could just piss on them elegantly, as Representative John Murtha did. Or eviscerate them with wit (look up Mark Twain on the war in the Philippines). Or point out the latest in the endless "string of bad news."

Do not sit there cowering and pretending the only way to win is as Republican-lite. If the Washington-based party can't get up and fight, we'll find someone who can.

To find out more about Molly Ivins and to read other features by the acclaimed journalist and her fellow Creators Syndicate writers and cartoonists, visit Creators.com.

In 2003, Molly Ivins (center) and Simon Renshaw (manager of the Dixie Chicks) were honored by the ACLU of Southern California. Also pictured are Dixie Chicks Emily Robison (left) and Natalie Maines and Ramona Ripston, executive director of ACLU-SC.

DICK CHENEY'S LIVING ROOM

HARRY WHITTINGTON

SURVIVOR

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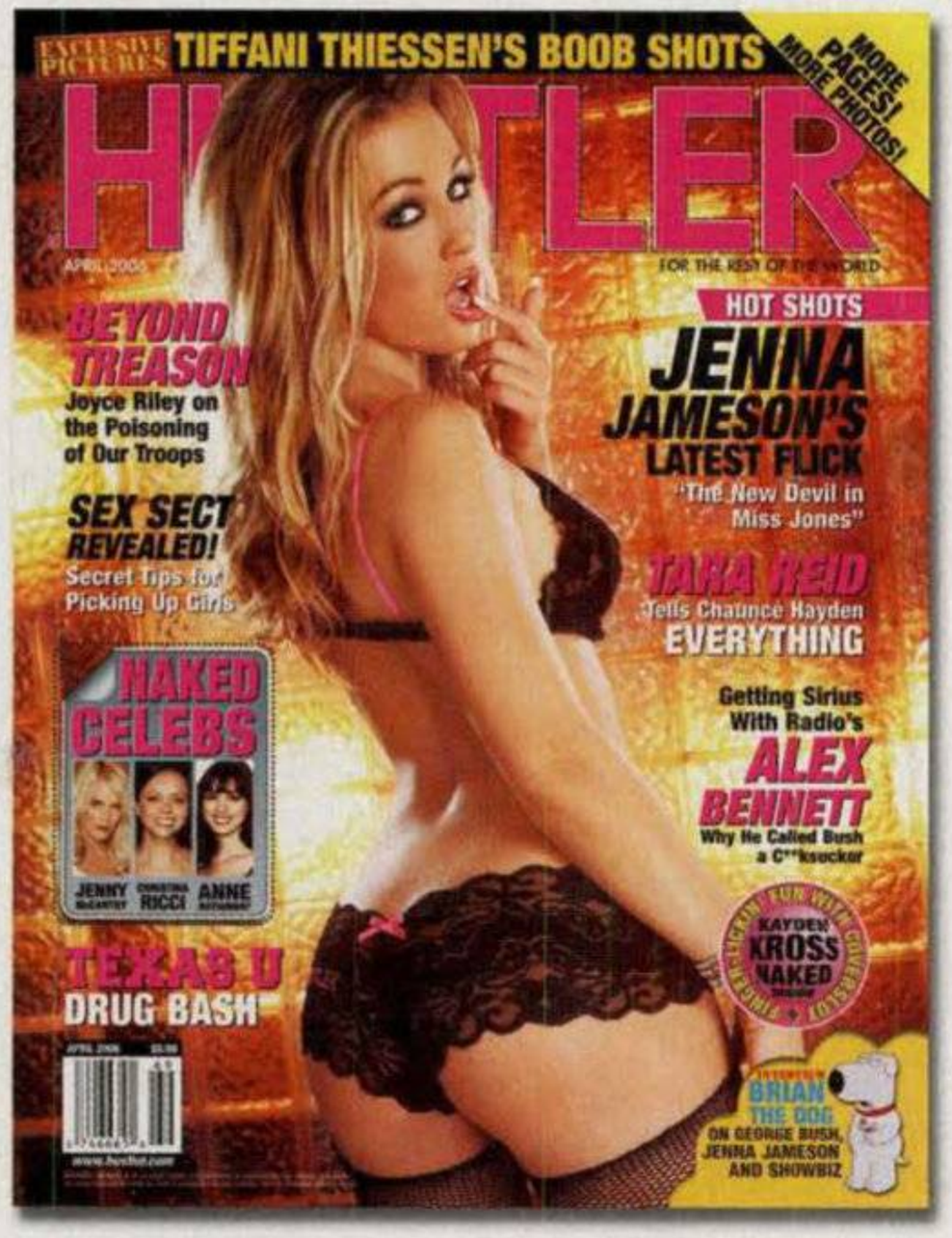

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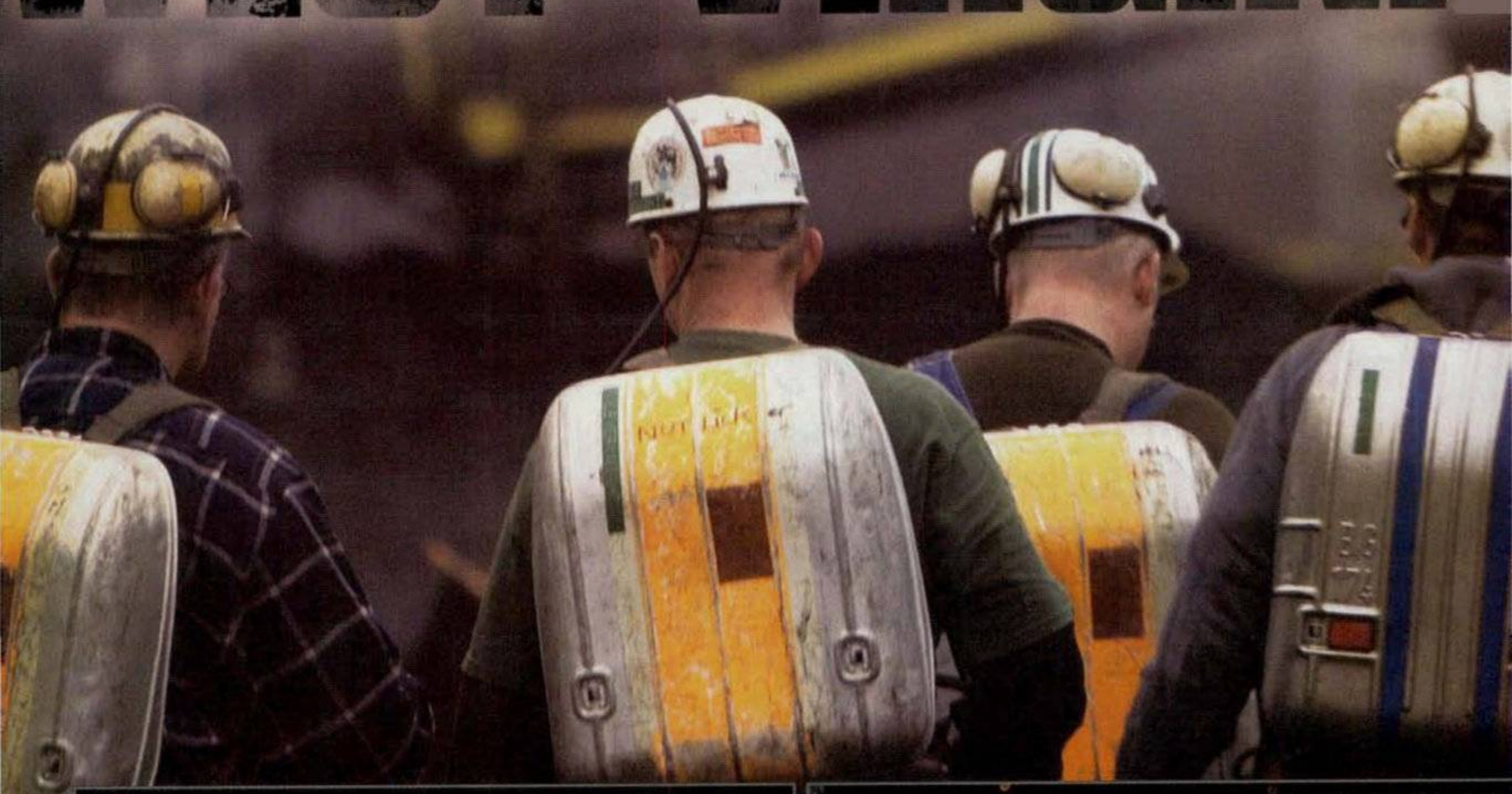
OFFER EXPIRES OCTOBER 10, 2006 **CGTAA-I**

SAGO AND ALMA DISASTERS IN WEST VIRGINI



Fire Chief Joe Tallman on-site at Sago.

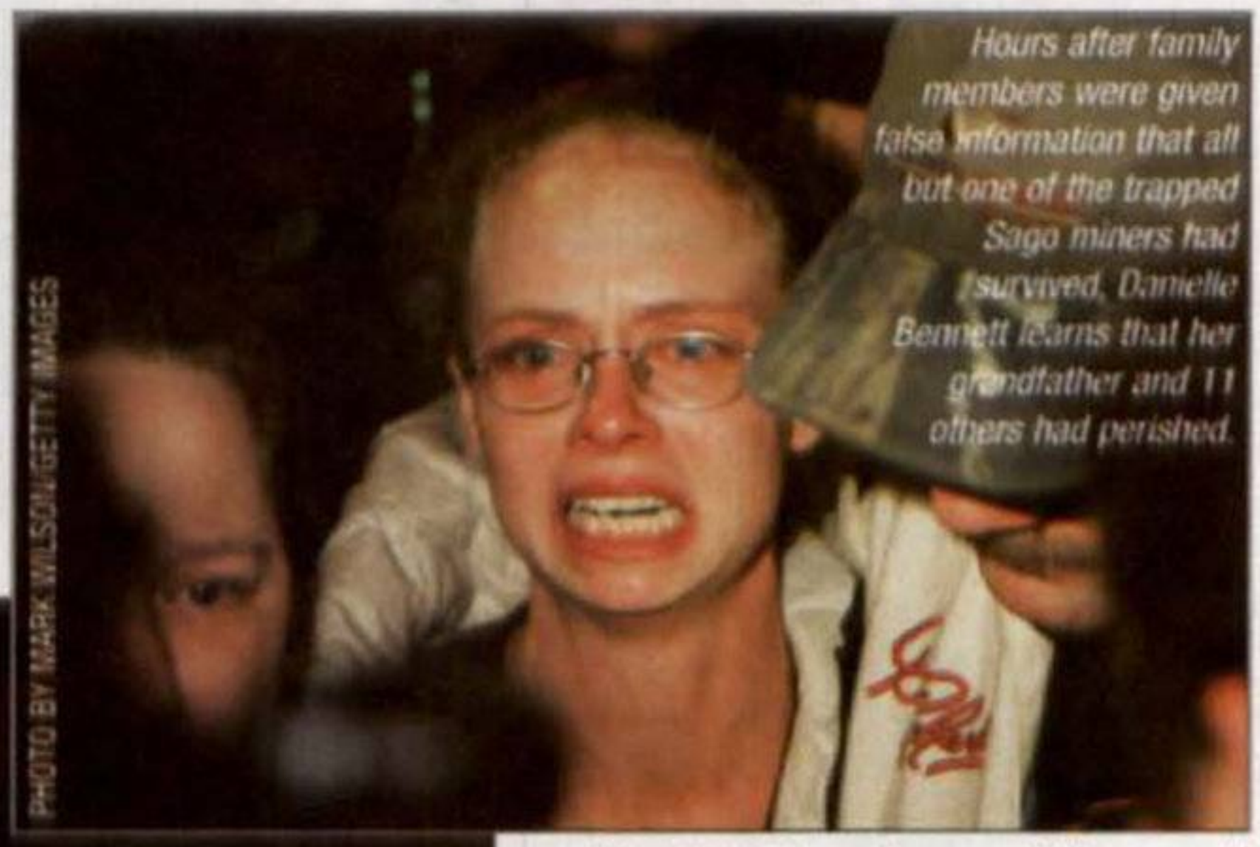
Angry local resident Harley Ables talks to reporters. His sister lost her fiancé.

PHOTOS BY JOSHUA GREENE

Corruption, a backlog of safety violations and federal budget cuts led to the deaths of 14 more miners. Joshua Greene investigates.

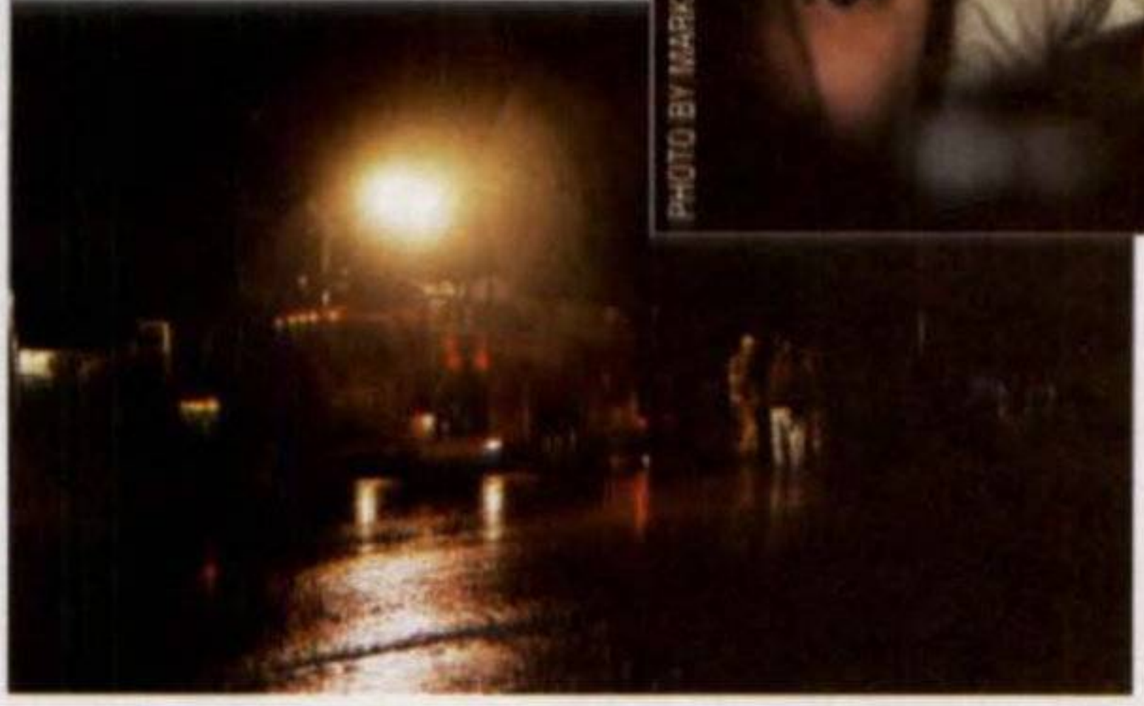
IN THE AFTERSHOCK HOURS of the Sago Mine disaster on January 2, 2006, it was determined that one miner had been killed instantly, and 12 others had been helplessly trapped more than two miles inside the shaft before being asphyxiated. Just three weeks later a fire broke out inside the Aracoma Coal Company's Alma Mine No. 1, killing another two West Virginia miners. Locals were stunned, but no one should have been surprised.

Since George W. Bush took office, his corporate cronies have treated the federal Mine Safety and Health Administration (MSHA) with utter disregard. At the end of the Clinton Administration, MSHA Chief Davitt McAteer warned that the nation's mine rescue teams were threadbare. Under Bush, MSHA immediately quashed McAteer's recommendations to increase the number of breathing apparatuses miners could carry, repair flammable conveyor belts, overhaul poor air-quality standards and address the dire shortage of mine rescue teams. Instead, the President proposed his own changes, such as slashing air-quality standards, firing safety inspectors and drastically reducing MSHA's budget.



Hours after family members were given false information that all but one of the trapped Sago miners had survived, Danielle Bennett learns that her grandfather and 11 others had perished.

PHOTO BY MARK WILSON/GETTY IMAGES



To further ensure that nothing would interfere with profitable mine production, Bush stacked the top MSHA positions with former CEOs and lobbyists from the mining industry, including Richard Stickler, recently nominated by Bush to take over as MSHA director. Under Stickler's watch, BethEnergy had accident rates among the highest in the nation. One of its operations was cited 3,000 times in eight years!

"Sago was an accident waiting to happen," said United Mine Workers Health and Safety Administrator Dennis O'Dell, the day after the catastrophe.

A mile from the Sago rescue operation, International Coal Group CEO Ben Hatfield was ducking questions about his company's abysmal safety regulations. "We're not here to discuss our safety record," he told reporters about the mine his company ran. Actually, safety *was* the crux of the issue.

ICG bought the bankrupt Sago Mine from Anker West Virginia Mining Company just months before the explosion. But ICG's founder—billionaire Wilbur Ross—had been involved with Anker since 2001. And while there were perhaps shadows of truth in the statement that ICG was improving the mine's safety record (mostly by getting violations thrown out on technicalities), there was no denying that safety violations at Sago were staggering in recent years. As a matter of fact, Hatfield claimed the 208 safety violations cited at Sago in 2005 as a measure of improvement. Ninety-six of those violations were serious enough to cause injury or potential death.

When a reporter asked Hatfield if the Sago Mine was known as "gassy" (referring to a high concentration of methane gas, which can trigger explosions), the wife of one of the trapped miners nodded her head emphatically yes.

"Not particularly," Hatfield answered. "We believe the mine was safe."

The dozen trapped miners had one hour of breathable air, yet rescue teams didn't even enter the mine until 11 hours after the explosion. Federal law requires two rescue teams for every mine, but loopholes have allowed standards to slip. That explains why there is only one team for every four mines in West Virginia; just one for every 12 in Kentucky.

Jeff Bienkoski, a member of the first rescue team on the scene at Sago, says he didn't get called until 10 a.m.—the blast occurred at around 6:30 that morning—and he still had to pack gear and drive several hours. ICG management didn't even call 911 until 7:55 a.m., and it wasn't until approximately 5:30 p.m. that the rescue team entered the shaft. Government officials are investigating the reasons behind the delay, but the company cited high carbon monoxide levels and a shortage of rescue workers over the holiday season.

It eventually took searchers 40 hours to reach the victims, but not before an erroneous announcement filtered out that 12 miners were still alive and that only one had perished. Hopes were high, until the *real* picture emerged—12 dead and only one survivor.

Chaos ensued as state troopers and SWAT teams were dispersed to keep the miners' families from attacking ICG brass. One man lunged at Hatfield, and troopers shielded the corporate shill as he and his cronies crammed into vehicles and escaped.

Loretta Ables—who lost her fiancé, Fred Ware Jr.—came running out of the Sago Baptist Church, where families had gathered to reunite with loved ones they thought were coming home. Sobbing inconsolably, Ables screamed, "They lied! They lied! They're all dead!"

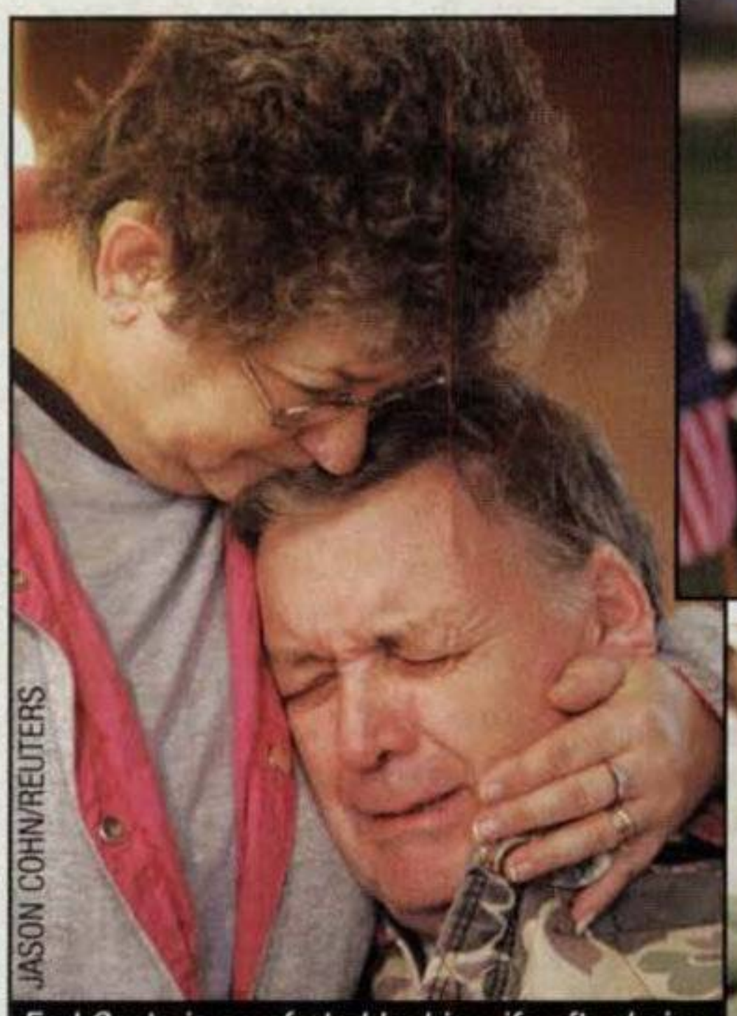
Her brother, Harley Ables, was confronted by a news crew asking if he thought the mine was safe. "Twelve men just died in there," he said through clenched teeth, tears in his eyes. "What do you think?"

Sago resident John Tenney says the miners he knew, his buddies, had told him they were scared. Sago was producing too much, too fast. There had been 24 reported roof falls in 2005 alone. On one occasion a 70-by-20-foot, 2-million-pound chunk came crashing down. Besides collapsing ceilings, the mine was also cited for dangerous accumulations of coal dust (which is highly explosive) and inadequate ventilation, allowing deadly gasses to build

up. On 17 occasions the mine's operators were issued desist orders ("D-orders" in industry jargon), meaning they'd been warned to fix a significant infraction and refused to comply.

"Oh, yeah, they knew it was dangerous," Tenney insists. "More than usual. Put it this way: That mine shouldn't ever have been opened."

Anna McCloy—whose husband, Randal, was found barely alive at Sago—says he wanted to get out of the coal industry, but with two children at home and few options, he stuck with his $20 an hour job in the mines. "It was too dangerous," she laments. [*Editor's Note: In February, Randal McCloy emerged from a coma.*]



JASON COHN/REUTERS

Earl Casto is comforted by his wife after being told that his cousin was among those killed.

PHOTO BY MARK WILSON/GETTY IMAGES

PHOTO BY J.F. ROTE

Family members memorialize the dead.

The explosion shook former miner Don Wright's house, which sits on a hill behind the Sago Mine. "People were afraid to work there," Wright says. "If you worked in the mine, you gotta keep your mouth shut, or you got no job. Most of these are nonunion mines."

Junior Cook, a roly-poly 55-year-old, is disabled from a coal seam accident. The former mine worker—who spent 30 years as a belt-man, keeping the conveyors clean—says he couldn't sleep, so he drove to the disaster site just to offer assistance."When you ain't got no union," Cook grouses, "if they don't like you, they just say, 'Hey, buddy, we don't need you no more.' At one time it was almost all union. Now it's almost all nonunion."

Coal companies are as slick as slurry. Catching them as they fudge their books and furtively fix things in the dark is tough to do. What's easy to see, though, is how these companies have bought influence within MSHA, allowing them to literally get away with murder. Since 2000, Big Business coal entities have donated $9 million to mostly Republican federal candidates.

After spending nine years in underground mines, Mike Niggemyer went to night school and earned a degree in occupational health. Then, sick of watching the unions "get their asses handed to them," he went to law school. Now Niggemyer fights coal companies, frequently handling discrimination cases involving miners who were fired after reporting safety concerns to MSHA.

"Sometimes I advise my clients not to fight it," the attorney says, explaining that the coal companies can outspend almost any litigator. When a worker complains about safety, not only can he be fired, but he'll have a hard time finding a job at another mine. "There's not an official blacklist," Niggemyer says, "but when another company calls for a reference, they'll say he's a 'griever.'" That's an industry term for a worker who files numerous grievances.

During the Reagan era the coal barons simultaneously began their earnest assault on unions and safety. Companies like Massey brought in scabs to replace striking miners. They temporarily shuttered and later reopened their operations with new names, without union representation. It's still being done today.

"Before the Reagan Administration, every MSHA violation was thousands of dollars," Niggemyer says. "Now it's cheaper to get the violation than it is to fix the thing. If you needed a roll of fencing to fix the ceiling, it would be cheaper to just pay the ticket. That's why they got so many [violations]."

For example, in December 2004, Earnie Williams, 64, was killed by a flying chunk of frozen coal slurry at an ICG operation in Kentucky. MSHA found the company negligent, but no fines were levied. The average fine for the 208 violations at ICG's Sago operation in 2005 was just $117.

"Sometimes those inspectors don't even go into the mine," says United Mine Workers of America Vice President At-Large Terry Osborne. "They just sign off on what the company tells them to."

Niggemyer points to inspectors who've been convicted of accepting bribes and points out that the Bush doctrine of free markets regulating themselves—what the President calls "compliance assistance"—is a major problem. Siding with The Heritage Foundation, a conservative think tank, Bush feels that agency regulations cost more than they benefit, causing companies like ICG to spend money in "less effective ways." Bush maintains that employee education is what's needed, not mandatory regulation from the outside.

Bush put this into action in April 2002 when he unveiled a new workplace safety policy based on voluntary *self*-regulation. By providing coal companies and miners with training materials like videos, books and flash cards, the Bush-run MSHA now works closely with companies to keep significant safety infractions to a minimum. As a result, inspectors write fewer tickets, and MSHA overrules the ones they do write.

This policy is evidenced in notes from a 2001 MSHA conference in California, where district managers were directed to meet with mining and trade associations. The managers compiled a list of ways to improve safety performance. They included suggestions like, "Don't write violations" and "Allow operators to correct 'minor' violations on the spot and avoid a citation." Eventually, MSHA's inspectors were officially renamed "compliance assistance specialists," rounding out the cycle of cronyism in the mining industry.

In 2002, West Virginia coal magnate Robert Murray threatened to have a MSHA inspector fired for enforcing actions at his mine. Soon after, the MSHA staffer was transferred. Murray reportedly bragged that he had friends in high places, namely MSHA Chief David Lauriski (a Bush appointee and former industry lobbyist) and Senator Mitch McConnell (R-Kentucky), husband of Labor Secretary Elaine Chao.

Lauriski ultimately resigned from his MSHA post in November 2004 after *60 Minutes* reported that no-bid contracts were being awarded to firms with which he had ties. The Bush crony was also a key player in covering up the investigation of a 2000 coal slurry flood in Martin County, Kentucky. A subsidiary of Massey

Energy dumped 300 million gallons of toxic sludge into a creek, polluting the Big Sandy River and tributaries up to 100 miles away. For causing one of the worst environmental disasters ever to hit the southeastern United States, Massey was fined a mere $5,600.

And just because a company is fined doesn't mean it will have to pay. Every violation that a coal company appeals ends up at the feet of the pro-industry Federal Mine Safety and Health Review Commission (FMSHRC), a five-member panel of cronies appointed directly by the President to ensure that mining corporations keep production high.

The cronyism and conflicts of interest in the mining industry are clearly manifest in the FMSHRC. Commissioner Michael Young was once director of regulatory affairs for the lobbying group Pennsylvania Coal Association. Another FMSHRC commissioner, Stanley Suboleski, was a vice-president at Massey (a Bush megacontributor). And Chairman Michael Duffy earned his stripes representing the National Mining Association and the American Mining Congress—both of which spent decades evading safety regulations.

Take the following as further evidence of the corruption afoot in mining. In November 2005, David Barbour—a MSHA administrative law judge who hears FMSHRC appeals cases—ruled in favor of Big Business on a 2001 Alabama coal mine explosion that claimed the lives of 13 men employed by Jim Walters Resources. Barbour struck down six of eight safety citations that inspectors had levied against the firm. In addition, ruling the operator "did not directly contribute to the 2001 accident," Barbour then reduced the fines from $435,000 to just $3,000.

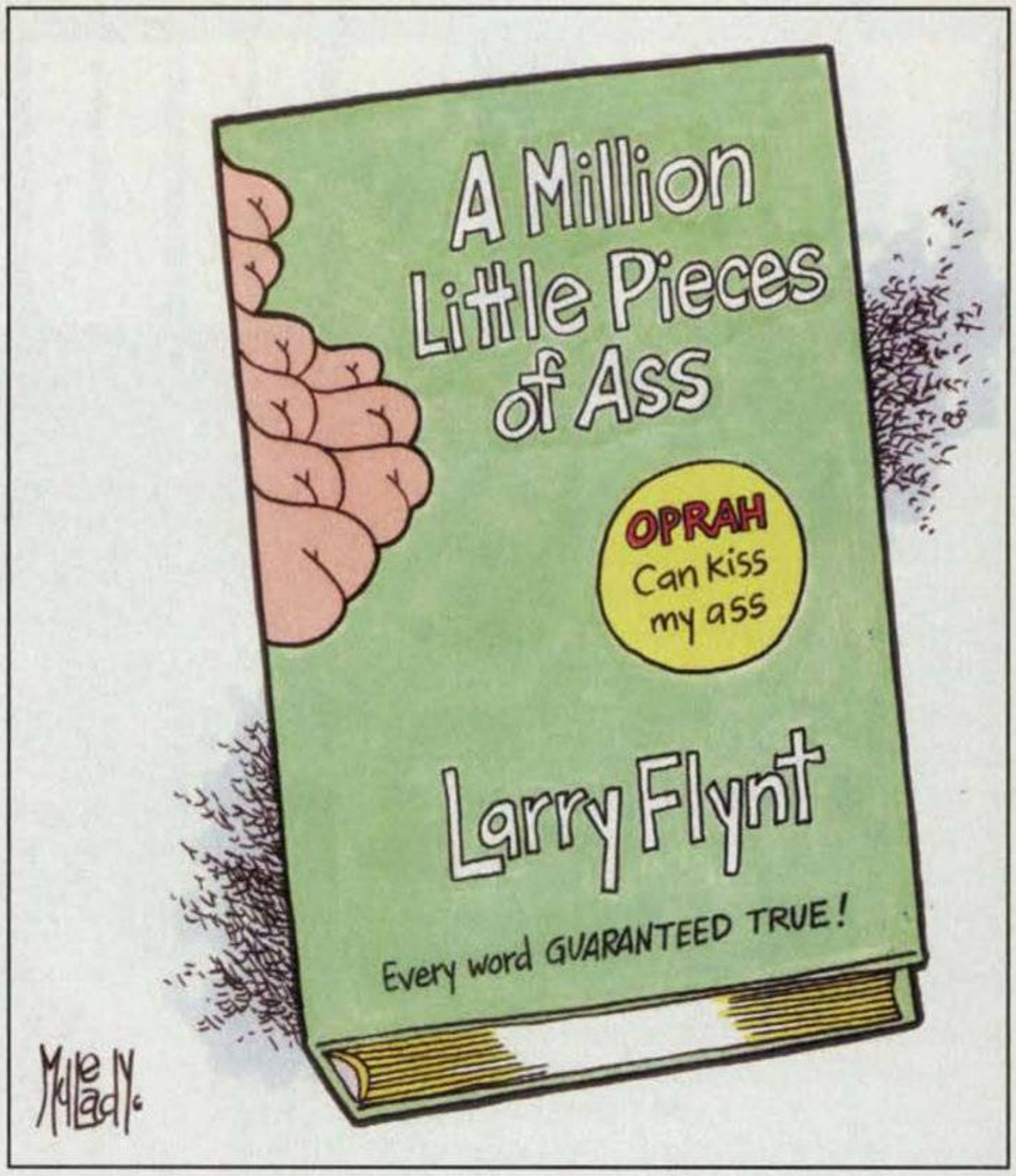
"That just broke my heart," says Janice Nails, whose husband, Charlie, 59, was killed in the incident. "My heart was already broken after I lost my husband, but that broke it again."

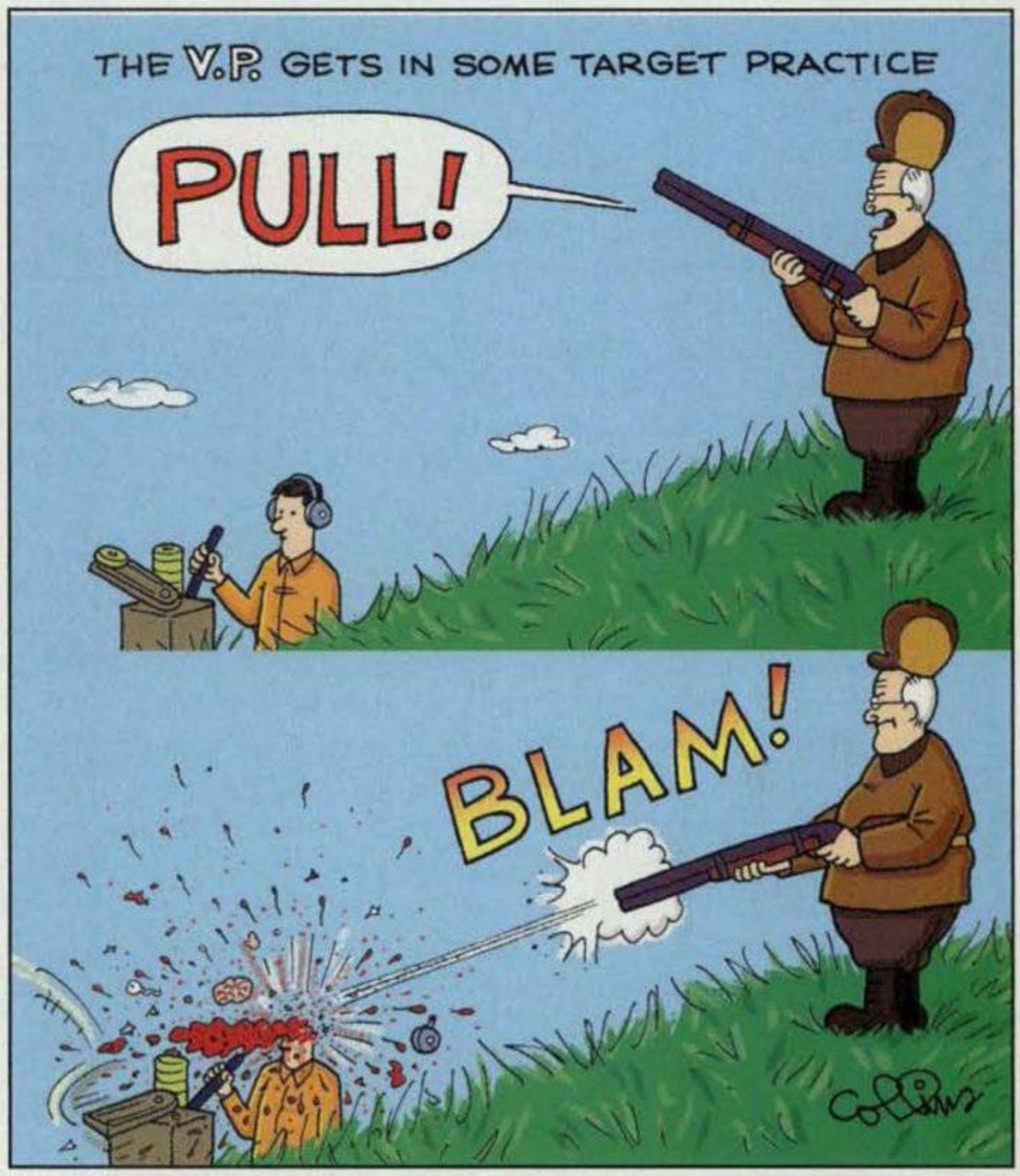
Just as ICG has done for the Sago Mine, Jim Walters Resources sets aside a "trust fund" for the families of miners killed on the job. "We never saw a dime," Nails says. After all, the trust was only for families who accepted a one-time $29,000 buyout and thereby released the mine from future liability. An outraged Nails warned families not to trust the company.

After the Alabama disaster, MSHA and United Mine Workers of America officials made safety recommendations, including implementation of two-way radio systems. Under the Bush Administration, those recommendations have been ignored, and MSHA has tabled Clinton-era proposals addressing the shortage of rescue teams, the dangers of flammable conveyor belts and poor air-quality standards. Bush's Big Business lackeys have fired 170 safety inspectors since 2001, increased the respirable coal dust limit by a factor of four and, in 2005, reduced MSHA's budget by $4.9 million (with adjustments for inflation).

"When MSHA's top leaders sit down to decide agency policy, it is now a meeting of former mine managers," warns UMWA President Cecil Roberts.

David Blevins, whose father died in the '01 Alabama explosion, says, "If MSHA had adopted the changes, these Sago men wouldn't have died. It's that simple. If those miners had two-way radios, someone could have told them to come 1,500 feet, and they'd find good air. They did what they were supposed to do, but no one got to them in time. It's about miners who are supposed to be protected by MSHA. It's about coal miners being able to have a safe place to work."





THE CHURCH OF

The controversial Reverend Billy wants

SOME PREACHERS build themselves Crystal Cathedrals. For the preacher known as Reverend Billy, that would be thinking small. He doesn't just have one church; he has *chains* of them across the globe. You've seen them—hell, you've probably stepped inside one. You'll recognize them by the familiar signposts out front. No, not a cross or a weeping Virgin Mary, but a green-and-white mermaid—her nipples politely hidden—under the words *Starbucks Coffee*.

"Change-a-luyah!" booms the goggle-eyed, bottle-blond Reverend Billy as he stages one of his infamous exorcisms on a Starbucks cash register. This self-ordained holy man is on a mission from, well, from himself: "Casting the devil out of these stubborn cash registers, trying to get some money to flow out of the billionaire [Starbucks owner] Howard Schultz's pocket back toward the other end of the economy! Back to the families out in the coffee groves [suffering from] the pesticides!"

Yes, like so many of our "spiritual leaders," you can get Reverend Billy retail—if you're lucky enough to encounter him preaching in what he calls "the high church of retail," the transnational chain store. The difference is, this particular reverend wants you to open your mind and lock up your wallet.

Donning a clerical collar purchased at a cut-rate religious supply store off Times Square, Reverend Billy has taken his show on the road, staging guerrilla theater performances like his anti-Big Coffee passion play all the way from New York City to Southern California's Disneyland. That's where he was arrested for trespassing in December 2005 while on a cross-country mission "to save Christmas from the Shopocalypse."

Who is this scourge of Starbucks, this minister who wants us to destroy our modern-day temple—our house of credit—in the name of Christ, or any deity, or none at all? For starters, he's a peace worker who slaps people (two filmmakers at the Republican convention, he confesses with remorse). After a lifetime temping, waitering and working other "shit jobs," he's finally earning a modest but comfortable living as perhaps the world's first entrepreneur of anticonsumerism. He calls his congregation The Church of Stop Shopping, but rues that he can't quite bring himself to quit slipping out to buy bottles of fine French wine.

Nor will he divulge his age, which is variously reported as 47 or 52. "I'm not even willing to concede that I'm in a particular decade," Reverend Billy says.

What is consistent about the guy is the continual stream of contradictions—and that's just how he likes it. "I'm helping you to *not* have an easy, commodity-driven, label-driven response," says Reverend Billy, also known as Bill Talen (or William when posing for a mug shot). "Fundamentalists have a single answer, and marketing people have a single answer because they all want to have the slogan, the label, the reductive intelligence, the quick transaction."

If Reverend Billy's persona is slippery, his message is not: He sees the coziness that has developed among government, Big Business and religion as a greased pole leading Americans straight to hell. Their hell is one of personal debt, infernal servitude to interest rates and addiction to conspicuous consumption—an addiction that does not merely support global child labor and the winnowing of First Amendment rights, but leaves our souls empty and our houses full of stuff.

"Wal-Mart big-box stores are fundamentalists," says Reverend Billy. "They are saying, 'I have life figured out for you; I have death figured out for you. Buy my product, and your life will be taken care of.' That's a religion, and it is fundamentalist."

This marriage of consumerism and fundamentalism, says Reverend Billy, bequeathed us the Bush Administration and its assaults on Iraq, civil liberties, gay rights and the environment. We might even parse this stuff for ourselves—if only we weren't so busy worrying about how to borrow from MasterCard to pay off Visa, all the while lusting for a 60-inch plasma TV.

"You don't vote anymore with what they call votes," he says. "You vote with what you buy. Wal-Mart gave more money to Republican candidates—to war candidates—than any other company in the

BY AMY ALKON

STOP SHOPPING

you to open your mind, not your wallet.

United States in this last election cycle. That in itself should be enough for your readers to say, 'You know what? I'm not going to go to Wal-Mart. I'm not going to do that. I'm not going to support that economy.'"

And so Reverend Billy has taken his fight to awaken consumers to the streets—or rather, to the malls. "When the Church of Stop Shopping enters a transnational chain store, like a Starbucks or a Wal-Mart, we start doing something that's outside the retail ritual," he says.

"In Wal-Mart we might walk up and down the aisles with empty shopping carts in a Zen-like trance. And in Starbucks we usually pretend we're customers and then have little plays that reveal the egregious labor practices of Starbucks in Guatemala and southern Mexico."

Understandably, the coffee chain didn't issue him a frequent buyer's card, although it did unwittingly supply the title for his new book, *What Should I Do if Reverend Billy Is in My Store?* (New Press, 2005). Talen cribbed the title from an advisory that Starbucks had distributed to its employees. The cover photo features Reverend Billy about to hurl a giant Mickey Mouse doll.

Reverend Billy—of whom New York City's *The Village Voice* wrote, "The collar is fake, but the calling is real"—says he didn't come up with a new strategy to get his message across; he simply stole it from the Right: "The idea was just keep that apocalyptic character that is the iconic right-wing Bush supporter—the Jerry Falwell, the Jimmy Swaggart, the late-night televangelist, the homophobe who supports all the wars…to use the right-wing gestures—but use Progressive language.

"So when we were approaching the Disney Store, it was, 'Mickey Mouse, the Antichrist child! Get your family away from this den of iniquity!'"

Reverend Billy's war on cash registers, stuffed toys and cinnamon lattes is actually just foreplay—his clever way to warm us up for his ultimate message: While we were out shopping, government, Big Business and religion all crawled into bed together.

"Ronald Reagan was the first advertising President," he proclaims, "the coming together of fundamentalist Christianity and marketing departments of corporations. And Karl Rove perfected that. That is the death of America."

Sure it is. But try telling the average Home Depot-shopping American that he should be more interested in the rights of two maritally minded gay guys in Montana than in saving $280 on a lawn mower. Reverend Billy knows it's getting harder to break through all the merchandise clutter, explaining why he makes these in-person visits to consumers in their true houses of worship: the superstores and big-box centers where they fill their suburban megamansions.

At first glance he might seem to be participating in the normal American consumer rituals—like yammering into a cell phone in a public space—but he quickly turns those rituals on their ear.

For one of his earliest consumer wake-up calls, he led mobs of the like-minded in reciting the First Amendment into their cell phones at Ground Zero after 9/11. More recently, he conducted the Stop Shopping Gospel Choir in that Vatican of consumerism, Minnesota's Mall of America. And, he says, it's all in service of peace and freedom.

"We don't have a leader that really expresses peace in a startling way, in a way that has some contrasts to the prevailing discourse right now," Reverend Billy laments. "We don't have that Lincoln; we don't have that Mandela. The exhausted Left is acting like an aristocracy that's down to its last castle or something. Progressive people, peace people, people who want to defend the First Amendment have *got* to come up with new strategies now."

For all his histrionics and funny hair, Reverend Billy does seem to have the heart of a preacher—a real, old-time preacher, from the days before church became yet another great telemarketing scheme. In one of the final chapters of his book, he asks us to join in this prayer for all humanity. Here are a few excerpts:

Dear Lord,
We can't believe that bombing is called security.
We can't believe monopoly is called democracy.
We can't believe that gasoline prices are called foreign policy….

Reverend Billy then asks, "The reader will please rise to a half-crouch, like an ape who has been watching reruns of *Friends* but upon whom a special anger is dawning":

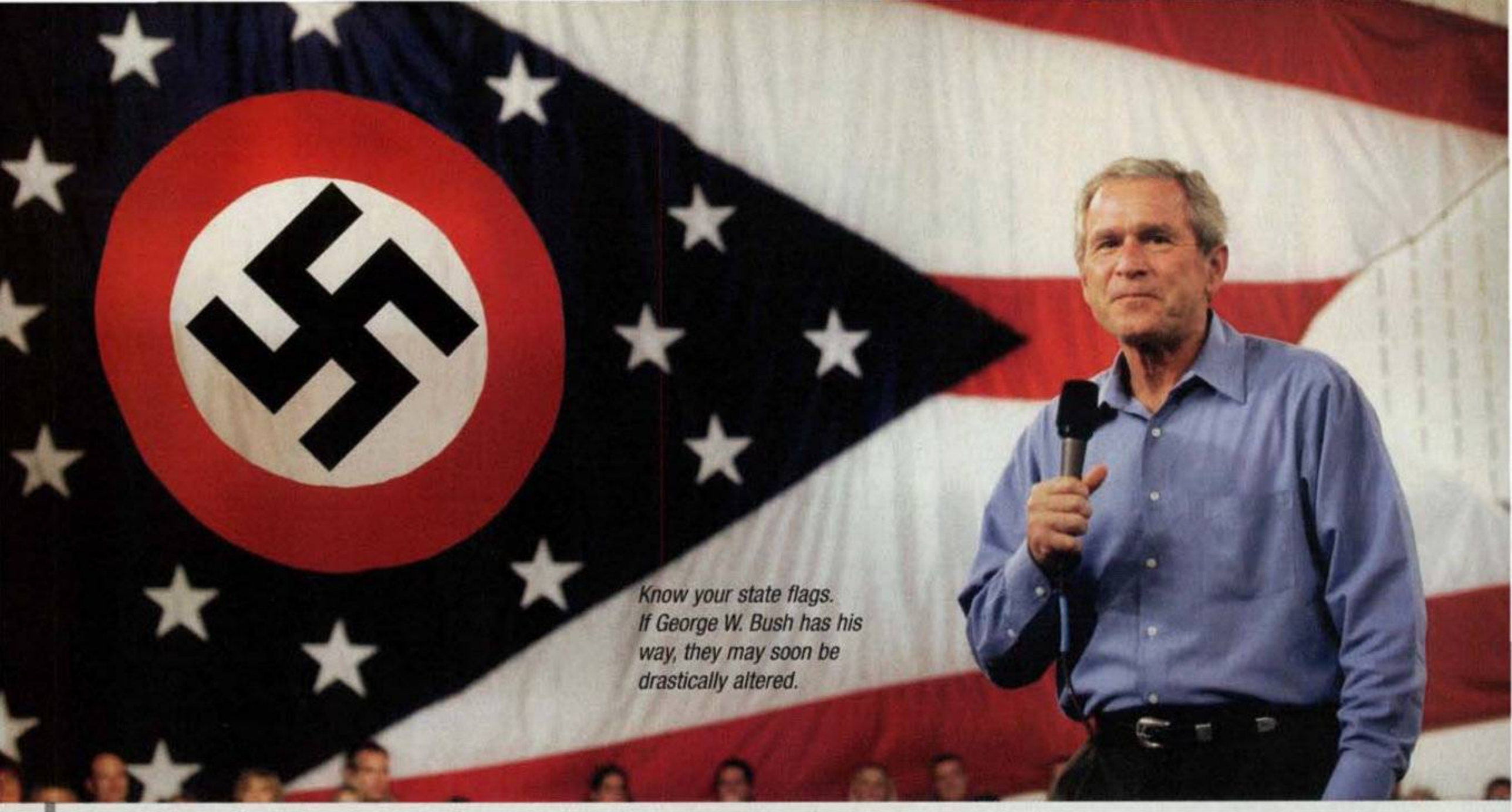
We can't believe that racism is called crime fighting!
We can't believe sweatshops are called efficiency!
We can't believe that a mall is called the neighborhood….

And the final stanza, directed not to God, but George W. Bush:

George! Psst! Patriotism is not called shopping.
Got that? Patriotism is not called shopping.
Or better yet, George! Psst! This is God, George.
I AM NOT THE MARKET.

For more information on Reverend Billy, visit **RevBilly.com**.

PHOTOS BY FRED ASKEW PHOTOGRAPHY WWW.FREDASKEW.COM



Know your state flags. If George W. Bush has his way, they may soon be drastically altered.

Since the Civil War, no Republican and only one Democrat—John F. Kennedy in 1960—has ever won the Presidency without carrying the Buckeye State. Ohio's recently passed House Bill 3 could give the GOP a virtual lock on the White House.

OHIO'S HARD-RIGHT REPUBLICAN LEGISLATURE has passed a series of laws meant to give the GOP a permanent death grip on future elections in the Buckeye State, and thus the White House. Anyone hoping to replace the Republicans in 2008 may be shocked to learn that for all intents and purposes, the election may already be decided.

Passed with the approval of all but one of the Republicans in the Ohio legislature, House Bill 3 makes it impossible for anyone to challenge the outcome of a federal election here in the state courts. Thus, if 2008 turns into another close, angrily disputed election for President (many experts believe John Kerry actually carried Ohio and thus the Presidency in 2004), an Ohioan wishing to question the outcome will have no basis for legal challenge within the state. All he can do is ask the U.S. Congress to act.

In 2004 a massive national grassroots campaign did force Congress to debate the Ohio outcome. However, a definitive Congressional reversal of a state's electoral votes, no matter how fraudulent, has never happened in the history of the republic.

But there's much, much more. Election protection activists recently forced Ohio to provide a paper trail for all statewide elections. Virtually all Ohio votes are cast and/or counted on electronic machines. So this has been a crucial element in the public's ability to guarantee an honest accounting of how the state votes.

However, the GOP's new state law trashes that guarantee by putting severe limits on public access to electronic voting machines and tabulators after an election has concluded. In short, HB 3 makes the right to a paper trail meaningless.

The new law also quintuples the price of a recount for nonfederal elections, forcing challengers to ante up $50 to recount each of the state's more than 11,000 precincts, where in 2004 it cost $10. So a citizen's group wanting to check the statewide vote for Presidency will now have to raise more than $550,000, whereas in 2004 the price was just over $110,000.

HB 3 also requires registered voters to provide positive ID at polling stations. This means a driver's license, bank statement, utility bill or something else proving name and address. Led by Karl Rove, GOP strategists recognize that this requirement is a highly effective way to disenfranchise thousands of poor, elderly and homeless voters (including many veterans) who simply don't have the requisite identification, or who are often nervous about providing it.

By demanding such ID at the polls, the Republicans know they can orchestrate long lines and ultimately drive people away. In November 2004, lines in Ohio's heavily Democratic inner-city precincts stretched around many city blocks. It often took three, four and in some cases up to 11 hours for residents in these neighborhoods to vote, with many thousands giving up in disgust.

Experts now estimate that this ID demand alone might stop as many as 200,000 citizens from voting in 2008. Since most of them are likely to be Democrats, this provision of HB 3 could give the GOP the 2008 election. Ohio's 2004 tally, which kept George W. Bush in the White House, had an official margin of less than 119,000 out of some 5.7 million votes that were actually counted.

Completely ignored by the mainstream media, HB 3 is just one of many repressive partisan laws Ohio's Rovian legislature has been ramming through to bar the Democrats from ever carrying the state again. Laws like the harsh Senate Bill 9 (also known as the Ohio Patriot Act) and House Bill 1 (a shady campaign finance law) will also help permanently entrench Republican power in the pivotal Buckeye State.

In a lame-duck session after the '04 election, the Rove-run Ohio leg-

BOB FITRAKIS &
HARVEY WASSERMAN

Fascism on the March

Part 1

Ohio Secretary of State J. Kenneth Blackwell

islature sneaked through HB 1, severely restricting campaign contributions from labor unions or genuine grassroots organizations. But HB 1 allows corporate contributions to go directly to individual candidates, instead of just to parties and "educational" campaigns.

Corporate money has long dominated American politics, but direct corporate contributions to individual candidates have been banned federally since the days of President Theodore Roosevelt, who left office in 1909. With a whopping $10,000 campaign donation limit for any individual over the age of six, a fat cat Ohio family with five kids past first grade can now give $70,000 to a single candidate in both primary and general elections.

Ohio Republicans are also discussing a ban on voting by ex-felons, another group that tends to go Democratic. Their disenfranchisement was first enacted after the Civil War by the 11 states of the former Confederacy. Once laws were on the books, Southern states found ways to convict hundreds of thousands of blacks of faux felonies, thus taking away their vote.

In 2000, Bush's brother Jeb—the governor of Florida—used the same segregationist ban to cook up a computerized list of alleged ex-felons, many of whom had never actually broken any law. By using this list, the Republicans erased more than 100,000 potential voters—nearly all of them likely Democrats—from the registration rolls.

In fact, Jeb Bush's list included thousands of citizens who had never even been charged with a felony, or who merely had names that vaguely resembled those of alleged felons from other states. Without that list, George W. Bush would have lost Florida (and the Presidency) in 2000 by tens of thousands of votes. Now the GOP would like to have the same opportunity to enforce a similar mass disenfranchisement in Ohio, and ultimately in as many other states as possible.

The Ohio GOP has also attacked provisional balloting. Provisional ballots were established to make it easier for voters who could not make it to their own precinct to cast a ballot on Election Day. The law allowed a voter finding himself at a precinct other than his own to cast a special provisional ballot that could be sent to a central station and evaluated later.

But in 2004, Republican Secretary of State J. Kenneth Blackwell—a football star in his younger days and later mayor of Cincinnati (running on a third-party platform)—demanded that provisional ballots be accepted only at the very precinct the voter was registered, thus defeating the entire purpose of the provisional ballot. Blackwell (see *Asshole of the Month*, page 15), then published erroneous locations for many precincts on his official Web site.

Thousands of Ohio voters who followed Blackwell's authorized instructions found themselves at incorrect precincts, where they were then denied the provisional ballots that might have allowed their votes to be counted. Observers also reported that those who did get provisional ballots were not instructed by poll workers as to properly filling them out. Many thousands were also apparently trashed outright immediately after they were cast.

Since these provisional votes tend to come mostly from working people who vote Democratic, the denial of provisional ballots in distant precincts is another boon to the GOP. Indeed, the entire thrust of these new restrictions on provisional ballots is aimed at preventing black and working-class voters from helping to elect Democrats.

These restrictions have ended democracy in the Buckeye State. Laws like HB 3 strip our liberties and whittle away our independence as free-thinking citizens. What has happened in Ohio offers undeniable proof that our country is moving toward fascism. And the sad truth is, electing a Democratic President in 2008 will be virtually impossible.

Based in Columbus, Ohio, Bob Fitrakis and Harvey Wasserman write for the Progressive newspaper The Free Press, where Mr. Wasserman is also senior editor. They are coauthors of How the GOP Stole America's 2004 Election & Is Rigging 2008, available at FreePress.org and HarveyWasserman.com.

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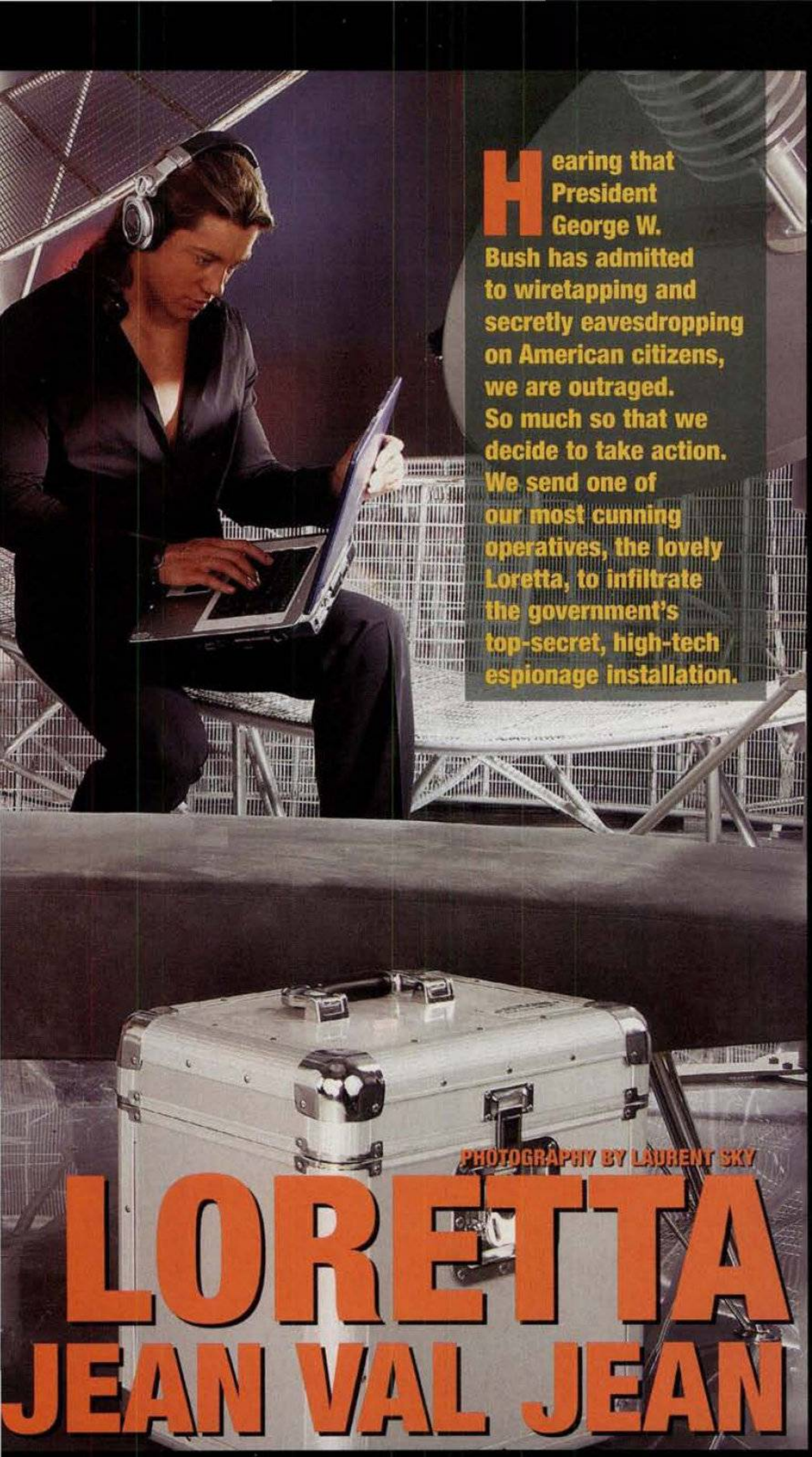
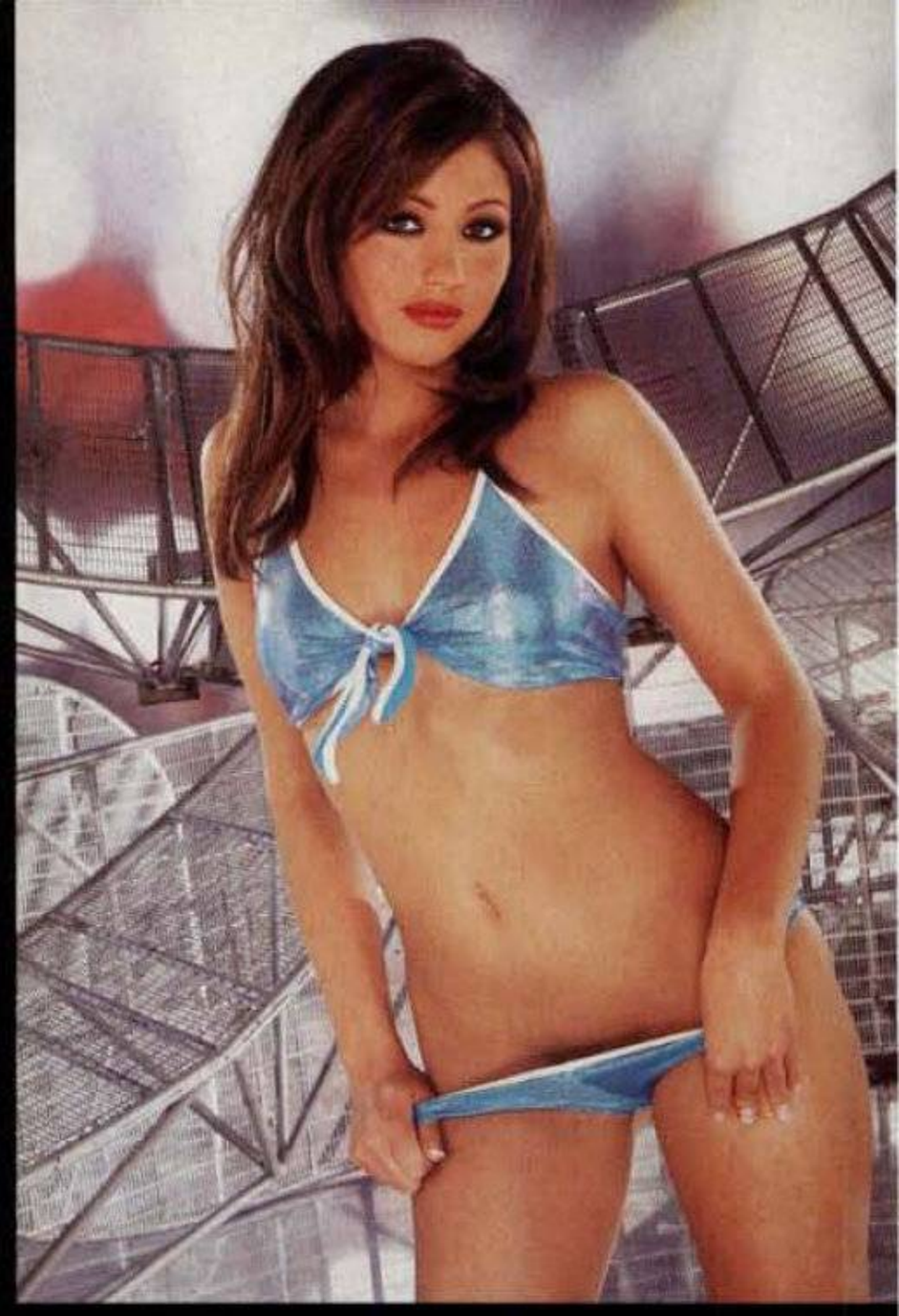
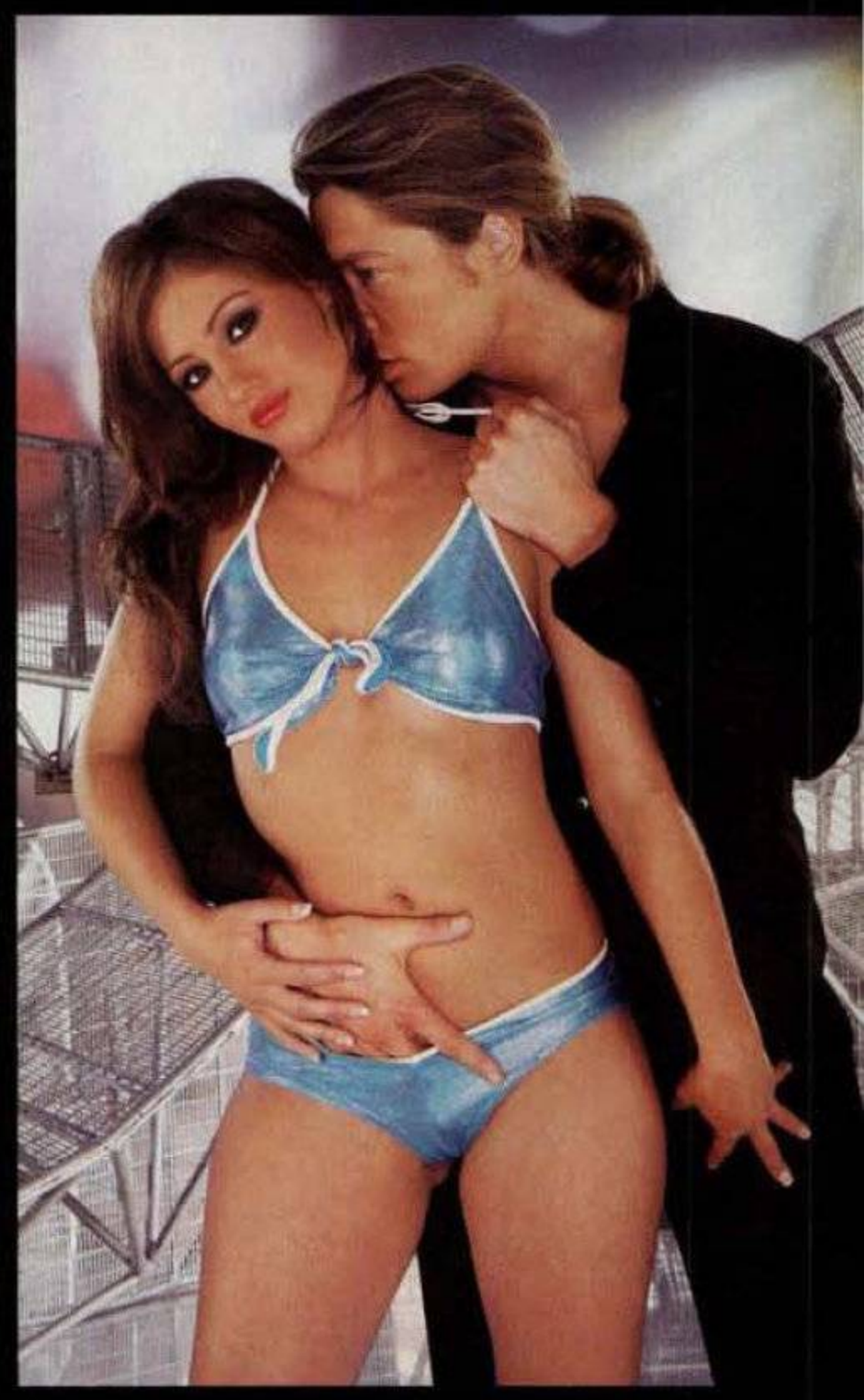


Hearing that President George W. Bush has admitted to wiretapping and secretly eavesdropping on American citizens, we are outraged. So much so that we decide to take action. We send one of our most cunning operatives, the lovely Loretta, to infiltrate the government's top-secret, high-tech espionage installation.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

LORETTA JEAN VAL JEAN

O LOVED ME

Upon her arrival, Loretta senses that the only way to thwart our pompous President's illegal activity is by dismantling this insidious base of operation. Our girl on the inside quickly sidles up to a hunky NSA communications tech (portrayed by Jean Val Jean) and begins lowering his defenses—and his trousers. Loretta will stop at nothing to bring freedom and liberty back to America. That includes sucking the snoop's throbbing cock.

As our alluring agent provocateur is pillaged by her unsuspecting quarry, she detonates a massive charge that completely knocks out the facility's eavesdropping capabilities. "Did your hear an explosion, baby?" the dimwitted rube asks.

"No, dear," Loretta gushes. "You're the only explosion I heard."

We hope that Loretta's covert efforts have sabotaged and stopped the U.S. government from illegally spying on its own people. Meanwhile, we suggest writing your senators and Congressional representative, demanding the impeachment of George W. Bush!

THE NOBEL LECTURE

Art

Harold Pinter (seen here in a 2003 photo) is a prolific writer who reinvigorated 20th century theater by uncovering the poetry and truths hidden within everyday speech. His more famous stage plays include *The Birthday Party*, *The Caretaker*, *Silence* and *Ashes to Ashes*. He has also penned numerous screenplays, notably adaptations of *The Servant*, *The French Lieutenant's Woman* and Kafka's *The Trial*.

PHOTO BY DEREK HUDSON/GETTY IMAGES

Truth and Politics

BY HAROLD PINTER

Master playwright and screenwriter Harold Pinter has long been known for groundbreaking works that look to deconstruct the threat of injustice. After being named winner of the 2005 Nobel Prize for Literature, the esteemed Englishman was forbidden by doctors from traveling to Stockholm, Sweden, for the awards ceremony. Now 75 and stricken with cancer, Pinter cannot walk, so the ailing writer/director/actor delivered his acceptance discourse by video, during which he unleashed a scathing, 46-minute assault on American foreign policy. The following is an excerpt from Pinter's extraordinary speech.

AS EVERY SINGLE PERSON HERE KNOWS, the justification for the invasion of Iraq was that Saddam Hussein possessed a highly dangerous body of weapons of mass destruction, some of which could be fired in 45 minutes, bringing about appalling devastation. We were assured that was true. It was not true. We were told that Iraq had a relationship with al Qaeda and shared responsibility for the atrocity in New York of September 11th, 2001. We were assured that this was true. It was not true. We were told that Iraq threatened the security of the world. We were assured it was true. It was not true.

The truth is something entirely different. The truth is to do with how the United States understands its role in the world, and how it chooses to embody it.

But before I come back to the present, I would like to look at the recent past, by which I mean United States foreign policy since the end of the Second World War. I believe it is obligatory upon us to subject this period to at least some kind of even limited scrutiny, which is all that time will allow here.

Everyone knows what happened in the Soviet Union and throughout Eastern Europe during the postwar period: the systematic brutality, the widespread atrocities, the ruthless suppression of independent thought. All this has been fully documented and verified.

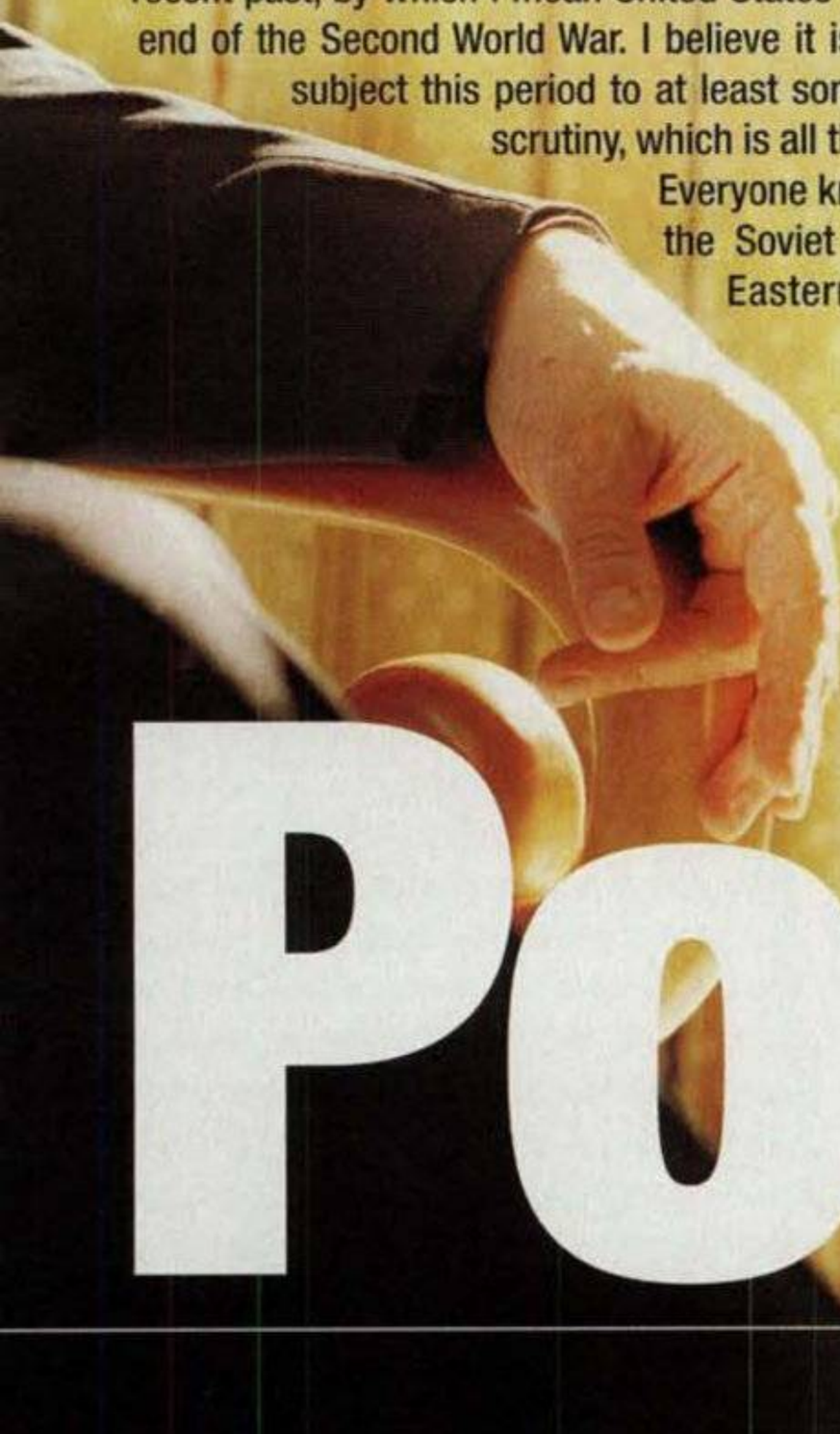
But my contention here is that the U.S. crimes in the same period have only been superficially recorded, let alone documented, let alone acknowledged, let alone recognized as crimes at all. I believe this must be addressed and that the truth has considerable bearing on where the world stands now. Although constrained, to a certain extent, by the existence of the Soviet Union, the United States' actions throughout the world made it clear that it had concluded it had carte blanche to do what it liked.

Direct invasion of a sovereign state has never in fact been America's favored method. In the main, it has preferred what it has described as "low intensity conflict." Low intensity conflict means that thousands of people die, but slower than if you dropped a bomb on them in one fell swoop. It means that you infect the heart of the country, that you establish a malignant growth and watch the gangrene bloom. When the populace has been subdued—or beaten to death, the same thing—and your own friends, the military and the great corporations sit comfortably in power, you go before the camera and say that democracy has prevailed. This was a commonplace in U.S. foreign policy in the years to which I refer.

The tragedy of Nicaragua was a highly significant case. I choose to offer it here as a potent example of America's view of its role in the world, both then and now.

I was present at a meeting at the U.S. Embassy in London in the late 1980s.

The United States Congress was about to decide whether to give more money to the Contras in their campaign against the state of Nicaragua. I was a member of a delegation speaking on behalf of Nicaragua, but the most important member of this delegation was a Father John Metcalf. The leader of the U.S. body was Raymond Seitz (then number two to the ambassador, later ambassador himself). Father Metcalf said: "Sir, I am in charge of a parish in the north of Nicaragua. My parishioners built a school, a health center, a cultural center. We have lived in peace. A few months ago a Contra force attacked the parish. They destroyed everything: the school, the



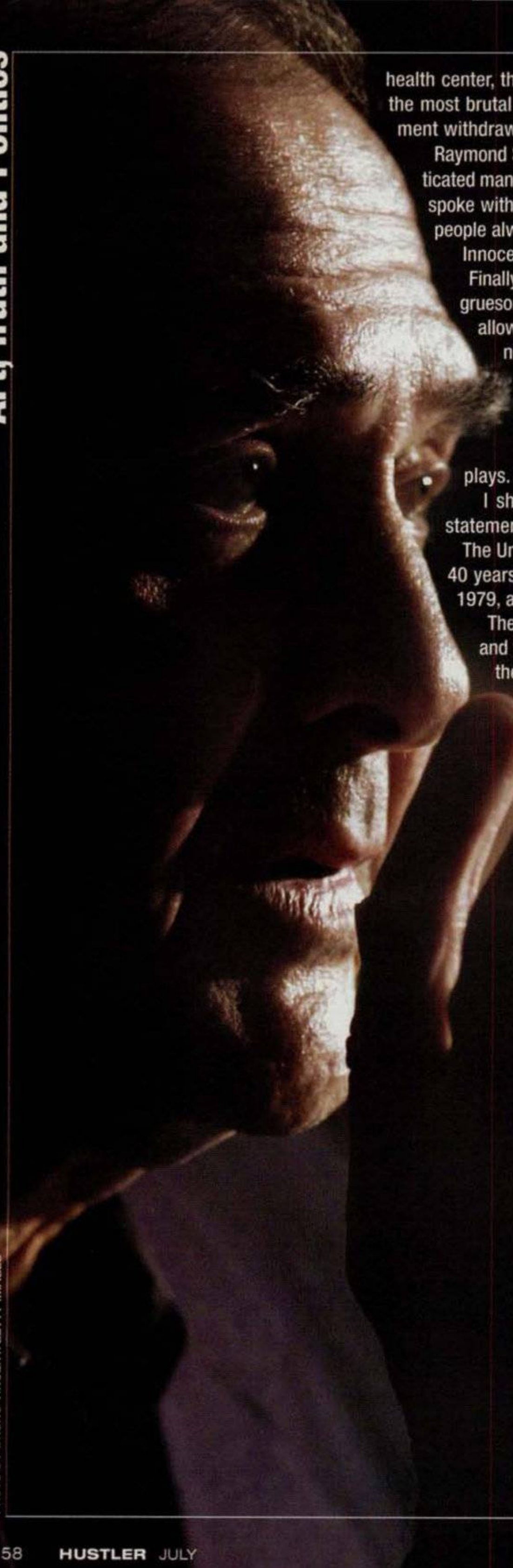


PHOTO BY BRUNO VINCENT/GETTY IMAGES

health center, the cultural center. They raped nurses and teachers, slaughtered doctors, in the most brutal manner. They behaved like savages. Please demand that the U.S. government withdraw its support from this shocking terrorist activity."

Raymond Seitz had a very good reputation as a rational, responsible and highly sophisticated man. He was greatly respected in diplomatic circles. He listened, paused and then spoke with some gravity. "Father," he said, "let me tell you something. In war, innocent people always suffer." There was a frozen silence. We stared at him. He did not flinch.

Innocent people, indeed, always suffer.

Finally, somebody said: "But in this case, 'innocent people' were the victims of a gruesome atrocity subsidized by your government, one among many. If Congress allows the Contras more money, further atrocities of this kind will take place. Is this not the case? Is your government not therefore guilty of supporting acts of murder and destruction upon the citizens of a sovereign state?"

Seitz was imperturbable. "I don't agree that the facts as presented support your assertions," he said.

As we were leaving the embassy, a U.S. aide told me that he enjoyed my plays. I did not reply.

I should remind you that at the time, President Reagan made the following statement: "The Contras are the moral equivalent of our Founding Fathers."

The United States supported the brutal Somoza dictatorship in Nicaragua for over 40 years. The Nicaraguan people, led by the Sandinistas, overthrew this regime in 1979, a breathtaking popular revolution.

The Sandinistas weren't perfect. They possessed their fair share of arrogance, and their political philosophy contained a number of contradictory elements. But they were intelligent, rational and civilized. They set out to establish a stable, decent, pluralistic society. The death penalty was abolished. Hundreds of thousands of poverty-stricken peasants were brought back from the dead. Over 100,000 families were given title to land. Two thousand schools were built. A quite remarkable literacy campaign reduced illiteracy in the country to less than one seventh. Free education was established and a free health service. Infant mortality was reduced by a third. Polio was eradicated.

The United States denounced these achievements as Marxist/Leninist subversion. In the view of the U.S. government, a dangerous example was being set. If Nicaragua was allowed to establish basic norms of social and economic justice, if it was allowed to raise the standards of health care and education and achieve social unity and national self-respect, neighboring countries would ask the same questions and do the same things. There was of course at the time fierce resistance to the status quo in El Salvador.

I spoke earlier about "a tapestry of lies" which surrounds us. President Reagan commonly described Nicaragua as a "totalitarian dungeon." This was taken generally by the media, and certainly by the British government, as accurate and fair comment. But there was in fact no record of death squads under the Sandinista government. There was no record of torture. There was no record of

systematic or official military brutality. No priests were ever murdered in Nicaragua. There were in fact three priests in the government, two Jesuits and a Maryknoll missionary. The totalitarian dungeons were actually next door, in El Salvador and Guatemala. The United States had brought down the democratically elected government of Guatemala in 1954, and it is estimated that over 200,000 people had been victims of successive military dictatorships.

Six of the most distinguished Jesuits in the world were viciously murdered at the Central American University in San Salvador in 1989 by a battalion of the Alcatl regiment trained at Fort Benning, Georgia, USA. That extremely brave man Archbishop Romero was assassinated while saying mass. It is estimated that 75,000 people died. Why were they killed? They were killed because they believed a better life was possible and should be achieved. That belief immediately qualified them as Communists. They died because they dared to question the status quo, the endless plateau of poverty, disease, degradation and oppression, which had been their birthright.

The United States finally brought down the Sandinista government. It took some years and considerable resistance, but relentless economic persecution and 30,000 dead finally undermined the spirit of the Nicaraguan people. They were exhausted and poverty stricken once again. The casinos moved back into the country. Free health and free education were over. Big business returned with a vengeance. "Democracy" had prevailed.

But this "policy" was by no means restricted to Central America. It was conducted throughout the world. It was never-ending. And it is as if it never happened.

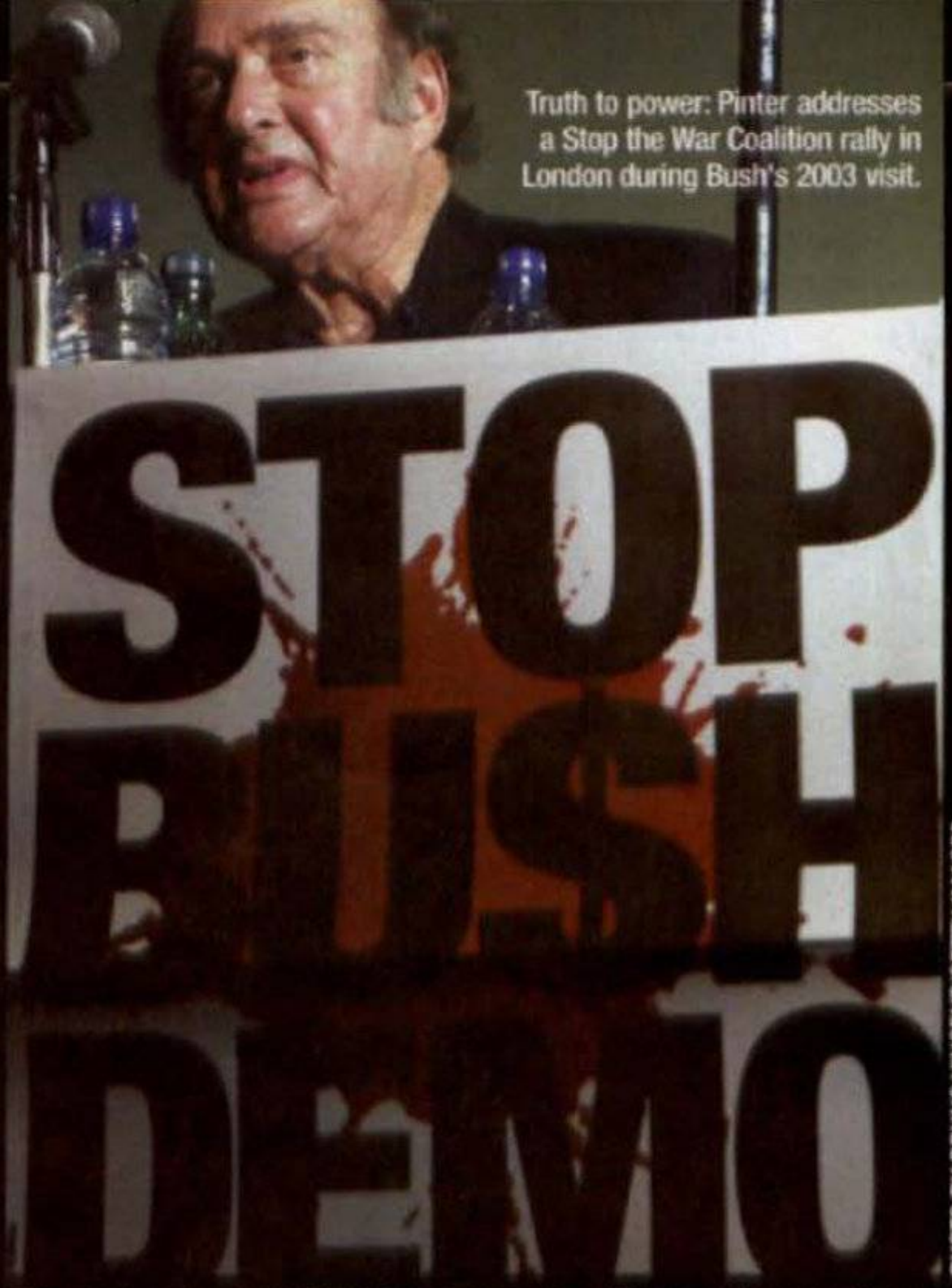
The United States supported and in many cases engendered every right-wing military dictatorship in the world after the end of the Second World War. I refer to Indonesia, Greece, Uruguay, Brazil, Paraguay, Haiti, Turkey, the Philippines, Guatemala, El Salvador and, of course, Chile. The horror the United States inflicted upon Chile in 1973 can never be purged and can never be forgiven.

Hundreds of thousands of deaths took place throughout these countries. Did they take place? And are they in all cases attributable to U.S. foreign policy? The answer is yes, they did take place, and they are attributable to American foreign policy. But you wouldn't know it.

It never happened. Nothing ever happened. Even while it was happening, it wasn't happening. It didn't matter. It was of no interest. The crimes of the United States have been systematic, constant, vicious, remorseless, but very few people have actually talked about them. You have to hand it to America. It has exercised a quite clinical manipulation of power worldwide while masquerading as a force for universal good. It's a brilliant, even witty, highly successful act of hypnosis.

I put to you that the United States is without doubt the greatest show on the road. Brutal, indifferent, scornful and ruthless it may be, but it is also very clever. As a salesman it is out on its own, and its most saleable commodity is self-love. It's a winner. Listen to all American presidents on television say the words "the American people," as in the sentence, "I say to the American people it is time to pray and to defend the rights of the American people, and I ask the American people to trust their president in the action he is about to take on behalf of the American people."

It's a scintillating stratagem. Language is actually employed to keep thought at bay. The words "the American people" provide a truly voluptuous cushion of reassurance. You don't need to think. Just lie back on the cushion. The cushion may be suffocating your intelligence and your critical faculties, but it's very comfortable.



Truth to power: Pinter addresses a Stop the War Coalition rally in London during Bush's 2003 visit.

PHOTO BY BRUNO VINCENT/GETTY IMAGES

This does not apply, of course, to the 40 million people living below the poverty line and the 2 million men and women imprisoned in the vast gulag of prisons, which extends across the U.S.

The United States no longer bothers about low intensity conflict. It no longer sees any point in being reticent or even devious. It puts its cards on the table without fear or favor. It quite simply doesn't give a damn about the United Nations, international law or critical dissent, which it regards as impotent and irrelevant. It also has its own bleating little lamb tagging behind it on a lead, the pathetic and supine Great Britain.

What has happened to our moral sensibility? Did we ever have any? What do these words mean? Do they refer to a term very rarely employed these days—conscience? A conscience to do not only with our own acts but to do with our shared responsibility in the acts of others? Is all this dead? Look at Guantanamo Bay. Hundreds of people detained without charge for over three years, with no legal representation or due process, technically detained forever. This totally illegitimate structure is maintained in defiance of the Geneva Convention. It is not only tolerated but hardly thought about by what's called the "international community." This criminal outrage is being committed by a country which declares itself to be "the leader of the free world." Do we think about the inhabitants of Guantanamo Bay? What does the media say about them? They pop up occasionally—a small item on page six. They have been consigned to a no-man's-land from which indeed they may never return. At present many are on hunger strike, being force-fed, including British residents. No niceties in these force-feeding procedures. No sedative or anaesthetic. Just a tube stuck up your nose and into your throat. You vomit blood. This is torture. What has the British Foreign Secretary said about this? Nothing. What has the British Prime Minister said about this? Nothing. Why not? Because the United States has said:

To criticize our conduct in Guantanamo Bay constitutes an unfriendly act. You're either with us or against us. So Blair shuts up.

The invasion of Iraq was a bandit act, an act of blatant state terrorism, demonstrating absolute contempt for the concept of international law. The invasion was an arbitrary military action inspired by a series of lies upon lies and gross manipulation of the media and therefore of the public; an act intended to consolidate American military and economic control of the Middle East masquerading—as a last resort, all other justifications having failed to justify themselves—as liberation. A formidable assertion of military force responsible for the death and mutilation of thousands and thousands of innocent people.

We have brought torture, cluster bombs, depleted uranium, innumerable acts of random murder, misery, degradation and death to the Iraqi people and call it "bringing freedom and democracy to the Middle East."

How many people do you have to kill before you qualify to be described as a mass murderer and a war criminal? One hundred thousand? More than enough, I would have thought. Therefore it is just that Bush and Blair be arraigned before the International Criminal Court of Justice. But Bush has been clever. He has not ratified the International Criminal Court of Justice. Therefore if any American soldier or for that matter politician finds himself in the dock, Bush has warned that he will send in the Marines. But Tony Blair has ratified the Court and is therefore available for prosecution. We can let the Court have his address if they're interested. It is Number 10, Downing Street, London.

Death in this context is irrelevant. Both Bush and Blair place death well away on the back burner. At least 100,000 Iraqis were killed by American bombs and missiles before the Iraq insurgency began. These people are of no moment. Their deaths don't exist. They are blank. They are not even recorded as being dead. "We don't do body counts," said the American general Tommy Franks.

Early in the invasion there was a photograph published on the front page of British newspapers of Tony Blair kissing the cheek of a little Iraqi boy. "A grateful child," said the caption. A few days later there was a story and photograph, on an inside page, of another four-year-old boy with no arms. His family had been blown up by a missile. He was the only survivor. "When do I get my arms back?" he asked. The story was dropped. Well, Tony Blair wasn't holding him in his arms, nor the body of any other mutilated child, nor the body of any bloody corpse. Blood is dirty. It dirties your shirt and tie when you're making a sincere speech on television.

The 2,000 American dead are an embarrassment. They are transported to their graves in the dark. Funerals are unobtrusive, out of harm's way. The mutilated rot in their beds, some for the rest of their lives. So the dead and the mutilated both rot, in different kinds of graves.

I have said earlier that the United States is now totally frank about putting its cards on the table. That is the case. Its official declared policy is now defined as "full spectrum dominance." That is not my term, it is theirs. "Full spectrum dominance" means control of land, sea, air and space and all attendant resources.

The United States now occupies 702 military installations throughout the world in 132 countries, with the honorable exception of Sweden, of course. We don't quite know how they got there, but they are there all right.

The United States possesses 8,000 active and operational nuclear warheads. Two thousand are on hair trigger alert, ready to be launched with 15 minutes warning. It is developing new systems of nuclear force, known as bunker busters. The British, ever cooperative, are intending to replace their own nuclear missile, Trident. Who, I wonder, are they aiming at? Osama bin Laden? You? Me? Joe Dokes? China? Paris? Who knows? What we do know is that this infantile insanity—the possession and threatened use of nuclear weapons—is at the heart of present American political philosophy. We must remind ourselves that the United States is on a permanent military footing and shows no sign of relaxing it.

I believe that despite the enormous odds which exist, unflinching, unswerving, fierce intellectual determination, as citizens, to define the real truth of our lives and our societies is a crucial obligation which devolves upon us all. It is in fact mandatory.

If such a determination is not embodied in our political vision, we have no hope of restoring what is so nearly lost to us—the dignity of man.

Pinter backstage at London's Duchess Theatre in 1970.

PHOTO BY IAN COOK/TIME & LIFE PICTURES

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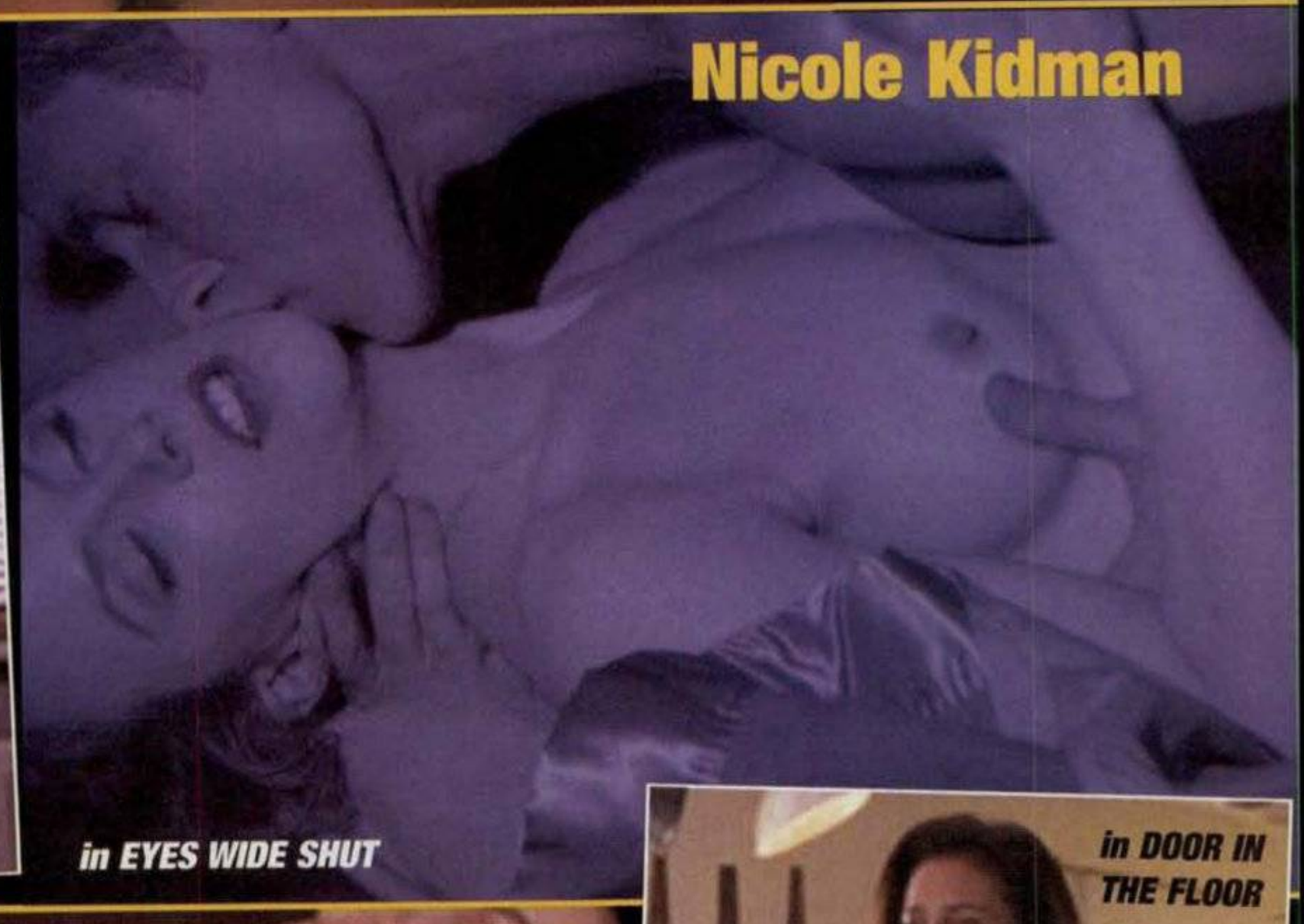
Nicole Kidman



in EYES WIDE SHUT

in DOOR IN THE FLOOR

Mimi Rogers

in FULL BODY MASSAGE

VIDEO VIEWPOINT
BY KEITH VALCOURT

Movie Mammaries

Rent These NOW!

LOVE HIM OR HATE HIM, you can't deny two truths about **Tom Cruise**: He's one of the biggest film stars in the world, and he's been with some of the hottest actresses in Hollywood—both onscreen and off. We will not define what "been with" means (our lawyers advise against it), but we will gladly take a look back at some of T.C.'s leading ladies' bodies of work.

Mimi Rogers was a beautiful ingenue on the rise when she married a young and mostly unknown actor named Tom Cruise. As her husband's star ascended, Mimi enjoyed a steady but unimpressive career. Apparently, this put too much pressure on the marriage, because the couple eventually divorced. Although the bulk of her film work included forgettable flicks such as *Lost in Space*, *Tricks* and *The Mirror Has Two Faces*, there have been *some* highlights. In 1995, at the age of 39 (ancient by Tinseltown standards), Mimi took it all off for the cable TV movie *Full Body Massage* alongside *FX* star **Bryan Brown**. Almost ten years later (in 2004), a 48-year-old Mimi took another impressive full-frontal turn in *The Door in the Floor* with **Jeff Bridges**.

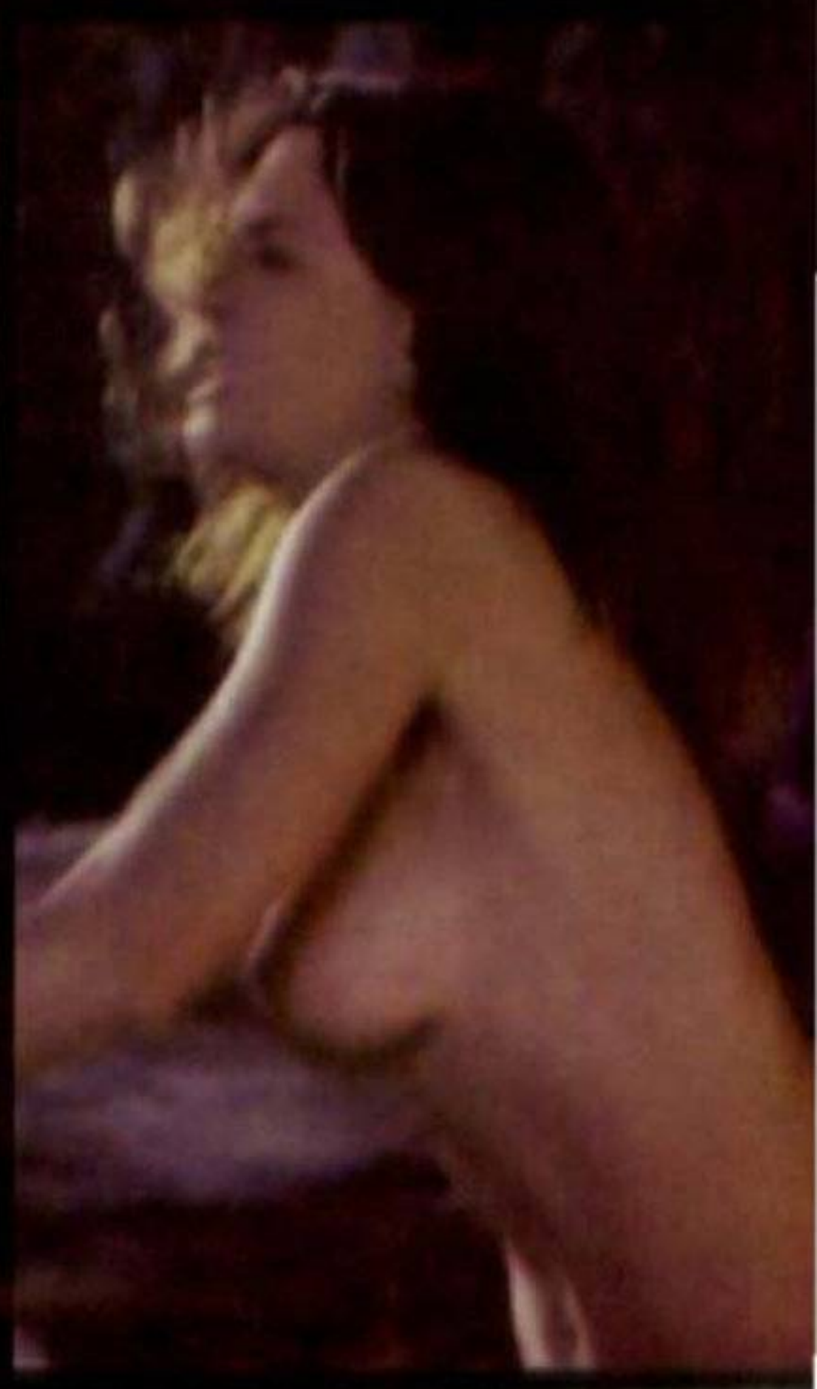
Tom's second and most famous bride was the porcelain-skinned goddess **Nicole Kidman**, with whom he shared the screen on several occasions. It was their sex scenes in the 1999 **Stanley Kubrick** feature *Eyes Wide Shut* that got America's tongues wagging, when it was reported that the real-life couple needed a sex therapist to make their onscreen lovemaking look more credible. Whether or not that's true, Kidman came through with several virtuoso bedroom performances. After the power duo parted ways, Nicole offered up a nice bare-bottomed peek in 2001's *Birthday Girl* and then engaged in some good, old-fashioned screwing in 2004's *Birth*.

Following the breakup of his high-profile marriage, Cruise swapped spit with *muy caliente* **Penélope Cruz** in *Vanilla Sky*. The sexy spitfire may have one of the most annoying voices in Hollywood, but we are willing to ignore that because the luscious Latina has always been so *generous* onscreen. Highlights include scenes from the following rarely seen movies: *Jamón, Jamón* (a/k/a *Ham, Ham*) in 1992, *Abre los Ojos* (a/k/a *Open Your Eyes*) from 1997, *La Nina de Tus Ojos* (U.S. title: *The Girl of Your Dreams*) from 1998, *Volavérunt* from 1999 and the 2001 box-office flop *Captain Corelli's Mandolin*. One tip when viewing Penélope's body of work—turn off the sound.

That brings us to Tom's current love/baby's mama, **Katie Holmes**. The cute girl-next-door first captured our interest as a co-star on TV's *Dawson's Creek*. Since leaving the show, she has starred in several films, the only one of merit being *The Gift* in 2000. The flick may already be a long-forgotten footnote in cinema history, but it is easily our favorite on Katie's résumé. Because of the superb acting? Are you nuts? It's the only film to date that showcases her true talents—those perky boobs!

Remember, every month HUSTLER delivers the best and hottest nipple-slips, accidental bust-outs and fleshy film highlights. Let us know what you think at nakedcelebs@lfp.com.

Mimi Rogers
Nicole Kidman
Penélope Cruz
Katie Holmes



FAMOUS FLESH

EXPOSÉ BY KEITH VALCOURT

Kathy Hilton

AS THE OLD ADAGE GOES, "The apple doesn't fall far from the tree." These shots of **Nicky** and **Paris Hilton**'s mom, **Kathy**, are living proof that the ancient saying is true. Here's the blond matriarch flaunting her massive tits while partying hard at a Las Vegas club with less-exposed daughter Nicky. For anyone who has ever wondered why Paris was so willing to let it all hang out and fuck on film, this pair of photos is evidence that exhibitionism runs in the family.

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- *-Designed for use by women for women*
- *-Packaged in the perfect travel size tube*

WOMEN TALKING ABOUT PULSEX

DR. AVA CADELL, accomplished author and radio and television personality, is a leading love and relationship expert and has appeared on Good Morning America, CNN, NBC, ABC, Fox News, MTV, VH1, Discovery, Lifetime and E!

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Melody Vargas - Bronx, NY
I came across Pulsex at a recent "novelty" party I attended. I tried it that same night....WOW! ...is all I can say. It was very easy to apply and within a few short minutes, it gave me a warm and enhanced sensation on my vagina. Being in a long time relationship, any new spark I can get is surely welcome. Pulsex really works and I have already bought more last week.

Laura Hall - Los Angeles, CA
Who says sex can't get better? It did the first time I tried Pulsex. I would not have thought that "sexual enhancers" work cause you see so many of them on the market. Pulsex is different. I have used it a dozen times and had some of the best sex with my husband that we have had in our 11 years of marriage. I love it and my husband loves it.

...and men are talking about Pulsex too

G. Roberts - Ramsey, NJ
I would like to thank the makers of Pulsex for making my sex life better than ever. My girl friend is always happy to use it, which is very cool. I am quite the stud in her eyes theses days. Thanks Pulsex!!!

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JASMINE NEELS & ALI MARIE

BOOTY CAM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BY MATTI KLATT

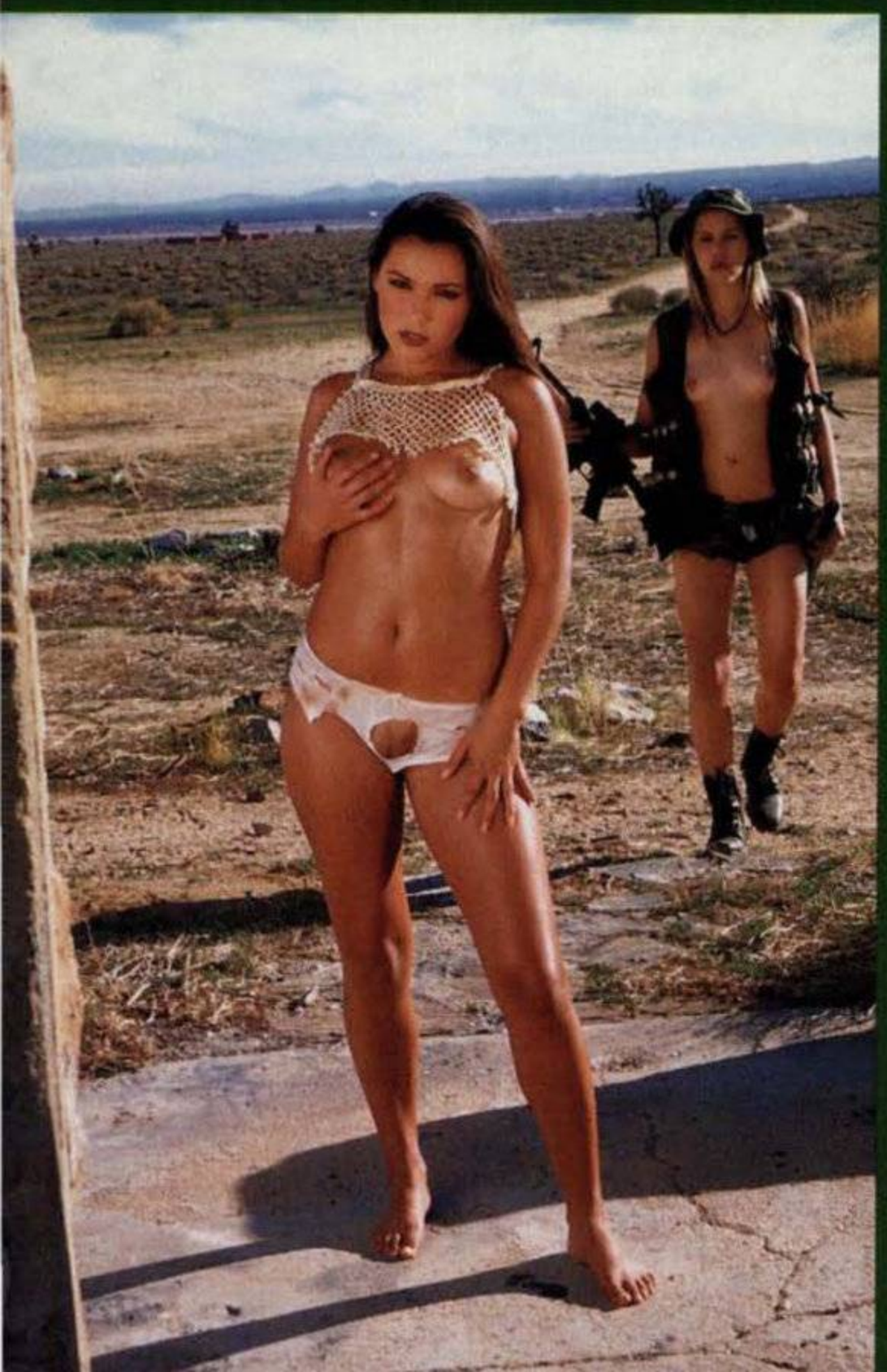
Note to my boss, Mr. Bruce David, Editorial Director, HUSTLER Magazine:

I QUIT!

Month after month I'm handed nude photo-sets, and I have to come up with clever and hopefully funny text to accompany them. Sometimes it's easy, but what do you expect me to do when I get a disjointed collection of images like these? They don't make any sense.

Seriously, what the fuck is this, some sort of really sexy wartime tale? Ask any guy in the military struggling in the desert if he's ever seen two gorgeous chicks getting it on in a hot zone. The answer is no. Or if any soldier has, it's probably due to a drug-induced hallucination or a heat-stroke-inspired mirage.

Yes, I get that the one chick (Jasmine Neels) is peeling potatoes because she's on KP duty. Does anyone even know what KP stands for? Plus, who the fuck peels bucketfuls of spuds? In combat it's all about doing things quickly. Cooks prefer instant mashed potatoes that come as a powder.



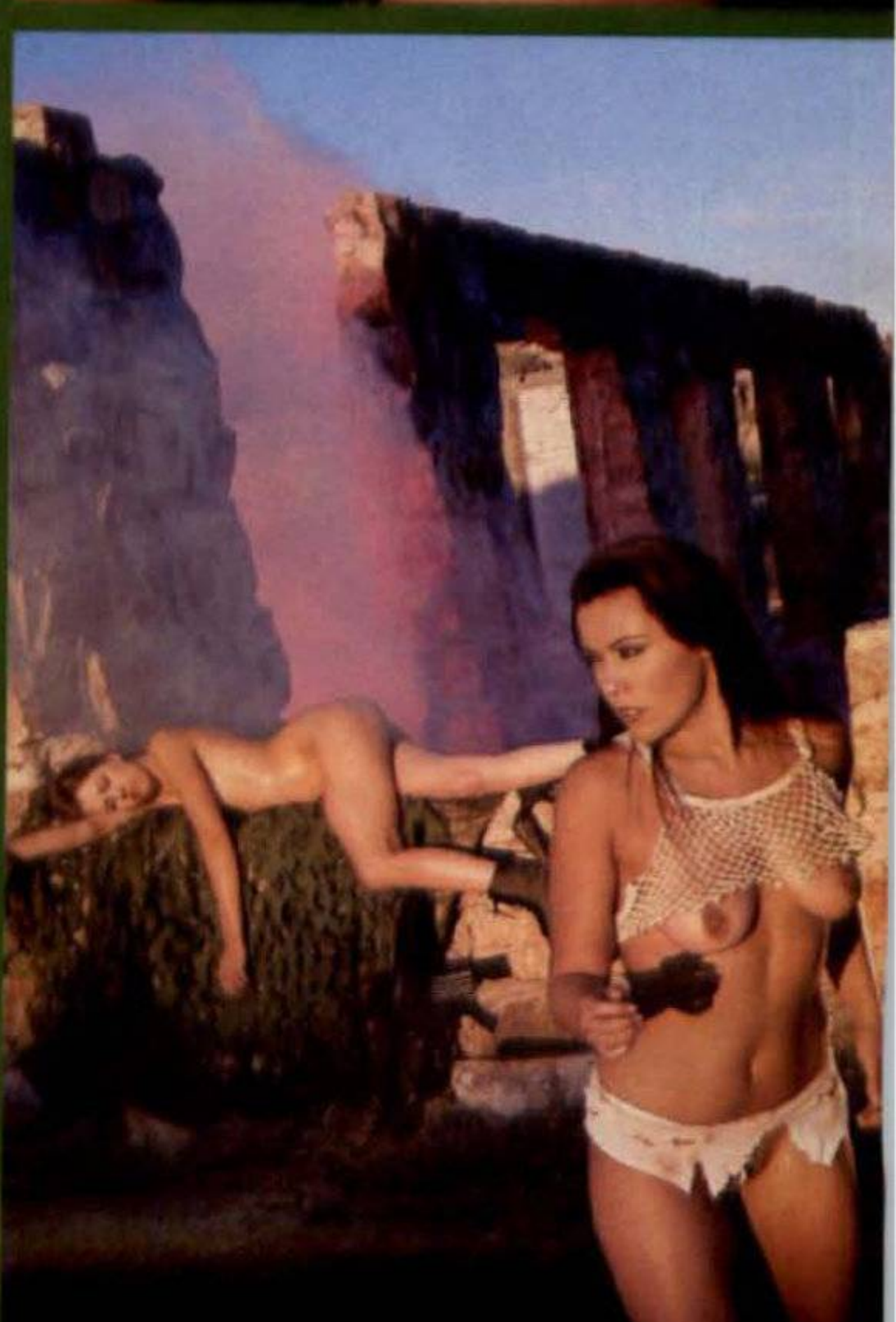
Why don't we just toss in another babe dressed like a circus clown or an astronaut or the Queen of England?! Since Jasmine and her sidekick (Ali Marie) are sexy as sin, can we kill the props and costumes and just show them messing around?

I'll say it once again: I QUIT! Wait, I can't quit! What other job would allow me to look at pictures of naked women all day and get paid for it to boot? Damn!

Respectfully submitted,
—KEITH VALCOURT
Disgruntled Editor

Keith: KP stands for kitchen police. Now get back to work!

—BRUCE DAVID
Editorial Director



Courtney Cummz

ADULT VIDEO AWARDS: PART I

Lighting Up SIN CITY

BY KEITH VALCOURT

Jenna Jameson (in pink) is flanked by ClubJenna Girls Ashton Moore, Chanel St. James, McKenzie Lee, Sophia Rossi and Jesse Capelli.

Tera Patrick (in white) with ClubTera vixens Lucy Lee, Nikki Benz and Malibu.

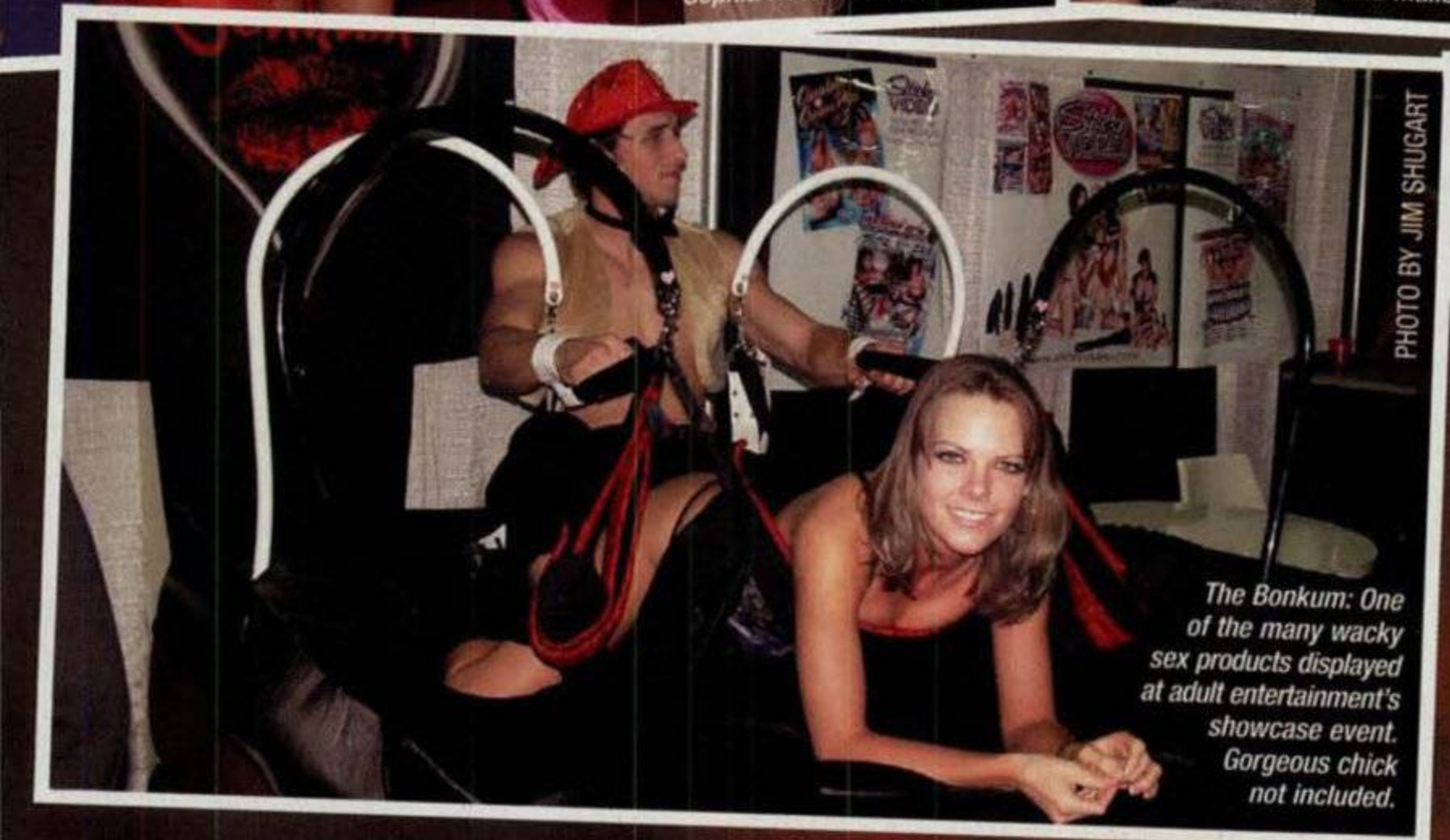


PHOTO BY JIM SHUGART

The Bonkum: One of the many wacky sex products displayed at adult entertainment's showcase event. Gorgeous chick not included.

HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt accepts the AVN Hall of Fame Founders' Award.

The 23rd annual AVN sextravaganza takes Las Vegas by storm.

ONCE A YEAR the porn industry's elite gather in Las Vegas for the Adult Video News (AVN) expo and awards show. Held at The Sands Convention Center, the four-day event can be best described as Disneyland for porn fans, with more than 300,000 square feet of flesh, filth and leg-spreadin' fun.

For the price of admission, smut enthusiasts meet their favorite fantasy women, getting up close and personal with girls they've only jerked off to. Is it worth 50 bucks to be in the same room as such adult actresses as Jenna Jameson, Memphis Monroe, Jesse Jane and Lanny Barby? We think so.

The AVN show offers up two gigantic floors packed with every sexual necessity you can imagine and some you'd never dream of (like the dildo pogo stick). The lower level, set up to sell cool toys, clothes and DVDs, is also equipped for bizarre exhibits like a convertible packed with lifelike Real Dolls (female mannequins that seem a bit *too* real).

The top, main convention floor—the focal point of the weekend—seems like the center of the porn universe. Amid the pulsating music and TV screens showing hard-core sex, every major adult video company (including HUSTLER Video, of course) has a booth with its biggest stars and upcoming talent ready to greet you. The ladies get busy by giving out free autographs and posing for pictures. Fans even get to touch and (if they're lucky) hug the talent while posing for snapshots.

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

The weekend concludes with a glitzy awards banquet. Think of the AVN Awards as the porn Oscars. Always a blast, the festivities showcase well-known industry presenters, a live band, video clips and weeping starlets thanking God for their "accomplishments." Lively comedian Greg Fitzsimmons, who helped introduce and hand out trophies to 80 winners, hosted the 2006 event.

Some of the notable victors were Janine and Jesse Jane for the Best All-Girl Sex Scene in *Pirates*. Janine also garnered Best Actress in a Video honors, and Savanna Samson snapped up the Best Film Actress prize for *The Devil in Miss Jones*. Audrey Hollander won for Female Performer of the Year (and Best Anal Film), Jenna Jameson for Crossover Star of the Year and ClubJenna's McKenzie Lee for Best New Starlet. *The Devil in Miss Jones* grabbed Best Film, while *Pirates* captured Best Video Feature and DVD. A complete list of winners is posted at AVNawards.com.

Our peerless leader Larry Flynt was on hand to receive the AVN Hall of Fame Founders' Award. Addressing the crowd, Flynt commented: "Adult entertainment has grown to a $10-billion business, and it happened because it's a business that everyone cares about and takes seriously. And I think we ought to remind the rest of the world about that."

Make your reservations now for AVN 2007 by visiting AdultEntertainmentExpo.com.

ADULT VIDEO AWARDS: PART II

WHEN PORN WORLDS COLLIDE

AVN's annual spectacle included a porn hall of fame induction, where a handful of smut's Golden Agers were honored. Adult legend Jody Maxwell reports.

WHEN I ENTERED THE WORLD OF PORN about 30 years ago, I never dreamed that three decades later I would find myself entering the Showgirl Video store in Las Vegas to play with cement and become immortalized as a "Legend of Erotica." This was that special moment, but it was not the only reason I was in Vegas. I was also there to attend the four-day Adult Entertainment Expo (AEE) and the 23rd Annual Adult Video News (AVN) Awards.

JODY MAXWELL

PHOTO BY JIM SHUGART

This memorable Friday night, though, was dedicated to our inductions into the Porn Hall of Fame. I shared this great honor with five other icons from the porn world: the grand doyenne Georgina Spelvin; noted director and actor Fred Lincoln; actor-director Paul Thomas; and actresses Cara Lott and Tiffany Mynx. The venerable Bill Margold emceed.

As each of us was inducted, someone special presented us to the packed house. The great erotic director Henri Pachard introduced me. I actually starred in a couple of Pachard's films, including one of the Golden Age of Porn's all-time greats, *Outlaw Ladies*. Henri and I go way back, so it was wonderful to have him speak on my behalf.

After each of us was presented with our award, we made brief speeches, shared anecdotes and took questions from the audience. Then we each received 300 pounds of wet cement to imprint our body parts in.

Knowing that I'd once been known as "The Singing Cocksucker," Margold had asked me earlier in the day if I would sing into a dildo during my induction, to which I somewhat hesitantly agreed. Bill had hoped for something patriotic, but Mr. Pachard rescued me by asking for a verse from "How Much Is That Doggie in the Window?"

PHOTO BY JIM SHUGART

As part of her induction ritual, '70s porn icon Jody Maxwell prepares to make lasting impressions.

RON JEREMY

PHOTO BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Porn legend Sharon Mitchell was in the audience, and she found a new, lifelike dildo into which I could croon. Soon everybody in the audience and onstage was laughing as I sang into the fake dick, then took a few deep sucks for good measure. I placed the dildo into the cement next to my lip impressions and handprints for posterity's sake.

If I'd had my way, I'd have given an award to Cara Lott for "Most Fascinating Use of Cement." She removed her pants to not only stick her bare buns in, but her clit as well. She spread her legs wide, leaned forward and managed to get cement inside unimaginable places—but, unfortunately, left no mark. After watering down the cement, it took several more tries without any luck before Showgirl Video owner Ray Pistol suggested Cara move to the front of the block. With her

Enshrined in the legends of Erotica Porn Hall of Fame along with Jody Maxwell were Cara Lott, Paul Thomas and (far right) Georgina Spelvin, XXX cinema's original Miss Jones.

PHOTO BY JIM SHUGART

back to the audience, she spread her legs wide and pushed her clit into the cement. Success!

When Georgina Spelvin was inducted, she gave an unexpected fast flash of her youthful-looking bare breasts, which led her to say the wittiest comment of the evening: "The one good thing about having small boobs is they stay perky when you get older!"

Following the induction ceremony and signing of autographs for fans, I rushed off to the HUSTLER late-night VIP expo party at the nightclub Pure in Caesars Palace. That was a crazy scene, to say the least. Hot performers everywhere, and plenty of libations were on hand.

AEE had begun the previous morning, so I had already spent two surreal days feeling like Alice in Wonderland, even *with* my background in erotica! Upon entering this fantasyland of beautiful women, plush booths and sexy products, I definitely knew I had gone through the XXX looking glass. One of the first people I saw was Ron Jeremy, who had long lines of fans—mostly men—patiently waiting for the porn god's autograph.

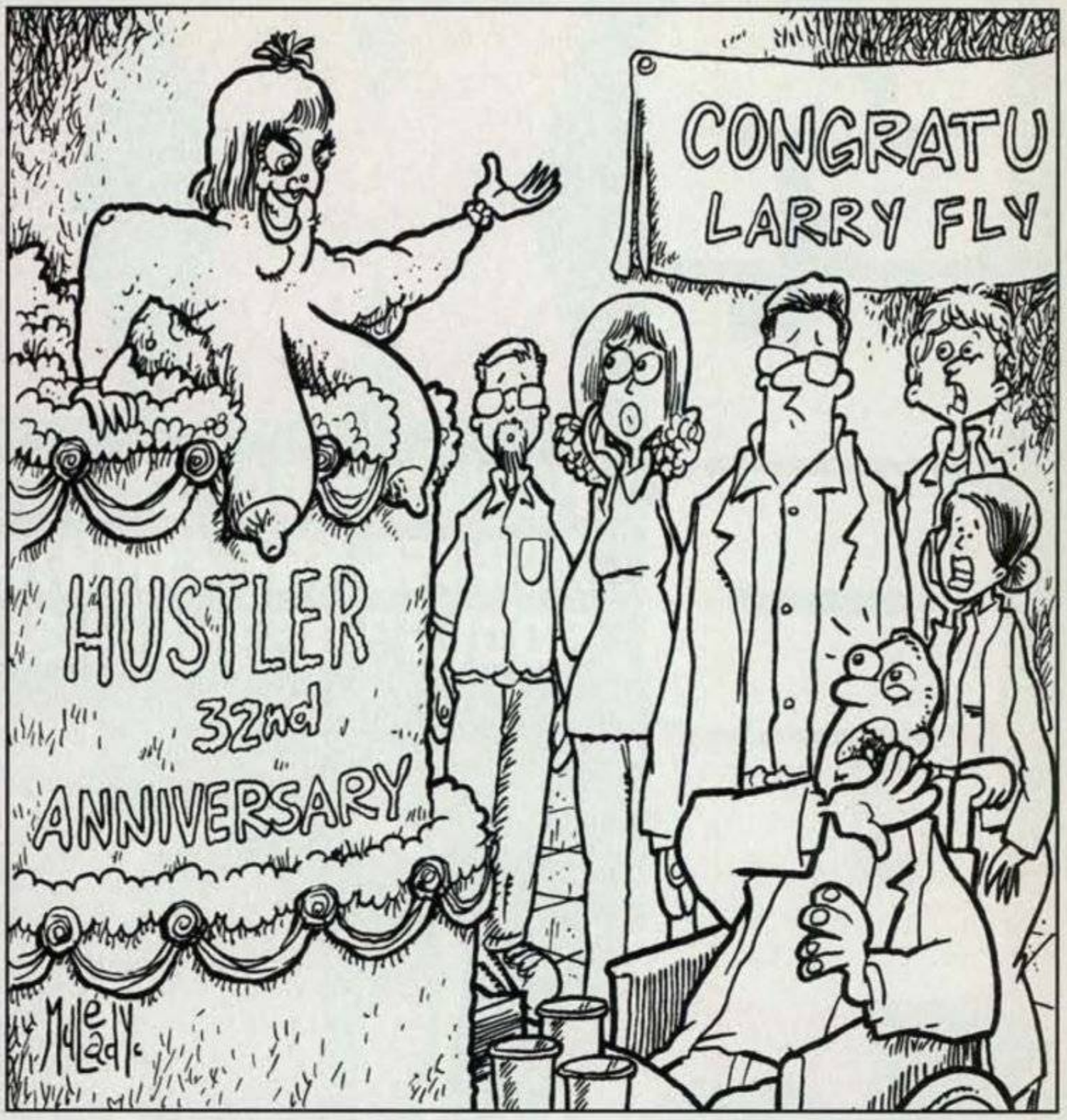
The next sight that caught my eye was the HUSTLER Video exhibit, where several sexy babes, including the lovely Britney Rears, were sitting on high stools. The friendly girls enthusiastically posed with fans. One of them said she occasionally encountered "grabby" fans. Not long after telling me this, I saw her pose for a nice shot with a guy in his early 20s, and he immediately yanked on her right breast. Britney tried gently and nicely to remove his hand, but he ignored her. After the shot was finished, I saw this character laughing about it with his friend.

As I continued down the aisles, I realized that this is a plastic surgeon's dream industry, as I had never previously seen so much silicone in one place. In fact, I was somewhat blown away by the perfection in these young women—like seeing some porn version of *The Stepford Wives.*

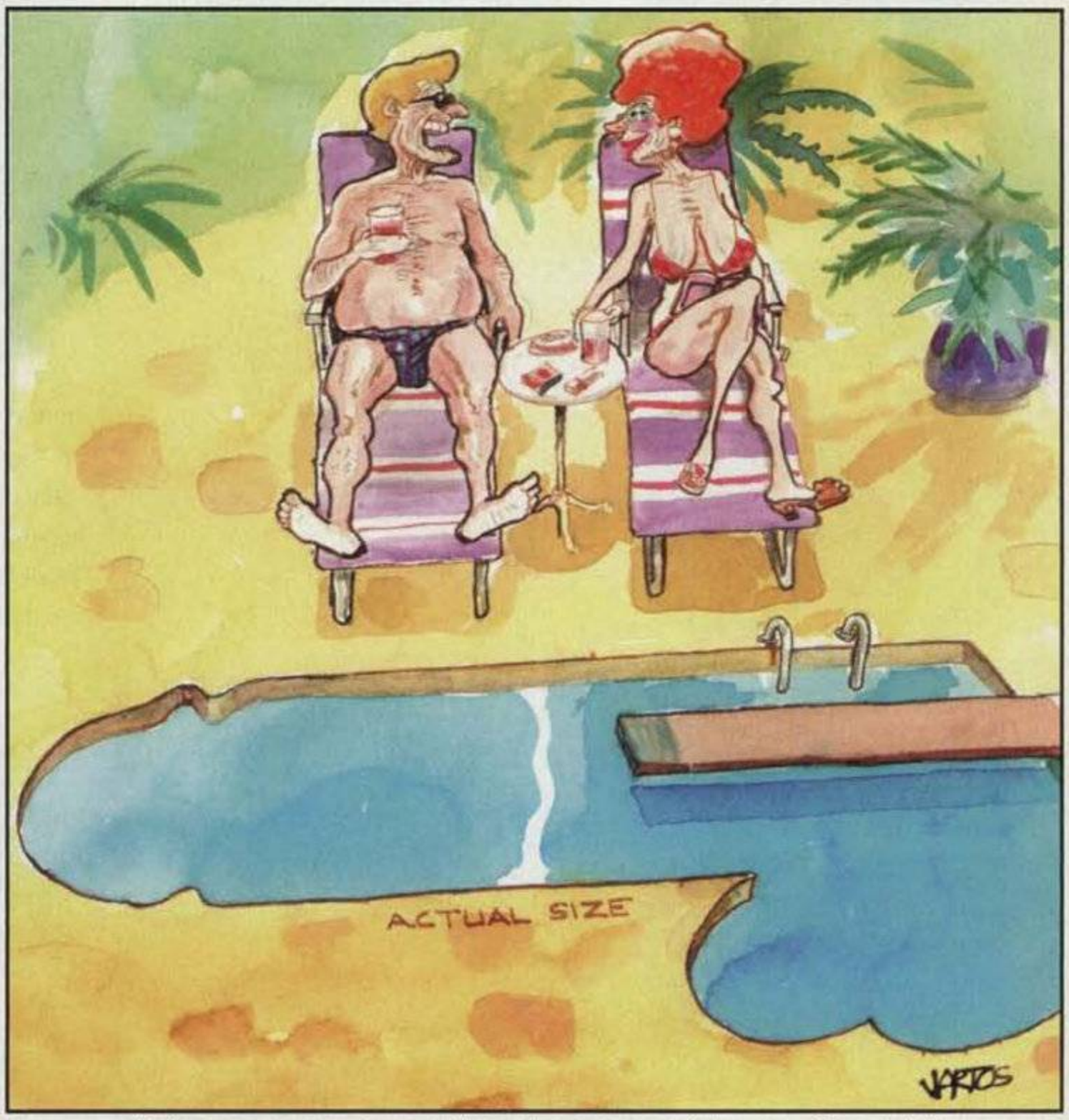
While I tried to talk to as many of the starlets as possible, some impressed me more than others, like the ethereal beauty Anna Mills. She seemed so delicate and sweet, and I was surprised when she told me she was a bondage and fetish star noted for being a squirter. Anna proudly explained how she could pee on cue anytime, any place.

Another fascinating gal who captured my attention was Mandala, who had arrived from Japan two days before the show. She told me she got "a lot of adulation from the fans in America, but none in Japan. America's wonderful!"

For me, the four days were wonderful. I received one of the highest honors a porn star can ever achieve, saw old friends, discovered firsthand how the business has grown into a multibillion-dollar industry and was reminded that without me and my peers from the Golden Age of Porn, none of this would exist today. Hats off to the Golden Agers and cheers to the 2006 talent!



"Holy shit! Did you have to get the same skank that came out of the cake at the first anniversary party?"

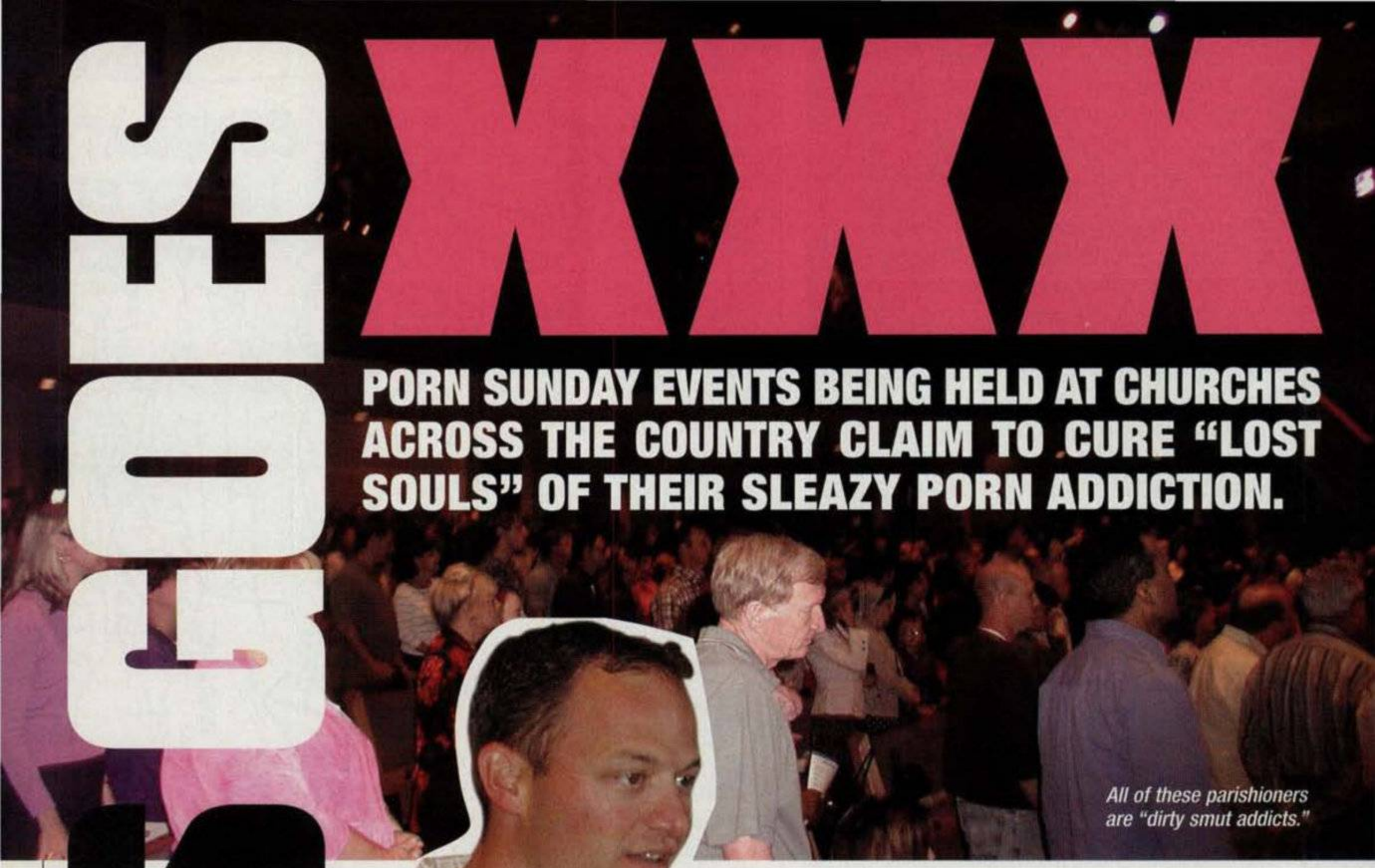


"The porn business has been good to us, Muriel."

JESUS

XXX

PORN SUNDAY EVENTS BEING HELD AT CHURCHES ACROSS THE COUNTRY CLAIM TO CURE "LOST SOULS" OF THEIR SLEAZY PORN ADDICTION.



All of these parishioners are "dirty smut addicts."

His Eminence, Pastor Jake.

PHOTOS BY KIMBERLY BAHAN

"PORN IS THE HATE LITERATURE OF OUR TIME," I read from *Think Before You Look*, a book about America's addiction to pornography and how it can be "cured" through religion. Paging through the publication, I sneak a glance at the large, pinch-faced woman standing next to me.

"Today's sermon was nothing short of powerful," I say. Making the universal "jerking-off" hand motion, I reveal, "I used to work it about a dozen times a day—sometimes *two* dozen." For effect, I add a guttural moan.

"My husband's testimony is in that book," the lady points out matter-of-factly, almost proud of the claim. I read her husband's testimony aloud: "Internet porn soon made me sexually disinterested in my wife." How surprising! Who would've thought a man would become bored with this stuffy prude? Welcome to Porn Sunday.

Seventy U.S. churches are hosting events to "address the porn epidemic in our country." Pastors Craig Gross and Mike Foster—the stiffs behind "the number-one Christian porn site," XXXchurch.com—founded Porn Sunday with the intent of bringing America "out of the porn closet."

I decide to spend *my* Porn Sunday at the Arcade Baptist Church in Sacramento, California. Outside, the parking lot spills

PHOTO BY HARMON LEO

Our undercover stripper infiltrated a Porn Sunday service as a repressed Christian wife.

Jesus Loves Porn Stars

BY HARMON LEON

over with cars. A big, pink PORN SUNDAY banner waves proudly in the wind. I've taken it upon myself to attend undercover, in order to fit in with the crowd. I go as Dirk Saddler (a slightly porn star-sounding name), dressed in slacks that fit too tightly and a pair of flashy shoes. My life story is simple: I am a former porn addict who lost it all, *everything*. But I've redeemed myself by becoming addicted to Jesus Christ.

Inside the sweltering church a guy onstage plays guitar. Every available pew is occupied; there must be at least a few hundred people in here. Many of them put their hands on their foreheads and close their eyes, absorbed in some sort of prayer. The words DIRTY LITTLE SECRET are projected on a large screen.

"Welcome," proclaims the wannabe-cool orator, Pastor Jake Larson. "Many of you haven't been here before." Casually dressed in jeans and an untucked shirt, he speaks confidently from his pulpit. I take my place between a man who's sweating profusely and a jarhead buried in his Bible. "Take some time to self-reflect," Pastor Jake instructs the congregation.

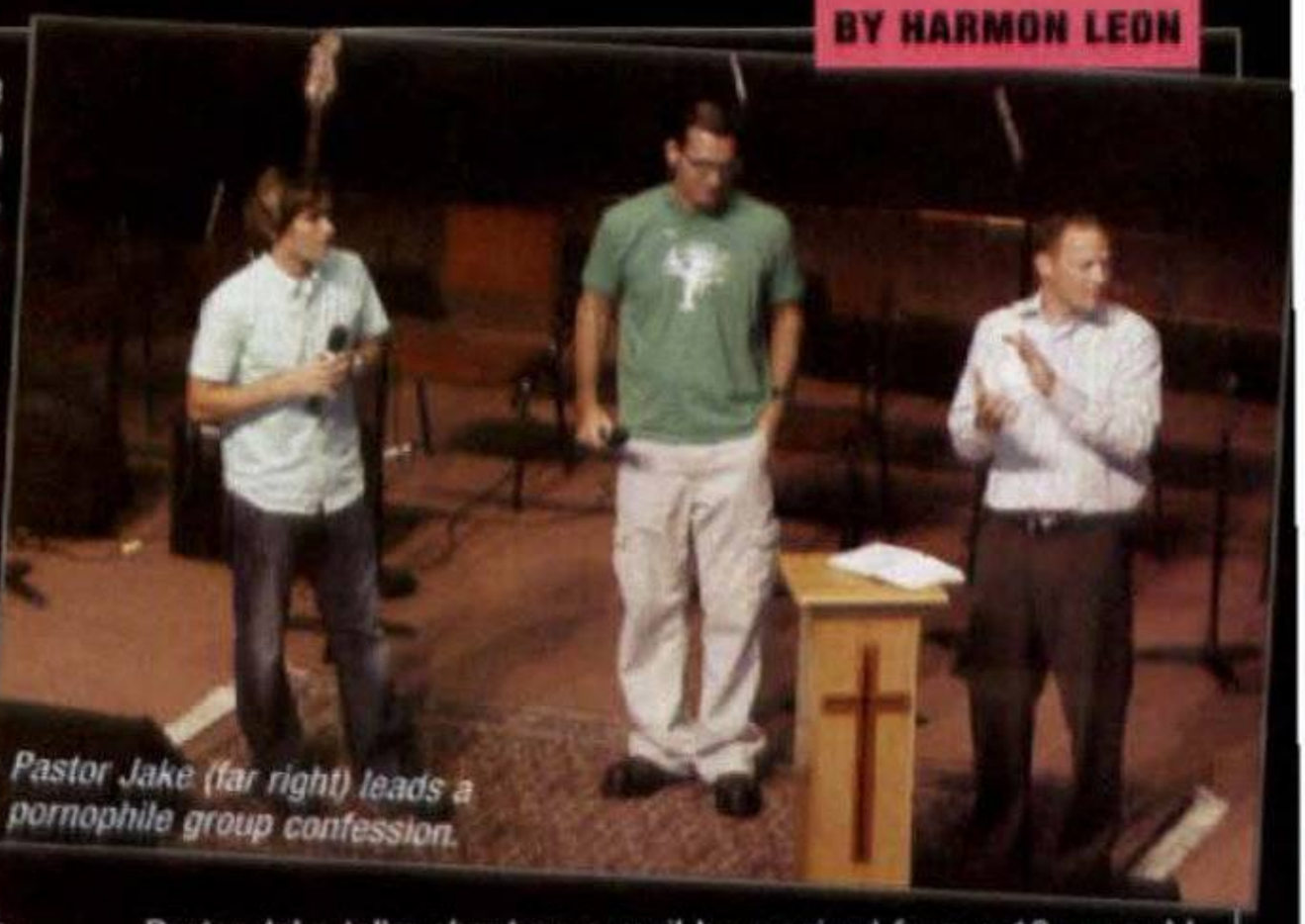
We learn "Dirty Little Secret" is actually the title of a skit. A husband and wife sit at a kitchen table on the stage, along with a prop refrigerator and some children's toys. The wife fumes about an incident at work. "Jeff, that sleazy computer tech who sits next me? You know what he said when he gave me the new computer? 'Don't let your husband visit any dirty Web sites.'"

"I have something to tell you," the husband confesses. "I visited a porn site."

The wife gasps along with the entire congregation. "You used my *work* computer to look at pictures of naked women?!"

"It's not just naked women I look at," the husband laments. He never describes exactly what *else* he enjoys, but judging by his appearance, I'm thinking either guy-on-guy action or Brazilian monkey sex. The curtain falls, and the skit ends with the feeling of pure shame—surely this marriage is finished because of porn. A murmur runs through the church; a cell phone jingles a gospel music ringtone.

"This is just a glimpse of the many stories impacting our community," Pastor Jake warns as those around me shake their heads. "And it's coming to a home near you! I'm not talking about a little bit of porn. I'm talking about a *lot* of porn." An old guy with a cane gets up and leaves with his blond assistant, grumbling on his way out.



Pastor Jake (far right) leads a pornophile group confession.

Pastor Jake talks about an e-mail he received from a 12-year-old girl struggling with a porn addiction. He says the message was written while she was crying, sitting in front of alcohol and sleeping pills. Obviously, Pastor Jake says, Satan is giving her nightmares. Another e-mail came to him from a man in his 50s who claims to spend $500 per month on porn. The poor chap went to jail because of his addiction and now asks, "Please pray for me and keep me from porn and fornication."

"Sexual impurity is the number-one thing keeping us from following Jesus!" Pastor Jake preaches. A big-haired lady gets up and walks from the church, shaking her head. The "cool" preacher's voice quivers: "Porn gives an image of sexuality which isn't what God created. It's an unfair image of women that you can't live up to!" Those who've stuck it out respond with fervent clapping and Amen-shouting.

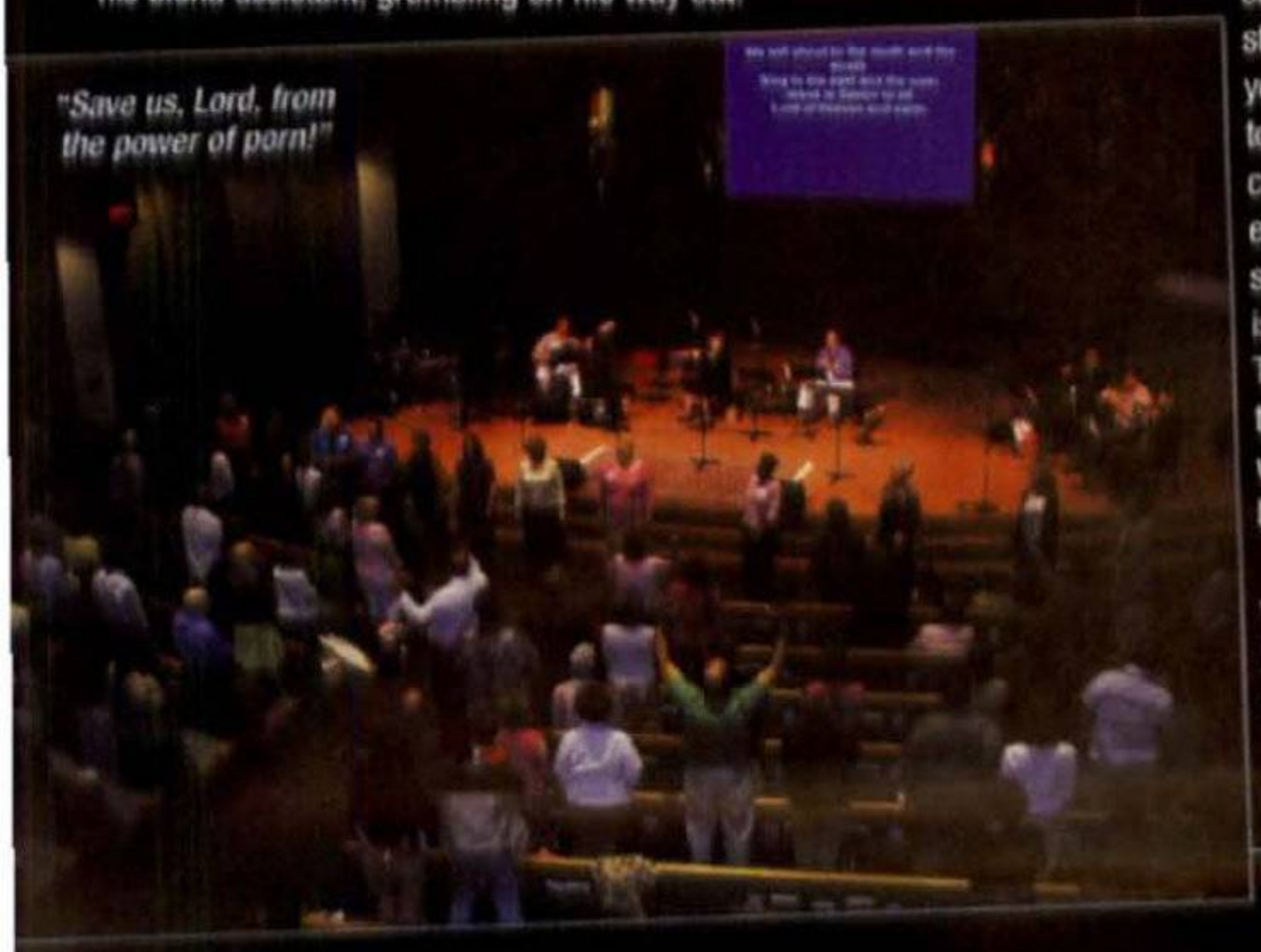
"Porn is destroying," Pastor Jake says twice with distaste, sounding as if he's about to cry. He claims the trajectory of a porn addict goes from glancing at Victoria's Secret catalogs to becoming a pedophile. "When you think your kids are sharing music, it's porn."

"Wives, it's time to talk to your husbands. And, husbands, it's time to talk to your wives. If you don't go public now, I'll speak to you 20 years in the future when it has ruined your lives. Go public, go public, go public!"

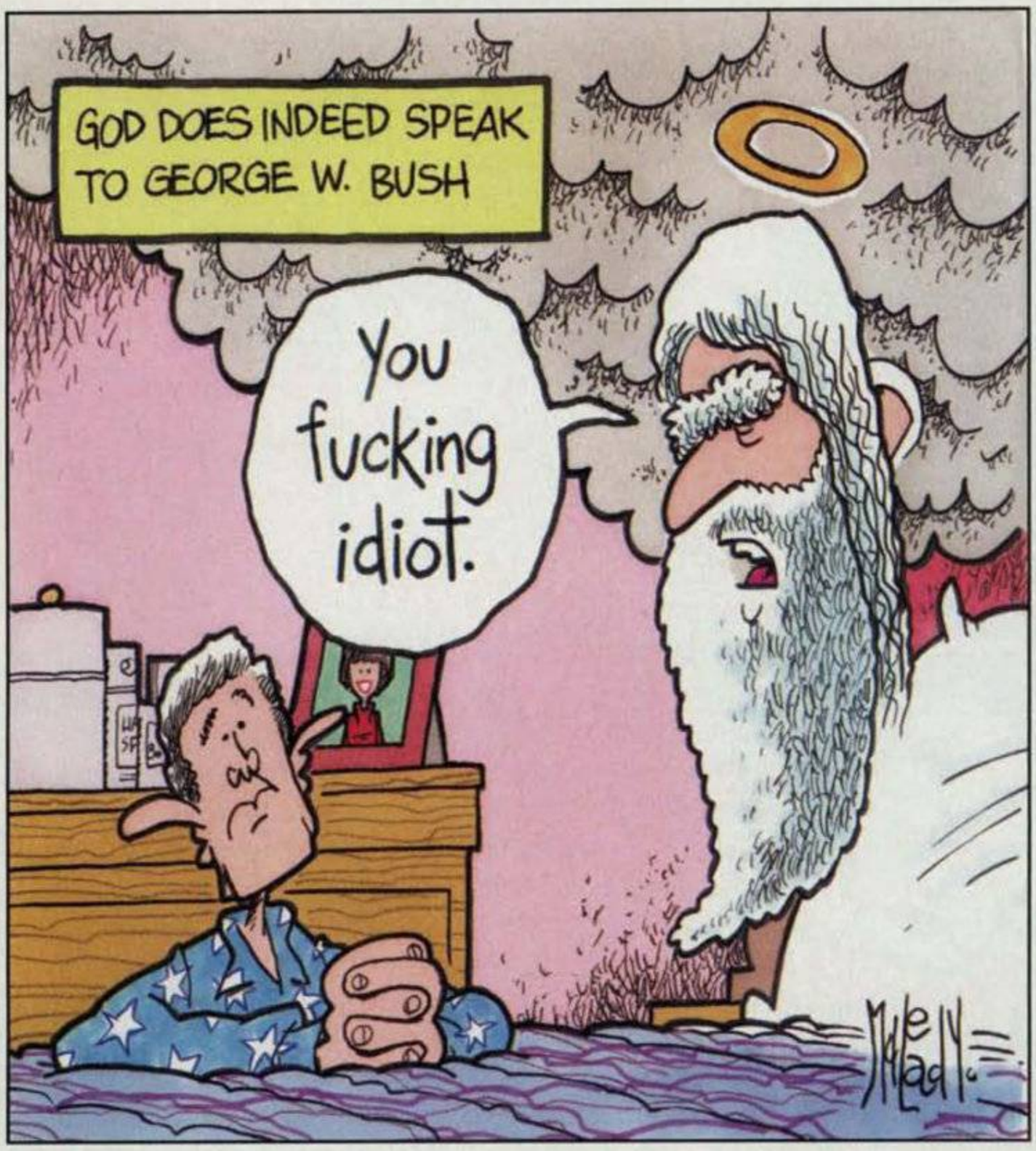
According to Porn Sunday organizers, steps should be taken to save oneself from XXX addiction. "Accountability software" should be installed on all home and work computers, which will e-mail a friend if you look at questionable Web sites. Appoint one person in your house to check what sites you've looked at by erasing the "history" on your computer. Pastor Jake says to porn addicts, "Get rid of your computer. You can check your e-mail elsewhere. Or ruin your life." He also says to block some TV shows, since (according to him) pornography is now on television. "Spend more time with God's word, less time on TV," he offers, turning to a row of giggling, slightly disinterested teens. "I'm really messing you guys up today," he admits to them with a glowing smile. "But I'm saving your life. Today is a great day because the secret you kept so long is rising to the surface."

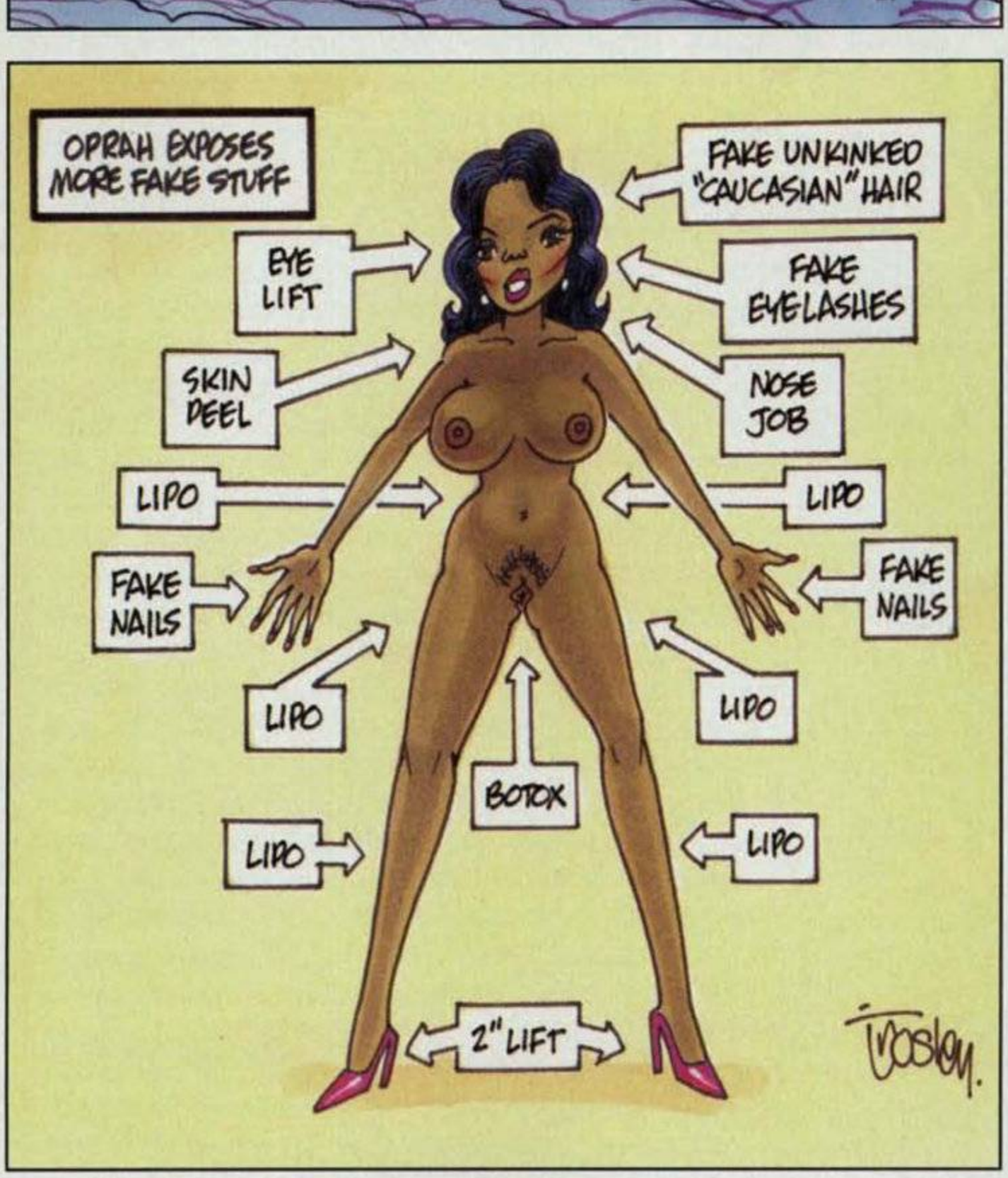
Next, Jack is brought up on stage—a large, goateed man wearing shorts and a red, picnic-table-patterned shirt. Jack is a former porn addict who uses today's hip-hop language to make an impact on youth.

"Yo!" he begins, telling it like it is. "Pornography went into my home and destroyed my marriage. Satan is pimpin' this genera-



"Save us, Lord, from the power of porn!"





JESUS GOES XXX

tion, and the first stop is the church. We've chosen the role of the ho! The devil's a pimp; don't be his ho. Let Jesus be your pimp. Say no to porn. No porn!"

To my surprise, the event extends well into the evening with the screening of a movie called *Missionary Positions*, followed by a prayer session, in the church gym. For this, I've enlisted the services of a busty stripper friend of mine to pose as "Sapphire," Dirk Saddler's beautiful new Christian bride. I'd invited her to torture the sad men at Porn Sunday, so she's dressed in a tight, see-through belly shirt that leaves little to the imagination.

The gym is filled with both young and old people. A tense couple sit in silence. A guy with a beard and mullet shifts uncomfortably while picking his teeth, his wife rigid beside him. A girl comforts her boyfriend by patting his back. A fat mother in yellow and her teenage daughter stare straight ahead. All of these people are porn addicts.

"I already got phone calls from couples who were here and opened up about porn," Pastor Jake says to the crowd, just before introducing the film. "You may see a few things you might not desire to see, but this is real."

The documentary follows Porn Sunday founders Craig and Mike, who fanned the flames of antiporndom by erecting a booth at last year's Erotica LA exposition, where they gave out T-shirts emblazoned with the message "Jesus Loves Porn Stars." Surrounded by a sea of scantily clad adult talent and explicit sex toys, the two come off in the film as funny, likable characters. One of their wives even helps at the booth by wearing a bunny costume and allowing herself to be groped. Back in the church gym, a man cringes when he watches a porn star push her huge tits together. Feeling a bit hungover, my fake wife Sapphire excuses herself and leaves. "She's easily offended," I whisper to the woman next to me, who understands perfectly.

"Everyone who comes in this room, the voice of God is stirring in your heart," a second "hip" pastor says after *Missionary Positions* concludes. "If you want to come up and pray, please feel free to do so." He suggests that we write down "prayer requests" and put them into a straw basket on the stage.

Making a beeline toward the basket, I'm the first to toss in a request. My prayer reads, "Please, God, if I look at porn again, be sure to cut off my *thingy*." So far, I've steered clear of His wrath.

I get onto my knees in "prayer position" next to a man who's lying on his stomach with his arms spread out. After repeating my prayer for a minute, I approach one of the "prayer counselors" stationed against a sidewall. I shamelessly confess my faux porn addiction to this chunky woman who will supposedly pray for me.

"What are you struggling with?" she asks.

"Since quitting porn, I'm now highly turned on by *Redbook*," I say in a hushed tone. "Please pray for me." Putting her hand on my shoulder, she says that the Good Lord is watching over me and that He will help me overcome my addiction.

Thank God for Porn Sunday!

Nancy Ann is a sexologist and freelance writer contributing insights on the latest sexual techniques, sex toys, and supplemental enhancements in the U.S, Canada, and Europe.

The Ultimate Fuck

Give Her A Cum-Drenching She'll Never Forget!

Learning "The Ropes"...

The letters keep pouring in, written by women of all ages, about a supplement that has made their sex lives "explosive" (literally). I'd like to share one, from a loyal reader...

Rebecca writes:

Nancy, my boyfriend has always satisfied me sexually. With an ample cock-size, average endurance, and creative oral technique, he almost never fails to get me off. But what I experienced the night he returned home from a business trip in Europe was the surprise of my life—a fucking I will never forget, and an orgasm that no man before him has ever come close to equaling.

Since I love to suck cock, the second my boyfriend dropped his luggage I stripped off his clothes and proceeded to please him with my best welcome-home blowjob.

Before long my wet mouth had him pumping gob after hot gob down my throat and on my face. With a fistful of throbbing cock, I held on for dear life as he unloaded his sweet jism; these were "power throbs" that kept launching massive amounts of cum. I've never seen anything like it—a man having a multiple! I was so totally turned on being nearly drowned with his superhuman load. And it didn't stop there! He stayed erect, throwing me down on the floor and pounding my twat until we both had simultaneous, earth-shattering orgasms, practically causing both of us to pass out. The rest of the evening and throughout the week we fucked ourselves into a frenzy; his recovery time between these super-charged orgasms was that of a teenage boy.

Since that night, all I can think of is sucking and fucking my new "power lover" all hours of the day. Finally, curiosity got the best of me, so I asked what had turned him into such a fuck machine. His answer: He had learned "The Ropes."

Turns out my boyfriend had spent an evening in Europe with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was openly sexual and couldn't keep their hands off each other, so my boyfriend asked them their secret. The nutritionist explained he regularly took a natural supplement, and gave my boyfriend a month's supply, telling him it would teach him "the ropes" of great sex.

The supply is about to run out, and we want to know where we can buy this incredible enhancement. Do you know if this product is available in the States?

Rebecca M.
San Diego, CA

Rebecca, as I've mentioned in previous columns, I do know all about what your last boyfriend used to enhance his orgasms. I'm happy to report that across the U.S. and Canada more and more men are finding out and using this unique supplement, learning that not only do they themselves benefit sexually, so too do their partners.

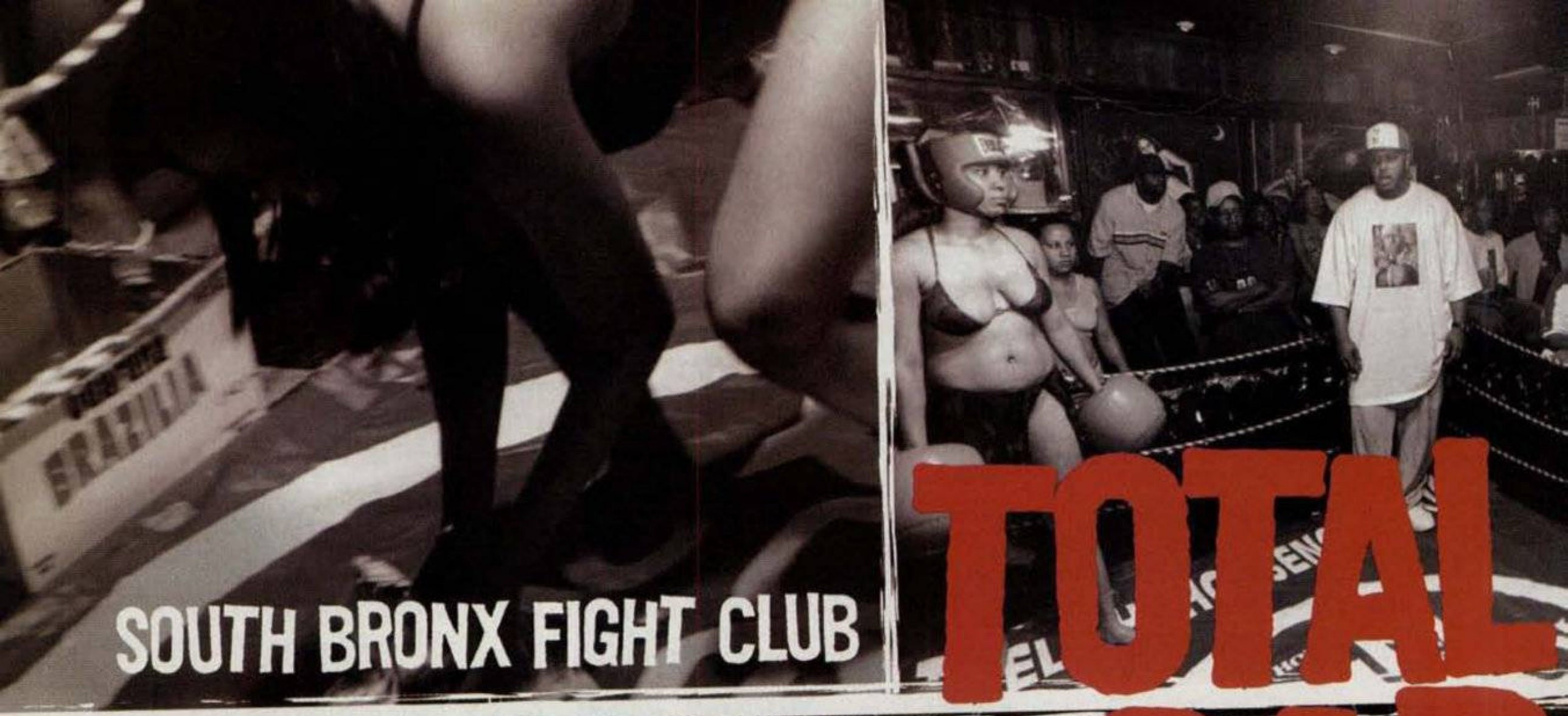
The contractions and release during male orgasm can be multiplied using an all-natural product called Serogen. Although formulated to trigger stronger, longer orgasmic experiences by strengthening the vas deferens muscle in men, an added bonus—from a woman's perspective—is that these powerful contractions men achieve while in the throes of an orgasm can induce an intense, female climax.

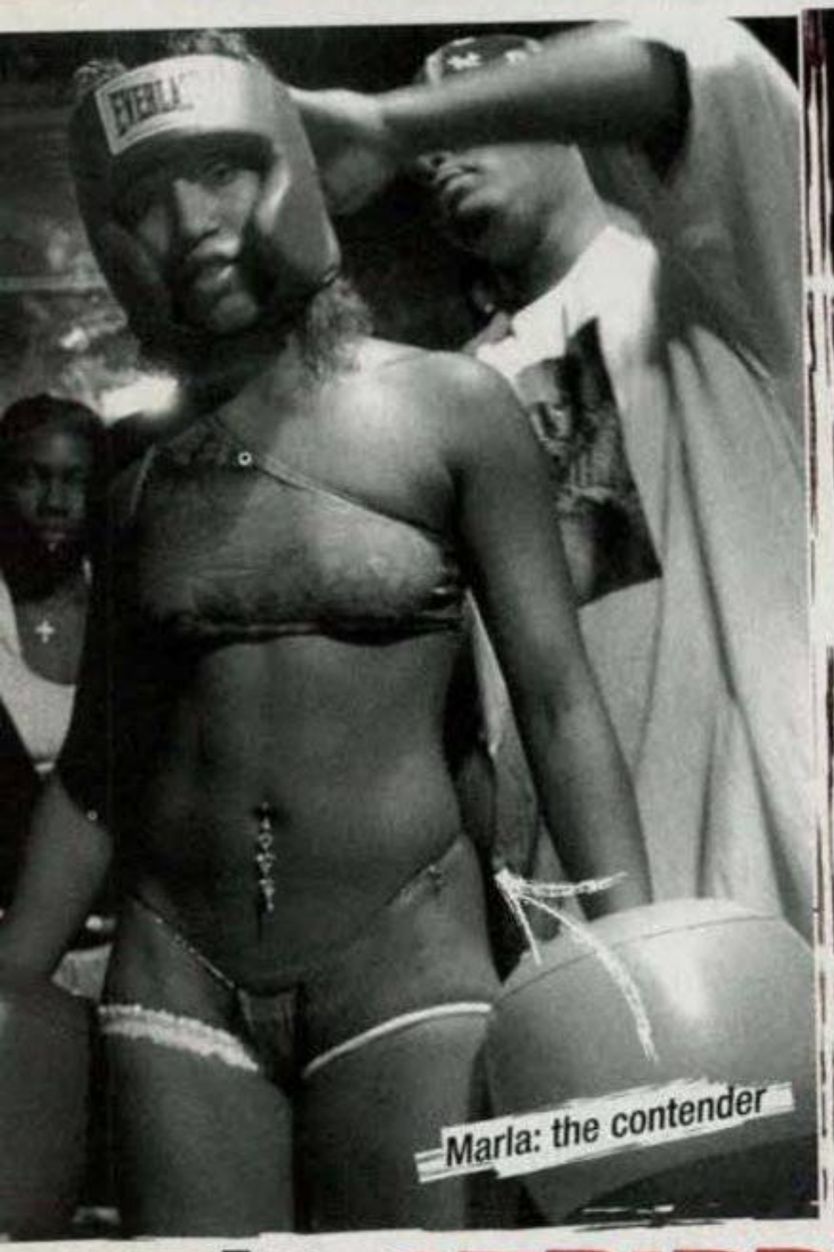
Moreover, the term "ropes" Rebecca mentions in her letter is actually European slang for the added contractions and heightened release that cause these rope-like sensations during male orgasm.

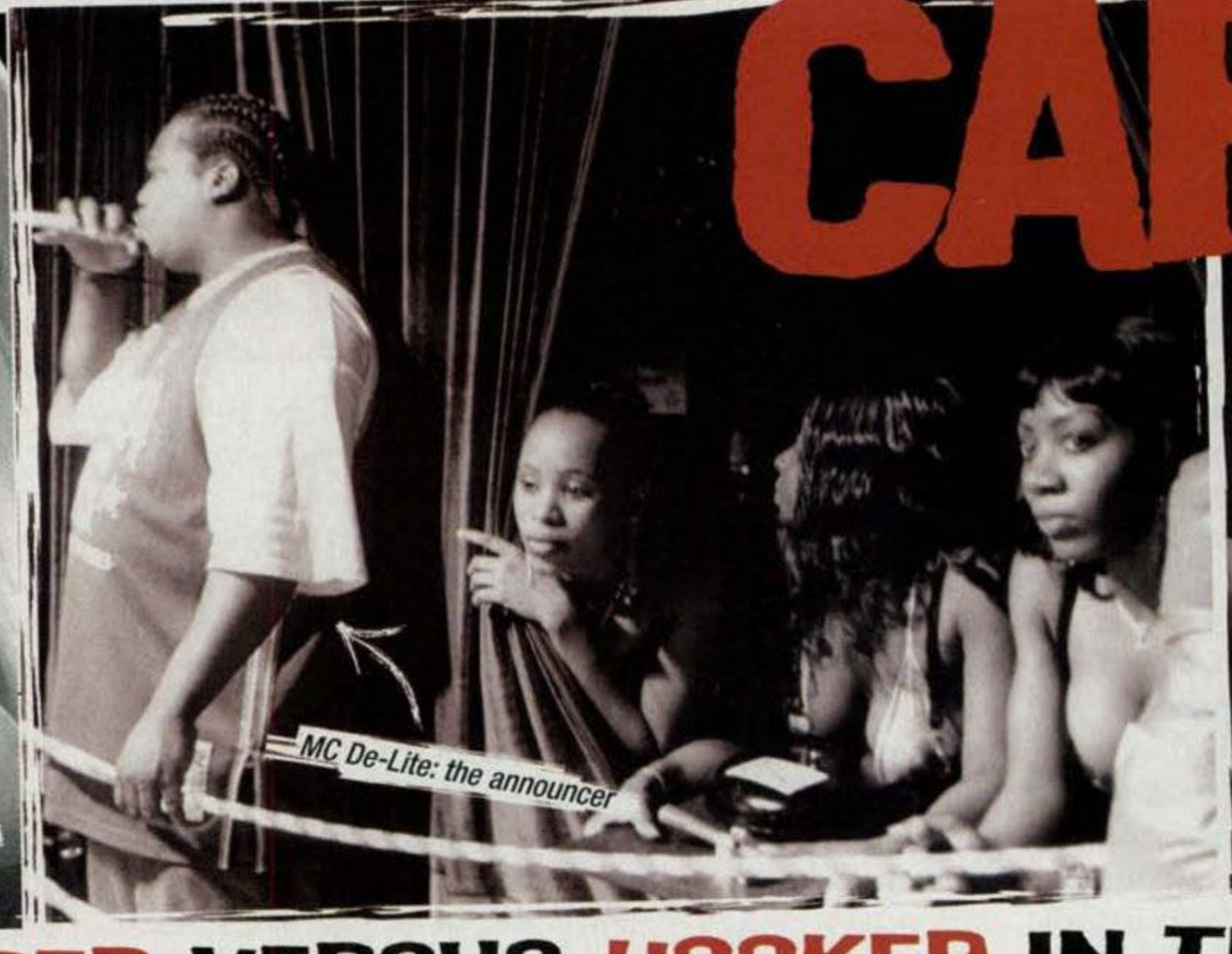
As far as finding Serogen in the States, I know of just one importer—Somalab. The company has a product line for men that includes newly added Serogen-SP, a premium blend of the original. If interested in purchasing Serogen or SP, Somalab can be contacted toll-free at 1-866-SOMALAB. Orders can also be placed through Somalab's informational Web site: www.learntheropes.net.

Nancy Ann

PAID ADVERTISEMENT




Marla: the contender


MC De-Lite: the announcer

IT'S STRIPPER VERSUS HOOKER IN THE

GAINING ACCESS to the weekly South Bronx Fight Club isn't easy. Outsiders are rarely admitted into this inner sanctum where exotic dancers and hard-core hustlers converge every Thursday night at Al's Mr. Wedge. Located in the Hunt's Point section of New York City, the dank titty bar has become a ghetto institution pitting pugnacious strippers against tough-as-nails prostitutes.

For more than a year, photographer Emilia Wiles documented Fight Club battles taking place in one of Gotham's most drug-ravaged neighborhoods. I, on the other hand, had been refused entry on numerous occasions. Glaring menacingly, managers and bouncers of Mr. Al's Wedge repeatedly accused me of being law enforcement on account of my semi-Caucazoid complexion, but I'm finally granted limited access after convincing those in charge that I'll be covering the event for an exclusive HUSTLER article.

As the notorious establishment fills up with outlaws, loan sharks, pimps, drug dealers and law-abiding municipal workers, I'm introduced to fight boss Miami, a well-manicured player who wears his silk shirt open at the collar. He smiles a mouthful of gold and diamonds and provides me with the Fight Club modus operandi: "There ain't no Fight Club without me. This is my thang. A recreational escape for the boys in the 'hood, you dig? Why go to Madison Square Garden? Let the Garden come to you!"

Miami points to the bouncer positioned at the front entrance. "To keep it real," he explains, "Jumbo there scours Hunt's Point. He procures real hookers from off the streets." At that moment, a couple of mouthwatering whores snuggle

PHOTOS BY EMILIA WILES

BY GUY GONZALES

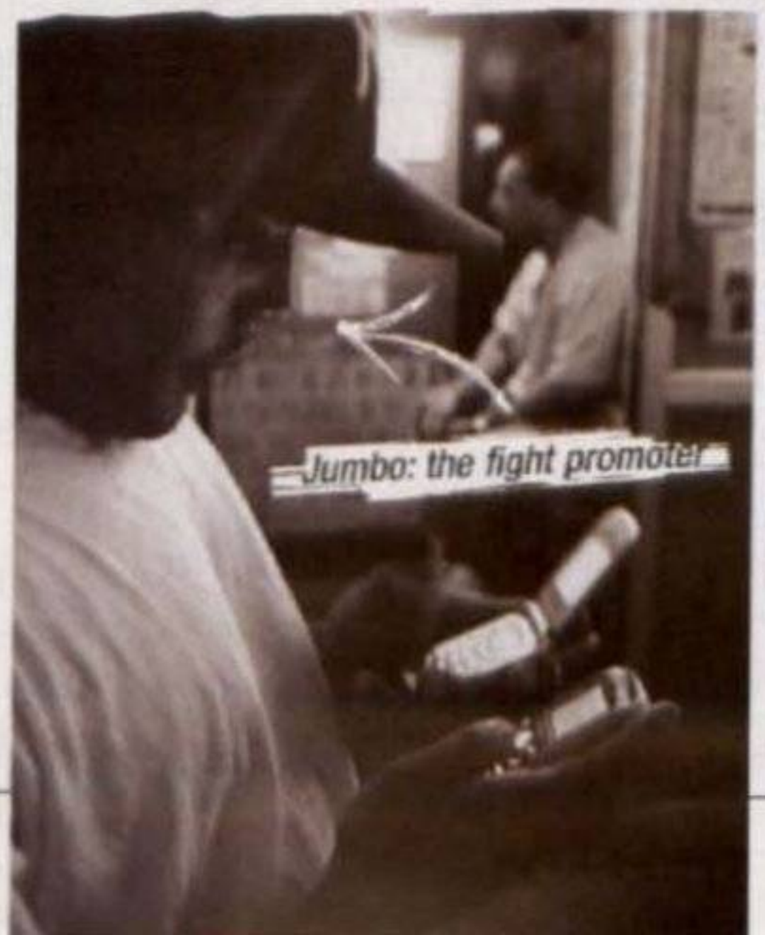
NAGE

ULTIMATE STREET-WISE GIRL BRAWL.

up to Miami, caressing his exposed gold-clad chest. "A lot of deez ho's, they honed on the streets—they aggressive by nature," Miami confides. "I just encourage their initiative, that's all."

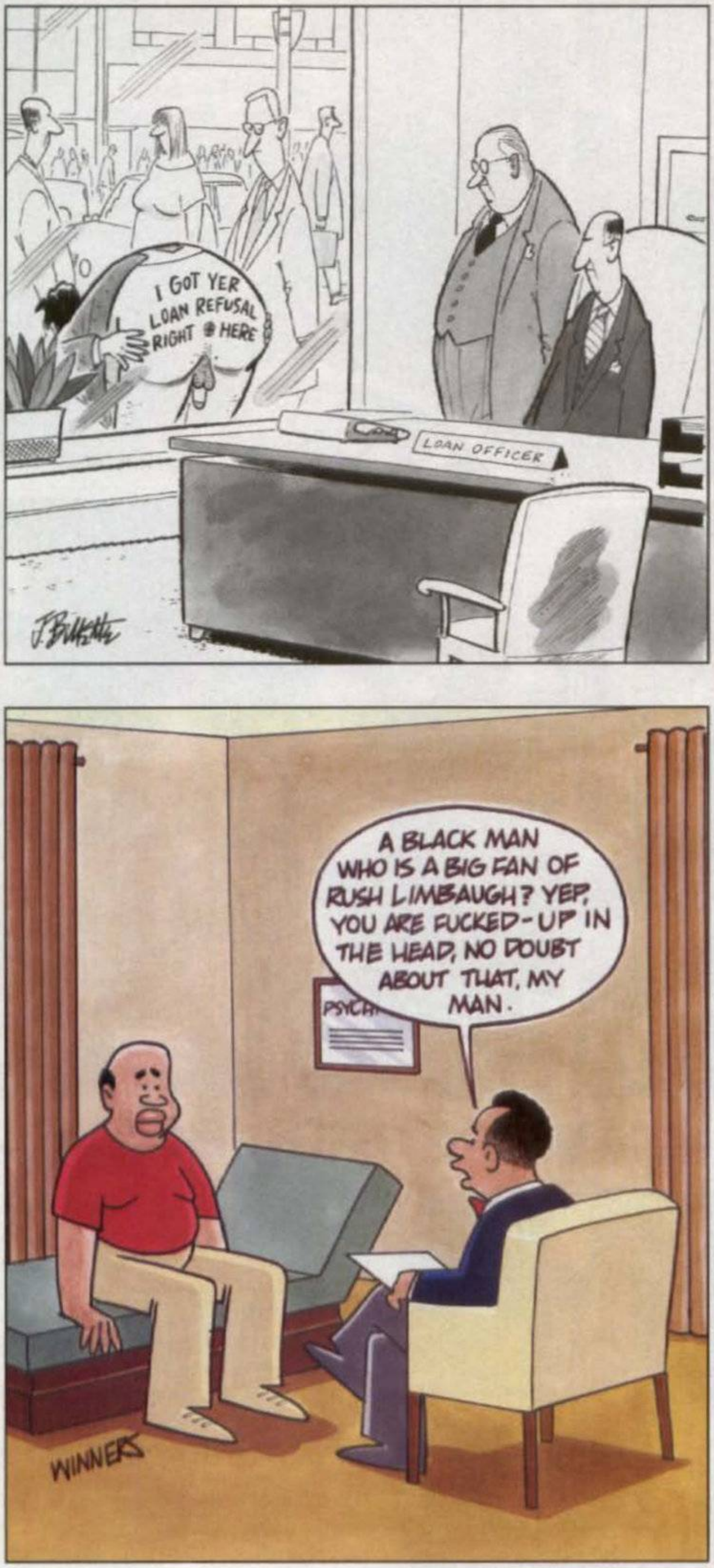
The ebony enchantress to his left sighs her approval. "I'm *affiliated* with Miami, if you know what I mean," she boasts of her pimp.

Under the guise of "fight promoter," Jumbo has found a suitable, not-*too*-crack-ridden streetwalker to fight one of the Wedge's housedancers. This week it's a mammoth street ho named Marla, who



arrives in turquoise spandex hot pants and a pink halter top emblazoned with sequins. After being ushered inside, she's outfitted with boxing gear for the upcoming bout.

Gamblers hang around, making bets among themselves—wagers that will later be settled on the spot. Spectators and strippers throw money into the ring; the evening's festivities won't start unless a substantial amount of cash is up for grabs. When enough dough has been tossed into the makeshift arena, it's collected in a cardboard box, and Miami receives the


I GOT YER LOAN REFUSAL RIGHT @ HERE
LOAN OFFICER
A BLACK MAN WHO IS A BIG FAN OF RUSH LIMBAUGH? YEP, YOU ARE FUCKED-UP IN THE HEAD, NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT, MY MAN.
WINNERS

lion's share. The remainder will be given away later as a prize to the champ.

Customers scramble for the best seats as the challenger, Marla, enters the ring, greeted by a chorus of boos and hissing. Seated on his throne like a modern-day Hamlet, Miami beckons the reigning champ—a beefy stripper known as Peaches, who sports a lime-colored leopard print bikini filled out with a booty the size of South Africa. Obviously a local favorite, Peaches elicits a hearty round of applause and glossy smiles from the crowd.

The audience is drunk and delirious, seconds from pandemonium. So MC De-Lite—a lanky dude resembling Chris Rock on crack—enters the ring and grabs the mike. "Yes, it's stripper versus street ho!" he yells. "Da battle of da booty!"

The two scantily clad women circle each other in the ring, ready to rip one another to shreds, when suddenly, *KER-POW! BOOM! BAM-BAM-BAM!* Newcomer Marla socks the champ with a sucker punch, knocking Peaches's mouthpiece out. Blood spurts through her broken teeth as the intoxicated throng roars its approval. Peaches retaliates with a right uppercut, followed by a devastating left hook coupled with a volley of big-titty attacks. "You overrated disco bitch," Peaches growls. "Gonna belt yo' stank black ass back to booty camp!"

Ringside, the audience hoots and hollers, when *DING!* The decisive Round 10 is upon us. After more than 45 minutes of combat, the mayhem is nearing its conclusion. Swinging wildly, hooker Marla pummels stripper Peaches to a pulp, eventually slamming her into the ropes, leaving Peaches moaning on the mat, her floppy titties spilling out of her tank top. She is almost down for the count, so Miami leans over the edge of the ring to the battered and bruised exotic dancer. Covertly, he sticks a miniature spoon up her nostril. Probably not smelling salts.

"Listen, bitch," he warns his reeling champ. "Either be crowned ho queen, or it's back to the frialator at Popeye's."

Peaches suddenly perks up at the notion of employment in fast food. In a second she's back on her feet, facing Marla. She socks her opponent's head with enough force to disorient, then goes in for the kill—*BAM-BAM-BAM! POW!* Peaches pounds Marla through the ropes, where she crashes into the audience. Drunken spectators cheer as the home-field strippers rush over and brutally finish the job, punching the beaten Marla into semiconsciousness on the floor. *This shit is intense,* I think to myself.

As I make my way to the door, MC De-Lite takes the stage again to declare Peaches the indisputable winner. She is crowned Fight Club Queen and presented with the coveted victor's belt. She earned it, but will it fit?

"Who's gonna tell George that Laura has phone sex with Tony Blair and Bill Clinton?!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

McKENZIE LEE

LADY LIBERTY

McKenzie Lee appears courtesy of ClubJenna (ClubJenna.com).

Since July 1974, HUSTLER Magazine has been a beacon of free speech and expression. To celebrate our 32nd anniversary, we now present tantalizing covergirl McKenzie Lee, who flashes back in time to entertain General George Washington and his weary troops as they cross the icy Delaware River during the Revolutionary War.

Known for her command performances in XXX videos, McKenzie Lee is on the fast track to superstardom. As a matter of fact, shortly after being signed as a ClubJenna Girl, the vivacious bombshell garnered the "Best New Starlet" hardware at this year's AVN expo in Las Vegas. (See pages 76-79 for extended coverage.) Not wanting to clutter McKenzie's steamy spread any further, we'll simply say thanks for being loyal readers of HUSTLER and Happy Fourth of July! Damn, it's great to be an American, isn't it?

HUSTLER
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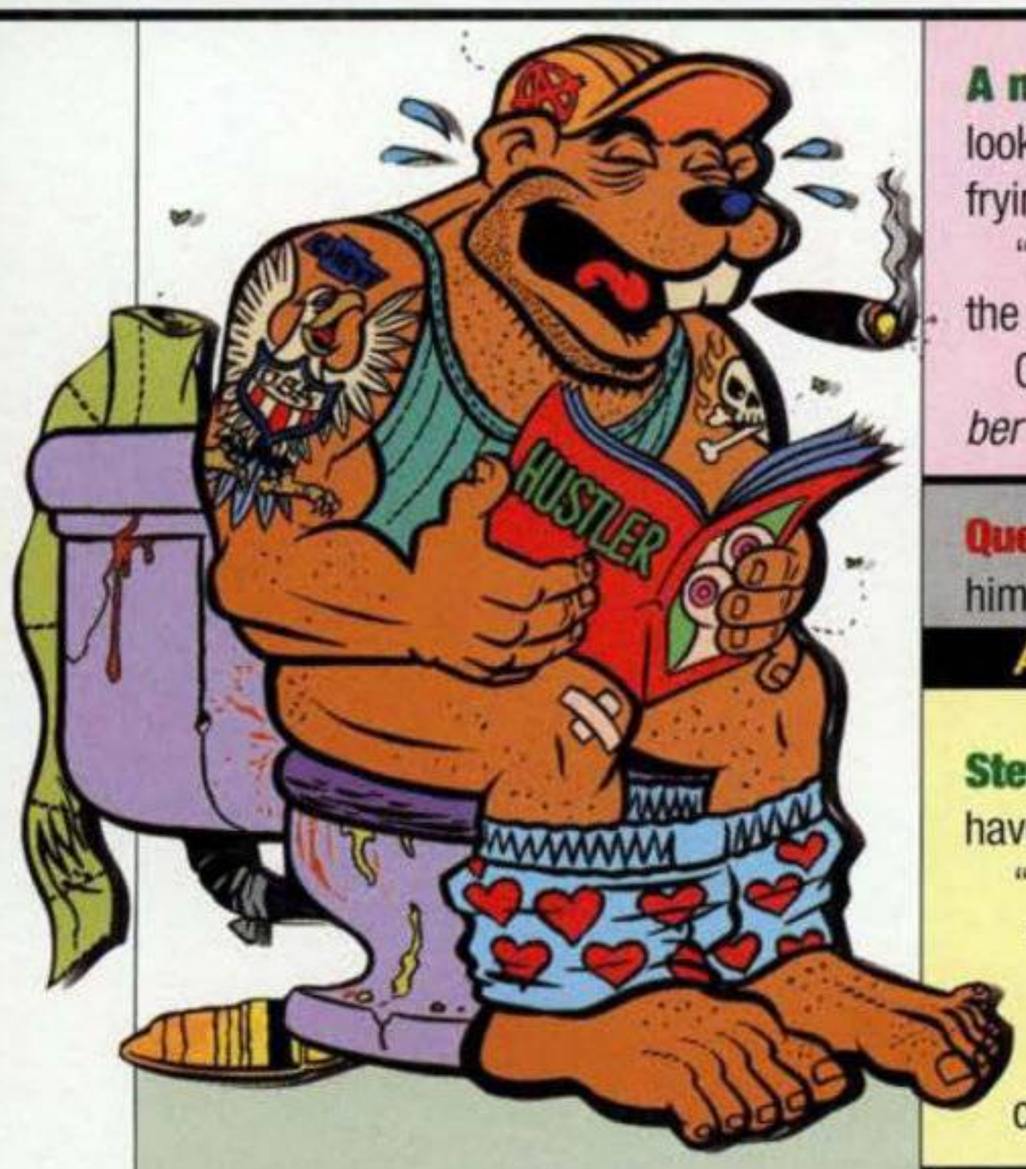
“H

"I HOPE YOU'RE NOT A MINUTEMAN!"

XOXO,

McKenzie Lee



A man got up one morning to find his wife in the kitchen making breakfast. He looked to see what she was cooking and noticed one of his socks sizzling in the frying pan. "What the hell are you doing?!" he asked.

"I'm doing what you asked me to do last night when you came to bed drunk," the missus replied.

Completely puzzled, the man walked away thinking to himself, *I don't remember asking her to cook my sock....*

Question: What did the college guy say to his roommates when they walked in on him fucking a fat chick?

Answer: "Hey, guys, I'm on a roll!"

Steve came home from work one day to find his wife overjoyed. "Oh, honey, I have great news!" the blonde cried. "I'm pregnant!"

"That's wonderful, honey," Steve remarked.

"Wait, there's more," the mom-to-be announced. "We're gonna have twins!"

Bewildered, Steve asked, "How could you know so soon?"

"Well," his wife explained, "I took two home pregnancy tests, and they both came out positive!"

A man was looking over a large assortment of handguns on display. "You might like this one," suggested the dealer, pointing to a rather large model behind the glass counter. "It shoots 18 rounds."

"What the fuck do you think I am," the customer snapped, "a polygamist?!"

Mark noticed his friend's car was a total wreck. Not only that, but the vehicle was covered with leaves, grass, branches, dirt and blood.

"Hey, buddy, what the hell happened to your brand-new car?" he asked.

"I ran over a guy last night," his pal explained. "He was a lawyer."

"Oh, my God!" Mark exclaimed. "That explains the blood, but what about all the debris?"

"Oh, that?" his buddy grunted. "I had to chase him all through the park."

Question: What do you call a guy with syphilis, herpes and gonorrhea?

Answer: An incurable romantic.

A coal miner came down from the hills, walked into a bar and ordered a drink. Looking around and seeing only men, he asked the bartender, "Hey, where are all the women?"

"We ain't got any," came the reply.

"What do y'all do?" the miner asked.

"We do it with the animals."

Disgusted, the miner left and headed back to the hills.

Months later, the miner returned to the establishment. After downing numerous whiskeys, he asked the bartender, "Y'all really do it with the animals?"

"Yeah, we do," the rube insisted.

The drunken miner stepped outside and saw a pig run into an alley. He quickly caught the sow and started screwing it.

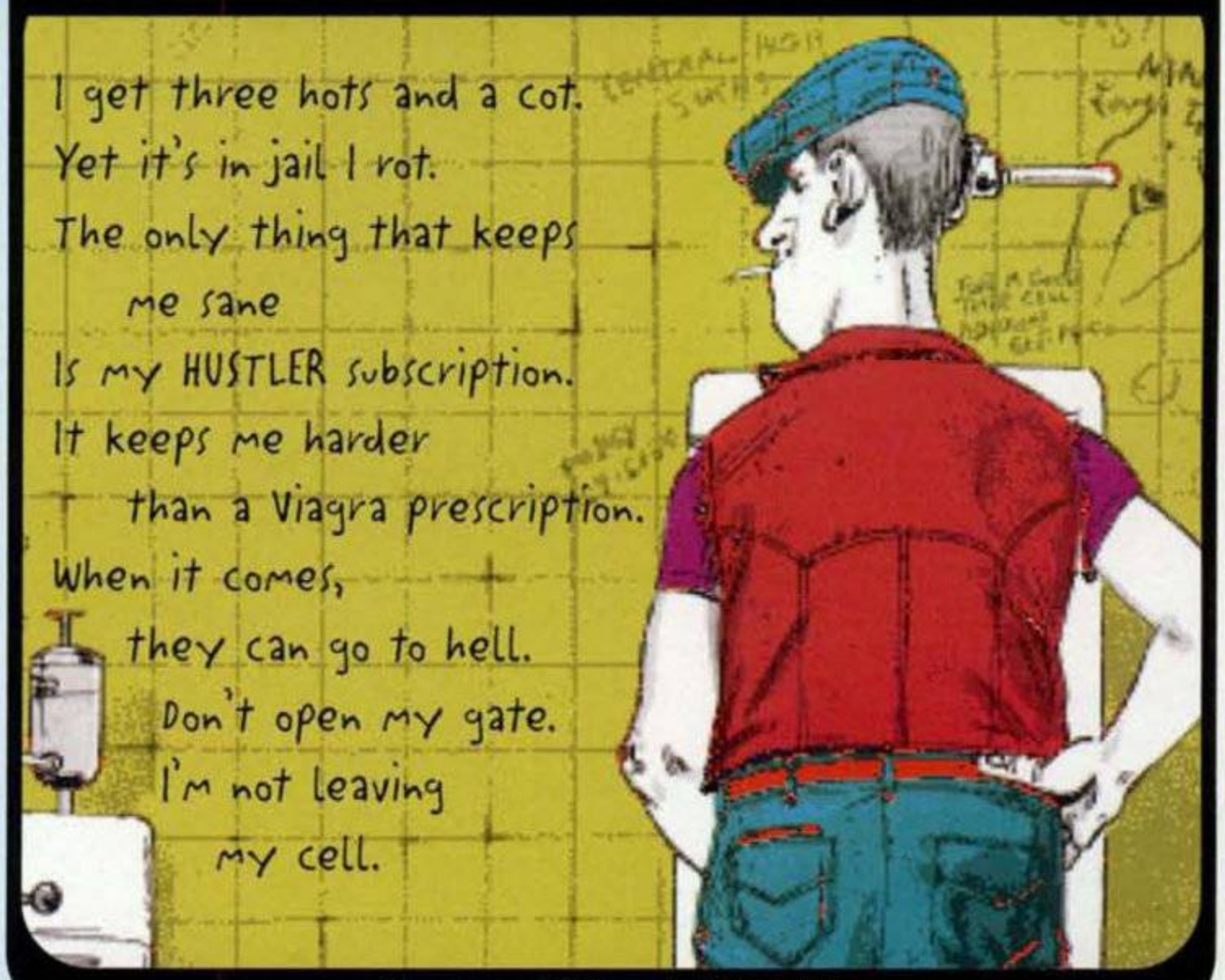
Midway through, he realized the whole town was watching in horror.

"My God!" the bartender yelled. "What the hell do you think you're doing?!"

"You told me y'all did it with the animals," the miner muttered.

"Yeah," the bartender replied, "but no one fucks the sheriff's girl!"

GRAFFILTHY


I get three hots and a cot.
Yet it's in jail I rot.
The only thing that keeps
me sane
Is my HUSTLER subscription.
It keeps me harder
than a Viagra prescription.
When it comes,
they can go to hell.
Don't open my gate.
I'm not leaving
my cell.

Thanks and $50 go to Vincent O.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"This place *is* run like a plantation. Thank God!"

THE PRODIGY

BY TOM FARRELL

PHOTOS BY CHRIS DAVISON

Meet the banned: Keith Flint (center), Maxim Reality (left) and Liam Howlett.

15 YEARS OF "FUCK 'EM AND THEIR LAW"

WHEN LIAM HOWLETT starting spinning on the burgeoning rave scene in the late '80s, the thought of putting together a band to tap into the up-tempo hard-core breakbeats coming out of England's acid house scene was merely a whim. Howlett was spinning at nightclubs while producing tracks in a studio he put together in his bedroom. His early 1990 debut EP, *What Evil Lurks*, quickly became a staple on the rave circuit and established a name for Howlett among his dance club peers.

But it wasn't until Howlett linked up with fellow Essex ravers Keith Flint and Leeroy Thornhill that The Prodigy was born. Flint and Thornhill signed up as dancers, helping the band form an energy-packed live act. In 1991 Howlett secured a recording contract with XL Records, which rereleased *What Evil Lurks* to a larger audience. That same year, Howlett released his second single, "Charly," which hit the top of the British dance charts and climbed to #3 on the pop charts.

By mid-1992 two more Prodigy singles

had charted, and the group set about releasing *The Prodigy Experience*. The album, a wild breakbeat drum 'n' bass affair laden with the bells and whistles of the underground dance scene, was one of the first LPs ever released by a rave band. It hit the charts in the U.K. and went gold, while making a minor yet significant impact on the U.S. dance scene. The following year, the group added a local ragga/hip-hop MC named Maxim Reality (born Keeti Palmer), who helped flesh out The Prodigy's live act. (Ragga is a subgenre of dancehall reggae.)

In 1995 The Prodigy released their second LP, *Music for the Jilted Generation*, which entered the British charts at #1 and established a foothold in the U.S. The album showed the group's move into a more rock format while keeping their foot in energetic breakbeats with a drum 'n' bass foundation.

The beeps and hoots of the rave scene were giving way to guitar chords, and The Prodigy were effortlessly making the transition out of dance clubs and into the pop charts and hearts of their ever-expanding fan base.

By now, the Brits were touring globally and proving that rave acts could rock out just like the rest of the pack. After playing numerous rock venues in lieu of dance clubs, The Prodigy landed a spot headlining the prestigious Glastonbury Festival and firmly established themselves as an in-your-face rock act that married energetic breakbeats to a live ethic soaked in the fire of punk rock.

Eventually, Flint emerged from the background, becoming a visual spokesperson for the group with his punk hairstyles, piercings and attitude. With the 1996 release of the single "Firestarter," which entered the U.K. charts at #1, Flint's debut vocal antics and Howlett's thundering and MORE

Liam Howlett: The prodigy behind The Prodigy.

THE PRODIGY

oft-imitated beats and effects propelled the band to international stardom.

While the video was nearly banned in the U.K. due to worries about the arson stance of the song (and complaints from *Top of the Pops* viewers that punk frontman Flint was scaring their children), it made a noteworthy buzz in America on MTV and served as the first taste of The Prodigy to many U.S. viewers. The single's success cemented the band at the forefront of the new electronica scene and set the stage for the impending success of their third album, 1997's *Fat of the Land*, which sold 185,000 units the first week of its release, entering both the U.K. and U.S. charts at #1.

The Prodigy spent the next few years touring the world on the success of *Fat of the Land*, while the allegedly impending electronica balloon slowly deflated. Hard-hitting singles like "Breathe" and "Serial Thrilla" kept the band firmly entrenched in the breakbeat base. The single "Smack My Bitch Up," supposedly more an ode to kicking heroin rather than domestic violence, raised eyebrows and furthered the group's controversial image.

With both outfits featured at a major European music festival, Beastie Boys contacted Howlett and asked him not to perform the song. Howlett vehemently refused the request from a band that helped shape his musical and live stance. The ensuing video—which is uncensored in The Prodigy's just-released video compilation, *Their Law: The Singles 1990-2005*—shows a first-person perspective of a wild night on the town, complete with drug binges, nudity, fist fights, vomiting, destruction and sex before revealing that the out-of-control, drug-fueled narrator is a lesbian. The video and song kept The Prodigy logged on as punkish rogues who were still out to stick it to the Man. Even the title of the compilation was a tip of the hat to the chorus of "Their Law"—"Fuck 'em and their law."

It wasn't until 2002 that The Prodigy released a new video and single for the Flint-penned "Baby's Got a Temper," which again sunk the band up to their ears in controversy. The song's chorus, "We take Rohypnol, we just forget it all," and video footage of topless women milking cows irked everyone, including Liam Howlett, who essentially disowned the track. Soon after, Leeroy Thornhill departed, and Howlett decided to do the next album—2004's *Always Outnumbered, Never Outgunned*—with guest vocalists like Oasis's Liam Gallagher and actress Juliette Lewis. The album went practically unnoticed in America, while Flint and Maxim rejoined the group for a successful European tour.

With the release of a CD and DVD video compilation that herds together their videos, concert footage and singles, The Prodigy is now set to reestablish themselves in America. The band is currently in the studio working on new material, scheduled for a 2007 release, and readying to undertake their first major U.S. tour this summer. We met up with The Prodigy founder Liam Howlett and frontman Keith Flint, who helped catch us up on their latest endeavors.

HUSTLER: The new video for the Pendulum remix of "Voodoo People" is wicked and mesmerizing. [It depicts a group of twenty- and thirtysomethings running blindfolded and haphazardly in a race through city streets and the wilderness, with the winner being whoever is left standing. We won't give away the outcome. The Prodigy appear as the flag-waving race starters and are seen throughout, taking cell phone snapshots of the unfortunate, bloodied losers.]

LIAM HOWLETT: Yeah, it was based on a Spanish film [*Intacto*] with the same kind of concept that had all these people running through the forest with blindfolds on. They're the type of people who are addicted to the fear concept.

You're getting ready for your first U.S. tour in years this summer.

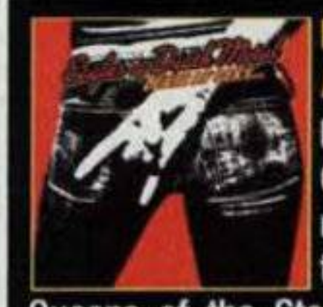
We played Coachella last year. So we've been to America, but not on tour for a long, long time. We'll be back in July to tour. We're recording the new album now, so we don't want to distract from that.

On your last album—*Always Outnumbered, Never Outgunned*—Keith and Maxim's involvement was pared down in favor of guest vocalists like Juliette Lewis and

SIX-PACK

A look at some of the hottest CDs and DVDs that you need to know about.

GANG OF FOUR
Return the Gift
V2
Gang of Four's debut album, *Entertainment*, was innovative, quirky and brilliant. Twenty years later the same songs (more or less) rerecorded by the same people would normally be irrelevant. But Gang of Four has improved with age, and the numbers sound more vibrant and exciting. *Return the Gift* is a tribute to originality. *—Nigel Mitchell*



EAGLES OF DEATH METAL
Death by Sexy
Downtown Records
On the strength of their sophomore release, the Eagles emerge as more than just another side project for Queens of the Stone Age's Josh Homme (on drums). Slinkingly seductive and funky, you'd never suspect that *Sexy* was recorded in only 12 days. *—Michelle McCarthy*

KATE BUSH
Aerial
Columbia
The legendarily reclusive diva of "Wuthering Heights" and "Running up That Hill" fame returns with her first new album since 1993's *Red Shoes*. *Aerial* is a dawn-to-dusk song cycle that celebrates the mundane—from gloriously crooning the infinite numbers of "Pi" to the joys of motherhood ("Bertie") and doing laundry ("Mrs. Bartolozzi"). *—Roy Trakin*

The Football Factory
Vertigo Films and Rockstar Games
From Rockstar Games (the people who brought you *Grand Theft Auto*) and Vertigo Films, *The Football Factory* is a savage and harsh movie that gives you a chilling insight into the irrational lifestyle of soccer's hooligan subculture. The overall look and feel is gritty and real, not unlike the early work of brilliant British director Mike Leigh. Documenting the life of Tommy, whose interests are lager, cheap drugs, casual sex and more importantly violence against rival fans, it's so real it hurts. *—N.M.*

LOVEDRUG
Pretend You're Alive
Columbia
The songs on this foursome's melancholy debut run the gamut, from acoustic ballads to heavy anthems to emo-garage epic. Keep your eyes on Lovedrug—this band has established itself as a powerful new name in rock. *—Hans Feuersinger*

GREEN DAY
Bullet in a Bible
Reprise
Billie Joe and company back up the staggering success of 2004's *American Idiot* with a live CD/DVD. Filmed at The National Bowl in Milton Keynes, England, the DVD documents the trio's effortless step up into the land of pyro and Jumbotrons. Also included are interviews with Green Day and backstage footage. *—M.M.*

The Prodigy: live and dangerous!

PHOTO BY CHRIS DAVISON

the Ping Pong Bitches. Will Keith and Maxim be contributing to the new album?

Yeah, the band went through hard times in 2002. We didn't talk to each other for a while and had a lot of noncommunique—a lot of distance between the band members. Then we saw the need to get back onstage and start playing the music live. A new energy and a lot of good ideas came from that, and then we're friends again. It's a matter of sitting in hotel rooms till 4 a.m., talking our way through things and moving forward. We're like brothers now. We've always had that kind of relationship. Y'know what I mean?

Prodigy's been around for 15 years. That's longer than most marriages last.

Yeah. They're my friends. It's hard doing this sometimes because you are in a relationship, and relationships don't always operate the way you want them to. Lots of bands go through this, but we all needed to break away and do our thing. We decided we weren't going to write a new album until we had something to say and come back. We're in the studio now, and the new album will be much more melodic and tough. It will be the kind of record we can play live again.

With so many bands disappearing from the rave scene, why do you think The Prodigy has endured?

A lot of the producers were into funk and dance and club music. We were always into bands like Beastie Boys, who weren't afraid to get onstage and rock to their own beat, y'know what I mean? That was our philosophy then. It was almost like we split up and reformed for the second record [*Music for the Jilted Generation*, which showed Prodigy moving from dance to a more punk, in-your-face delivery]. From there, we played the 100 Club—which is a great punk venue on [London's] Oxford Street—and then America, and from there, playing everywhere from Beirut to Red Square to countless gigs at the Brixton Academy [another London venue], where one time it was so packed the floor collapsed.

We imagine that a band as wild as The Prodigy, that's been around for so long and has toured so many places, must have some wild road stories.

(*Howlett pauses and laughs.*)

Okay, we heard that laugh, Liam. Fess up with the stories.

(*Sighs.*) Well, you'd probably have to ask Keith about that.

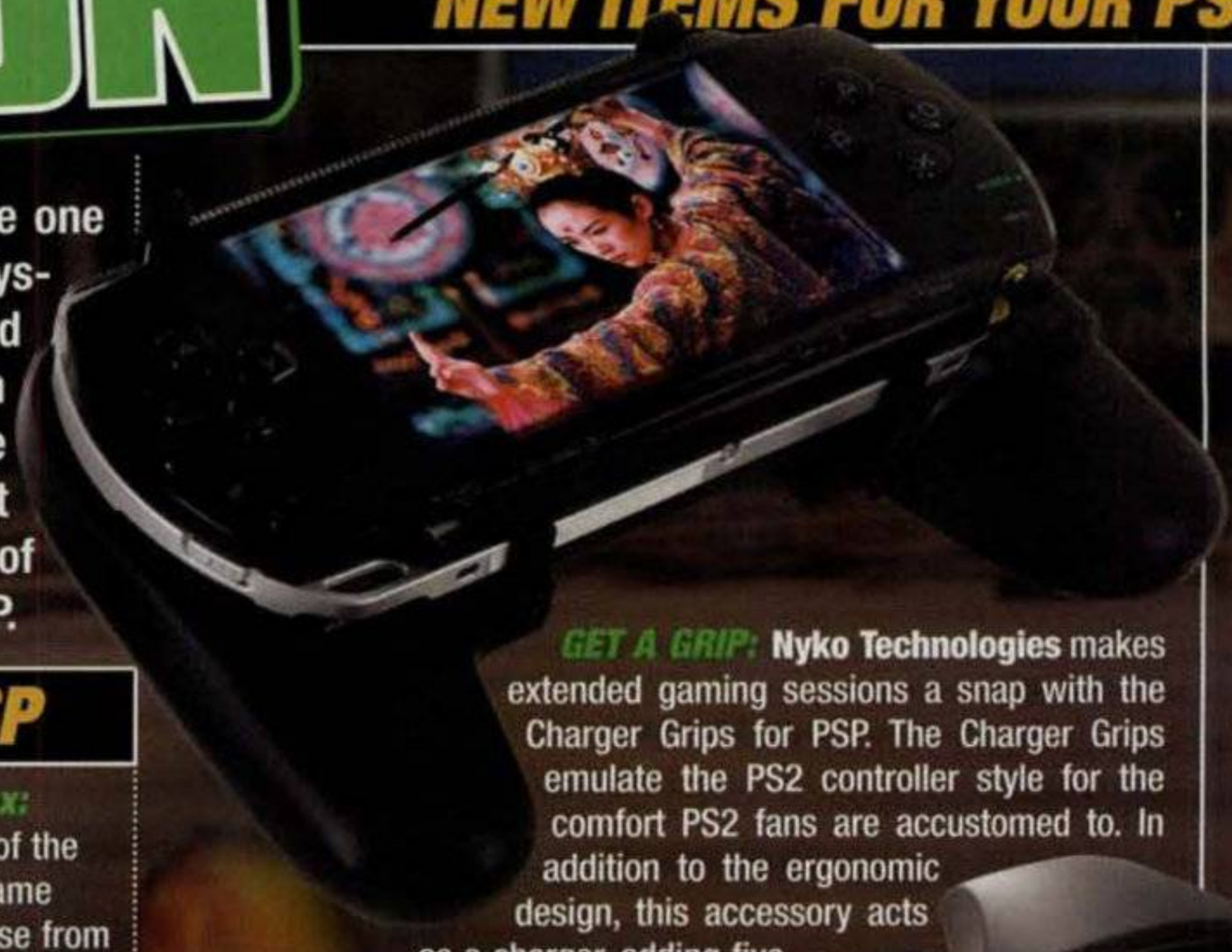
And that's exactly what we will do. Pick up the next issue of HUSTLER to hear what Keith Flint has to say about living the rave lifestyle, The Prodigy's brushes with controversy and going to church naked.

GAME ON

BY TOM FARRELL

THE PLAYSTATION PORTABLE is proving to be one of the most versatile and expansive gaming systems ever. With its numerous capabilities and portability, don't be surprised if everyone in the future is carrying PSPs, much like the Jetsons of TV lore had jetpacks to move about in bubble-dome cities. Here's a look at some of the new items, movies and games for the PSP.

NEW ITEMS FOR YOUR PSP



GET A GRIP: **Nyko Technologies** makes extended gaming sessions a snap with the Charger Grips for PSP. The Charger Grips emulate the PS2 controller style for the comfort PS2 fans are accustomed to. In addition to the ergonomic design, this accessory acts as a charger, adding five hours of playtime to the PSP.

PSP TO TV: **Nyko**'s Play on TV Adapter connects the PSP to any television set, allowing users to simply "plug and play" all their favorite games and UMD movies on a TV screen.

NEW GAMES FOR YOUR PSP

Street Alpha 3 Max: A direct conversion of the acclaimed arcade game from **Capcom**. Choose from more than 30 characters. Now with tag-team mode.

SOCOM: U.S. Navy SEALs Fireteam Bravo: Take the fight with you in the highly recommended latest addition to the best-selling combat game. Ooh-rah!

Infected: Highly contagious and highly recommended shooter will keep your thumbs busy with hours of kickass music and gory shoot-'em-up action.

Syphon Filter: Dark Mirror: Rejoice! One of the coolest stealth action shooters comes to the PSP. A must-have.

Daxter: Three things you need to know: 1) He's an ottsel—part otter, part weasel. 2) He was Jak's sidekick. And 3) This game kicks ass.

ANIME FOR THE PSP

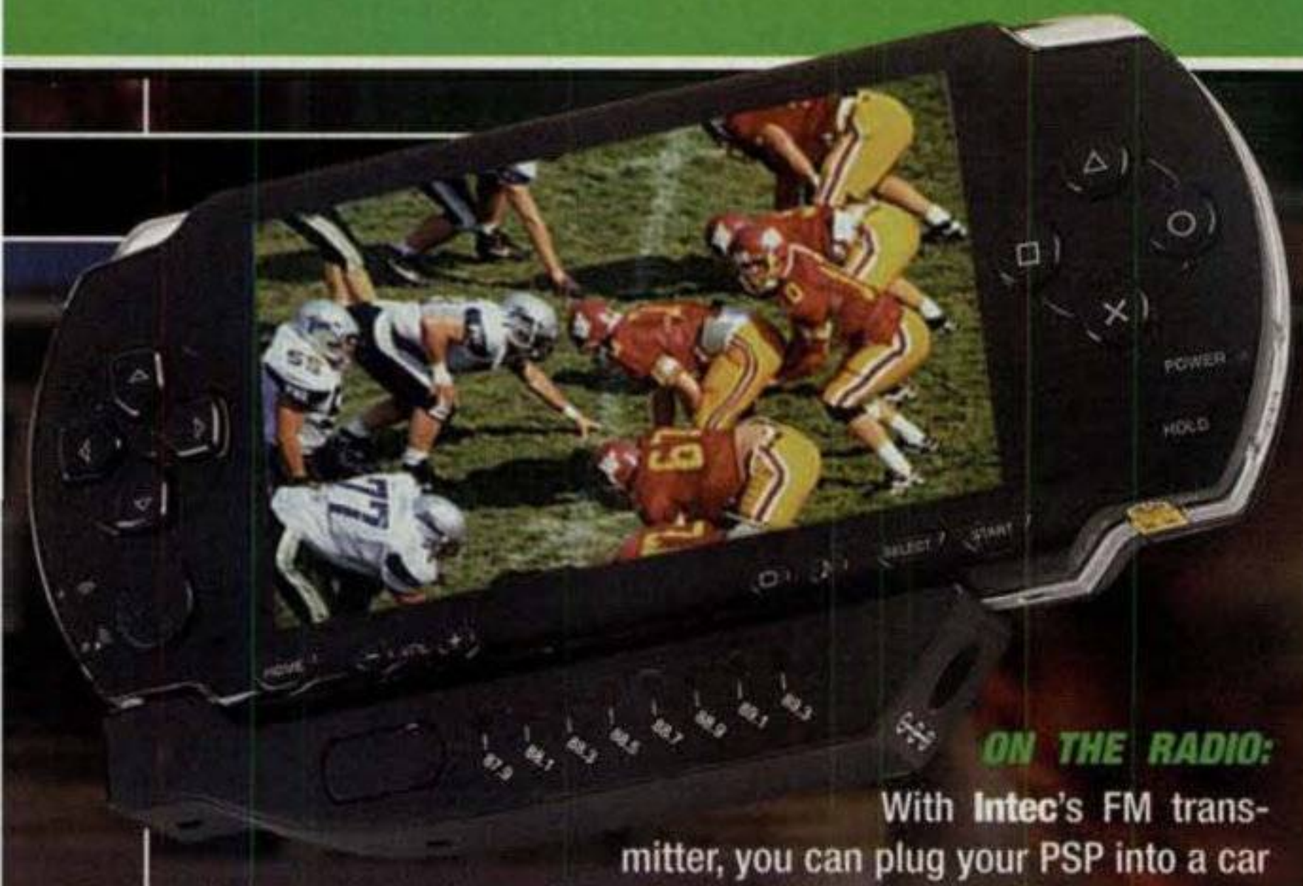
The popular Japanese genre is featured in tons of new titles for the PSP. We've rounded up a handful of our favorites in UMD format.

Samurai Champloo

Head and shoulders above the rest.

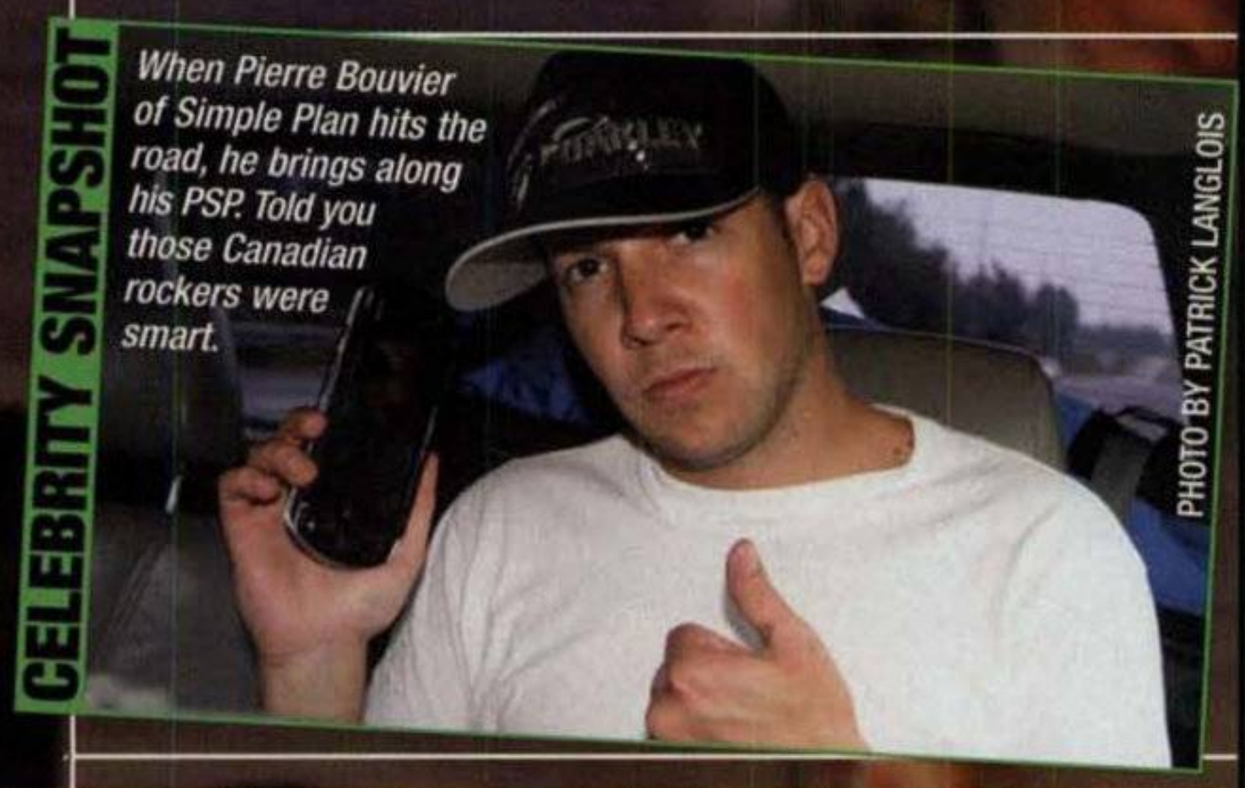
Ah! My Goddess The Movie

"Ah! My hard-on!"



ON THE RADIO:

With **Intec**'s FM transmitter, you can plug your PSP into a car stereo and play tunes through the ride's sound system.



CELEBRITY SNAPSHOT

When Pierre Bouvier of Simple Plan hits the road, he brings along his PSP. Told you those Canadian rockers were smart.

PHOTO BY PATRICK LANGLOIS

Sakura Wars
The Movie

Tenjho Tenge

Larry Flynt's employees always have the best HMO!

Gankutsuou

Ah, to be young and drawn like Duran Duran!

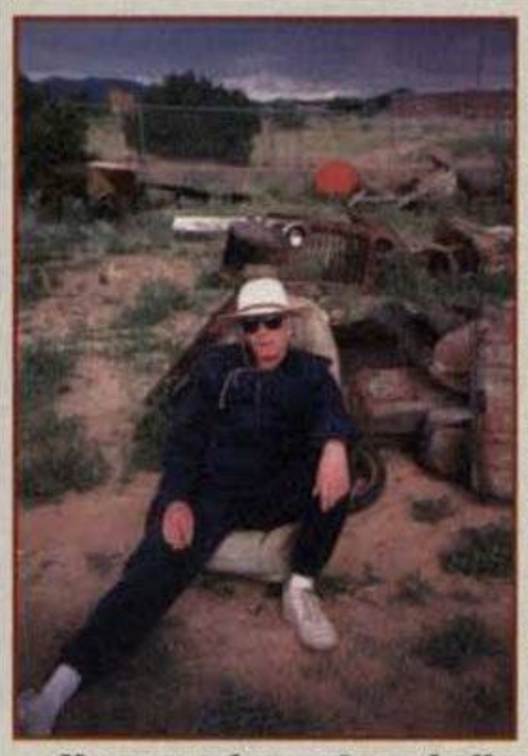
Akira

What's Japanese for "D'oh!"?

F.E.A.R.

Wanna see something really scary?

We continue with Part 2 of our interview with horror maven John Carpenter on Vivendi Universal's tense and terrifying game *F.E.A.R.*



HUSTLER: How would you describe *F.E.A.R.*'s gameplay?

JOHN CARPENTER: Sensational. Every year there's a new step in games and a new step in technology. There's an artificial intelligence aspect to this game where you can't predict certain things and what's going to happen. And it doesn't always happen the same way every time. It's astonishing to play and be part of. I'm totally immersed in the game when I play, and I give credit to the graphics for that. They suck me right in.

Your movies set up believable "it-could-happen" premises that draw you in before springing the fright trap. What's *F.E.A.R.*'s storyline?

You're a member of a paramilitary team whose members have been wiped out for no reason. You go into a facility to investigate and start to deal with some very crazy things. The game begins to evolve like a living nightmare. When you play *F.E.A.R.*, you can really identify with the character. There's a lot of freedom in the gameplay.

Do you ever see yourself putting together or directing a video game?

Absolutely. I'd love to create a video game.

It would be awesome to see a video game based on *Big Trouble in Little China*.

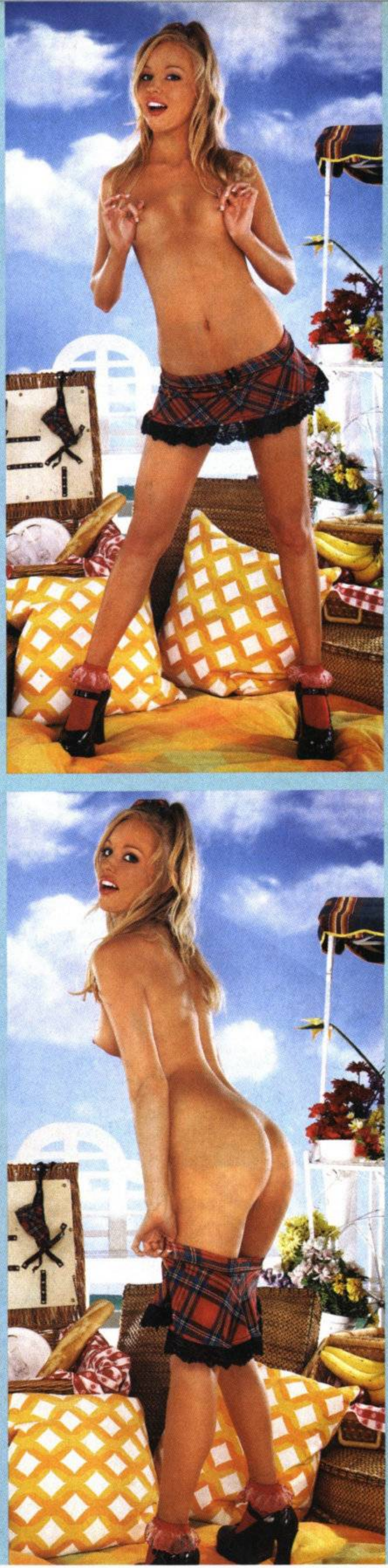
I don't own *Big Trouble in Little China*. The only characters I own in a movie I can control is *Escape From New York*. But I think *Big Trouble in Little China* would make a great game. The only industry I really want to get into deeply and get hands-on is pornography. (*Laughs.*)

What's in the future for John Carpenter?

Besides my porn career? (*Laughs.*) I always have projects sitting around and percolating in my head. I'm at a lucky place in my career where I don't have to work anymore, so I can choose what I want to do.

Starting as young as they come, Brea has only been in adult entertainment for three months, but the sparkling 18-year-old is quickly making a name for herself. "I've been working five days a week doing photo-shoots and lots of films," she informs us. "I've already done a ton of girl/girl scenes."

BREA
YOU'RE HIRED!



What made this all-American girl-next-door want to be a blue-movie actress? "When I was very young," Brea explains, "I saw Jenna Jameson in HUSTLER. I didn't know who she was, but I thought, *I want to be her!*" And once the go-getter finally popped her cherry, that dream started to blossom. "One day I was in bed with my boyfriend," the newcomer recalls, "and we wanted to take our sex further. So we found another girl, and I had my first threesome. From there my guy and I started taping our fuckfests, and eventually I asked myself, *Why not go pro?*"

Judging from her looks and amorous behavior, that was a great decision. "My favorite position is doggy," Brea confides, "and I like to be dominated. Even when I'm with a girl, I love her to use a strap-on and give it to me hard. I love rough sex!"

When not working, Brea turns to another of her many talents. “I’m a pretty good singer,” she professes, “and I like to pretend I play a little guitar. It would be great to bring my singing into my sex films. Maybe I could do a porn musical.”

What's on the horizon for this adorable young lady? "That's easy," she replies. "I want to be doing porn and music. Right now I'm competing for the next ClubJenna Girl contract via her TV show. For every generation there's a beautiful icon—Marilyn Monroe, Jenna Jameson. I want to be the next superstar!"

TECH KNOW

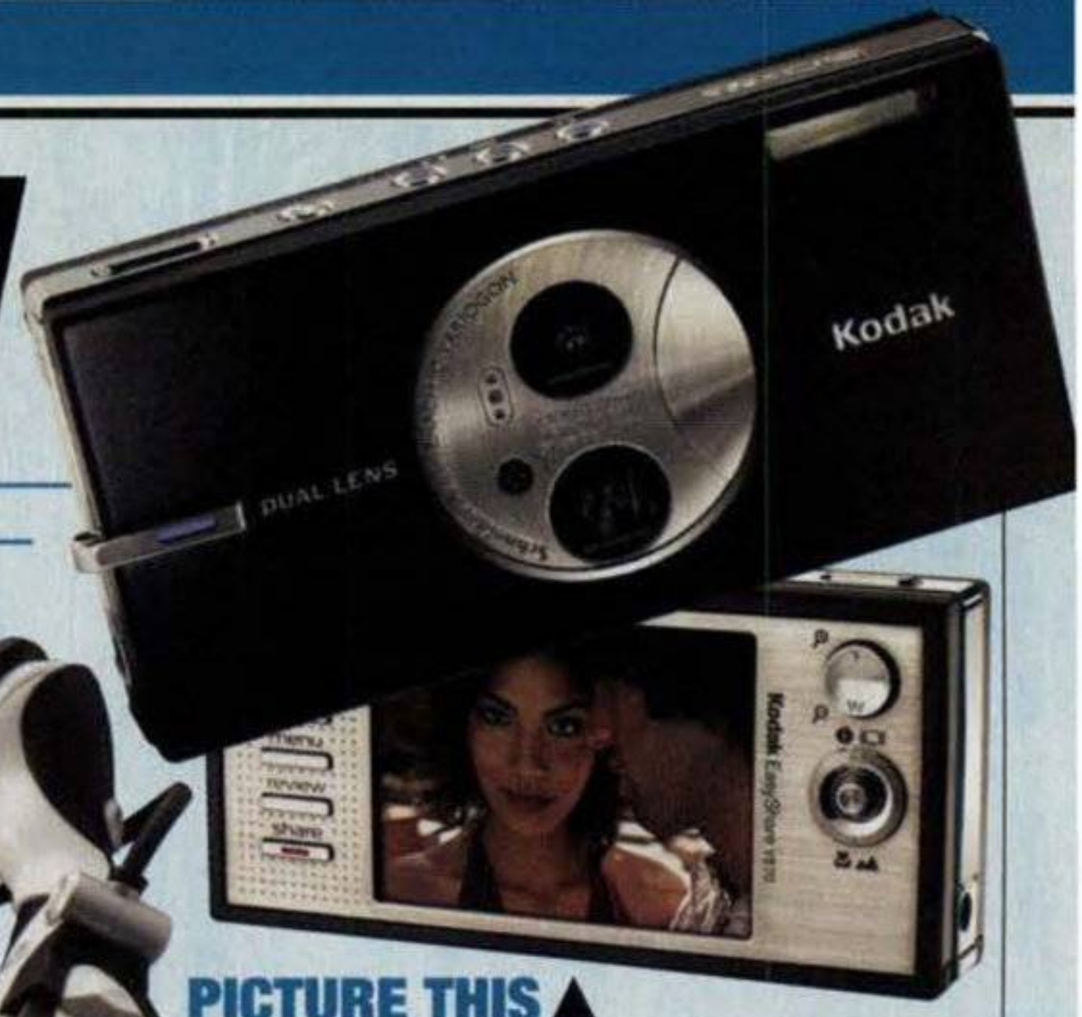
Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

RISE, ROBOTS, RISE ▶

Last year's Robosapien was the hot robot that everyone wanted. Now meet his more sophisticated brother, the next generation of humanoid robotics: Robosapien V2. Responding accordingly to whatever you do, this superintelligent robot is the closest thing to a real-life companion. If you put your hand in his face in a "stop" motion, Robosapien V2 will flinch and say, "Woah!" That's right, the gizmo actually speaks, uttering up to 160 unique and amusing phrases.

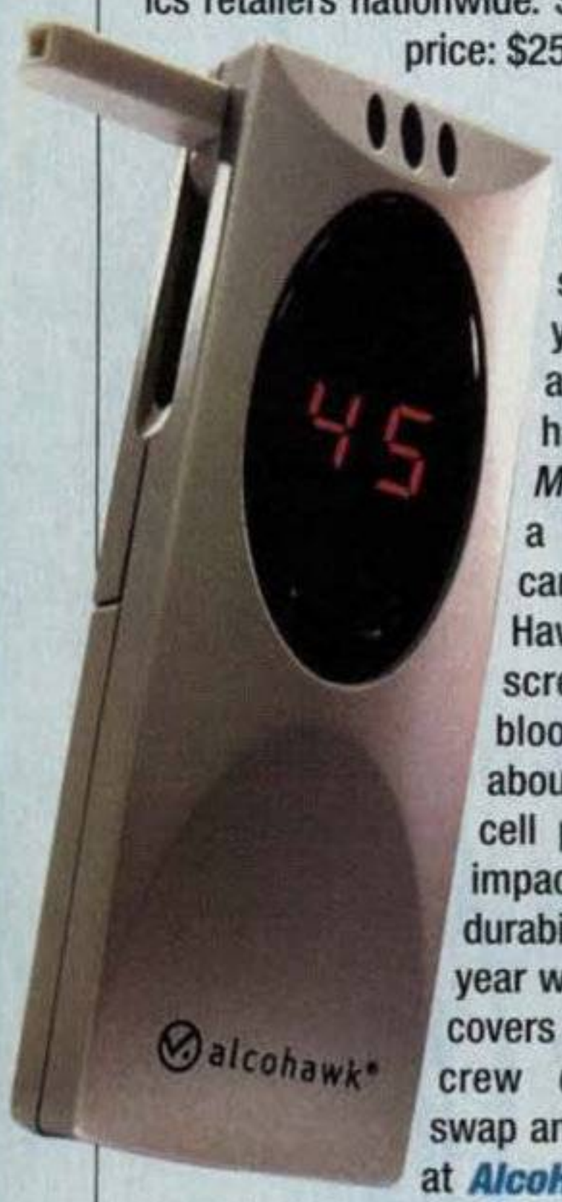
At 22 inches, the V2 is 8 inches taller than its predecessor and is packed with more dynamic motion, interactive sensors and 100 new preprogrammed functions. His infrared vision allows the V2 to see objects from close and far away. Operate all actions from the two-handed controller, or just let him interact with you and his environment without it. Robosapien V2 and his controller run on six D batteries and seven AAA batteries. Available at electronics retailers nationwide. Suggested retail price: $250.



PICTURE THIS ▲

Not only are you eyeing one of the coolest-looking digital cameras out there, but it has the power to deliver all types of photos—from scenic landscapes to dramatic portraits and crisp close-ups. Kodak presents the EASYSHARE V570, the world's first dual-lens digital still camera. Sleek and portable, this camera features an ultrawide-angle lens (23mm) and an optical zoom lens (39-117mm).

The EASYSHARE V570 comes with 32MB of built-in storage and an SD slot for extra memory. Besides the two lenses, the 5-megapixel V570 boasts a variety of features, including on camera panorama stitching, which automatically combines three pictures into a panoramic photograph. Using the ultrawide view in panorama scene mode, you can document a 180-degree vista with just three shots. Don't just take pictures—take them further. Available at camera shops or ***Kodak.com***. Suggested retail price: $399.95.



◀ BLOW IT

Let's say you're at a summer party with your drinking buddies, and maybe you've all had a few too many. *Maybe.* Why risk getting a DUI arrest when you can use the new AlcoHawk Slim digital breath screener to check your blood-alcohol level? Only about the size of the average cell phone, this compact unit is made from impact-resistant ABS material for increased durability. The AlcoHawk Slim comes with a one-year warranty and five replacement mouthpiece covers so you and your crew don't have to swap any spit. Available at ***AlcoHawk.com***. Suggested retail price: $69.95.

If you're looking for the right memory product to store your photos, music or other files, we suggest checking out the latest Compact Flash and SD cards from SanDisk. Available at ***SanDisk.com***.

◀ TAKE A STAB AT IT

Have you ever wanted to be able to listen to Bryan Adams's hit "Cuts Like a Knife" on a knife? Well, this is your lucky day. The SWISSMEMORY s.beat MP3 player from Swissbit is a compact music machine encased in a rugged Swiss Army-style knife. The lightweight unit (just 32 grams) comes in a variety of memory capacity choices (1, 2 or 4GB) to hold your MP3, WMA or WAV files and also features a voice recorder, FM radio and highly sensitive remote control. To load up the tunes, just plug it right into your USB port and drag the music into the s.beat. Available at ***Swissbit.com***. Suggested retail price: $197.25.

ANOTHER BRICK IN THE WALL ▶

If you're looking for a way to spruce up your office space, you may want to get the Brick Desktop 500 GB Hard Drive from LaCie. This unit may look like a toy, but it's really a high-tech storage unit for your PC or Mac. The Brick Desktop features a high-speed USB 2.0 interface that offers the fast data transfer rates required for everything from downloading digital photos to saving MP3s or transferring home videos from a camcorder. Plus, it looks cool. Available at ***LaCie.com***. Suggested retail price: $389.99.

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

AFTERMATH OF XXXTRACURRICULAR MOVIE FARE

Carnegie Mellon University finds itself in the spotlight, Brittany McCandless reports, when large audiences flock to see the porn blockbuster *Pirates*, shivering the timbers of a TV-news sleuth and "disturbed" students.

Photos by Edward Hall

Carnegie Mellon students line up for a campus screening of *Pirates*. Although the university's Activities Board occasionally showcases blue movies, which are usually advertised as "TBA," promo flyers for *Pirates* included the actual title and a tantalizing photograph.

Pittsburgh's Carnegie Mellon University was already polarized by the time the local CBS affiliate ran a special investigative report titled "CMU Showing XXX Movies on Campus." Triggering heated debate, KDKA's Marty Griffin told viewers, were the November 2005 screenings of the pornographic film *Pirates* at McConomy Auditorium.

A seemingly outraged Griffin focused on Carnegie Mellon's dissemination of pornography to its students and on who was footing the bill. Hyping that parents were paying for porn on a local college campus, the investigative reporter claimed the screening had been funded by student activities fees.

Griffin seems to have been mistaken. "Student activities fees didn't end up subsidizing this event," said Activities Board (AB) Chair Andrew Moore, a senior drama student who's in charge of AB Films' weekly screenings. Moore also mentioned that pornography has been part of the organization's cinematic lineup intermittently for several years, typically once a semester.

When porn is shown on campus, it has traditionally been advertised as "TBA," or "To Be Announced"—an inside joke familiar to most of the student body. That wasn't the case last fall. Attempting to draw bigger crowds than usual, AB chose to disclose the film's title when promoting *Pirates*. Whether inspired by name recognition or the poster's provocative photo, the turnout far exceeded the norm. *Pirates* sold out two of its three screenings.

According to Moore, the licensing fee was free, unlike most mainstream releases that AB Films showcases. Student activities fees were only drawn on to fund a security detail, printed advertisements, the complimentary Dippin' Dots handed out at the 10 o'clock showing and the projectionists' compensation. *Pirates*, the most expensive XXX film of all time, netted a final profit of $415 at Carnegie Mellon.

Whether or not the screening of *Pirates* received questionable funding, some members of the university community were infuriated. One of the students featured in Marty Griffin's televised report, freshman economics major Femi Akintola, first spoke out against the event in an e-mail to the student body president. Receiving little feedback, Akintola then took her concerns a step further—contacting KDKA.

"I know college is supposed to be liberal," Akintola told an interviewer after the report aired, "and there's supposed to be a freedom of speech, but I feel like if people want to watch pornography, I don't understand why they can't do that in the privacy of their room." As Akintola confided to Griffin during their first conversation, she was disturbed that student activities money had been allocated to the event, prompting Griffin to dig up the facts.

But to Moore, the investigative reporter didn't get the whole story, and one of his comments was especially rattling.

"The organization that put this on said they will continue to do this as long as they have control of student activity money and as long as showing pornography is legal—and it is, for now," Griffin pronounced in his report, which was later given play by CollegeHumor.com.

"We never said that," Moore maintained. "He never talked to us. How could we have the chance to say that?"

AB Films chairpersons later held a student forum in conjunction with the Student Senate to discuss the future of porn on campus. "AB does plan on showing another TBA this semester," Moore recently stated. "But I'm sure we will probably make some changes as to how we go about doing so."

Brittany McCandless is a sophomore at Carnegie Mellon University and news editor at the school's campus weekly, The Tartan. Majoring in professional and creative writing, McCandless hopes to pursue a career in broadcast journalism.

Attention college journalists: If you have an idea for a news story involving your school, contact us at *HUSTLER@lfp.com*.

HUSTLER has long been a haven for uninhibited sweethearts, but bookworms who love showing skin are a special breed. Coeds: Be a BWOC by sending us a handful of naughty pix and garner $350 in financial assistance!

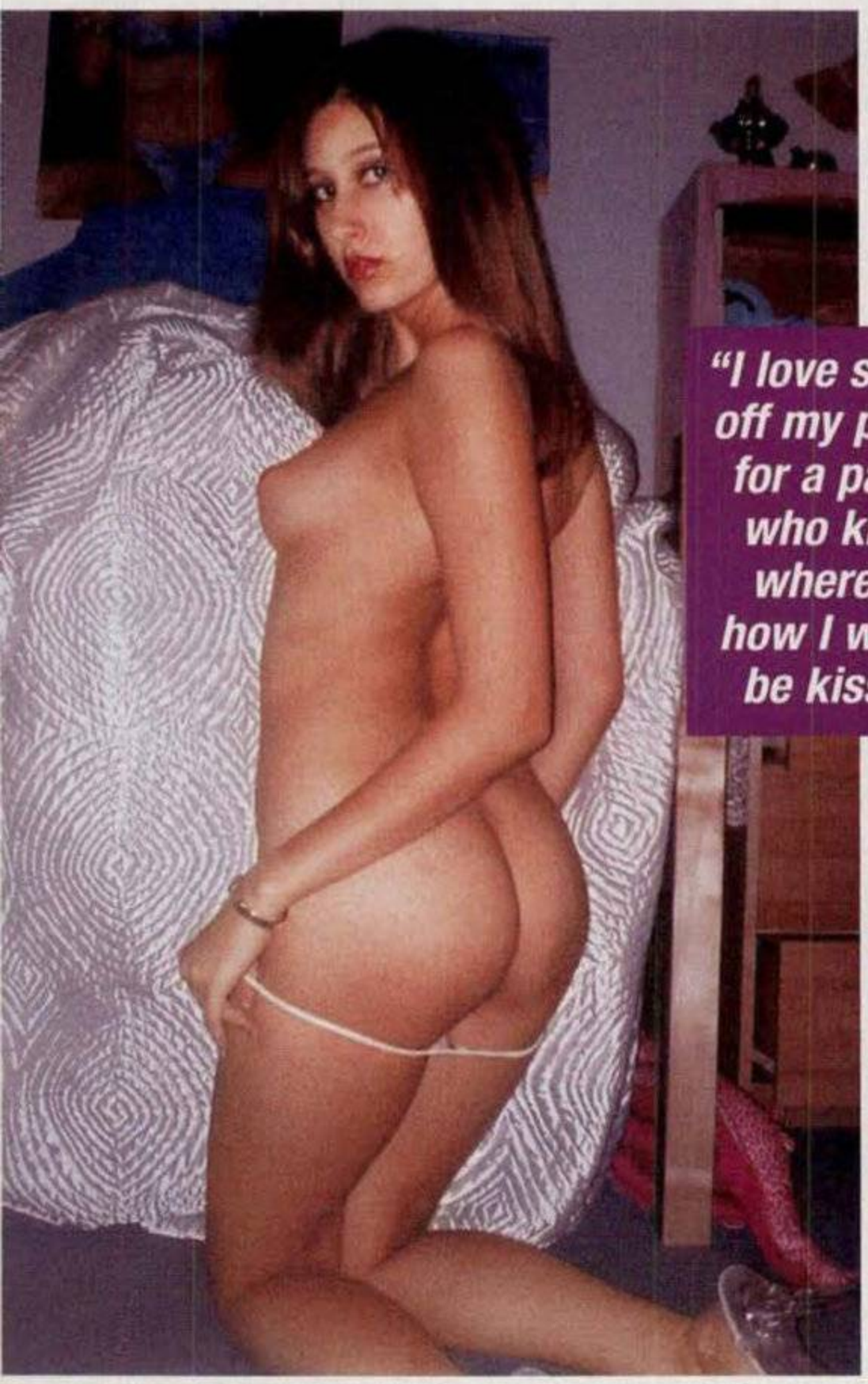
"The right guy hasn't come along to pop my cherry yet, but I'm working on it—every day!"

"Being young and curious, I've touched a few cocks," coos this 5-foot-4 freshman at **Colorado State University**, "but I still haven't gone all the way. I'm very shy." Well, it's good to know that there's still some unplundered virgin territory out there (with a rare bush no less) and that being bashful doesn't preclude peeling for HUSTLER. "I wanted to do something rad," explains the Army brat from Boulder, who majors in political science. Meanwhile, the tempting 18-year-old—an extracurricular hiker and skinny-dipper "only with girls"—remains celibate, but not very chaste, a vibrator close at hand. Reckons Buffy, "My friends don't think I can wait till I'm married." —Photos by Friend

BUFFY

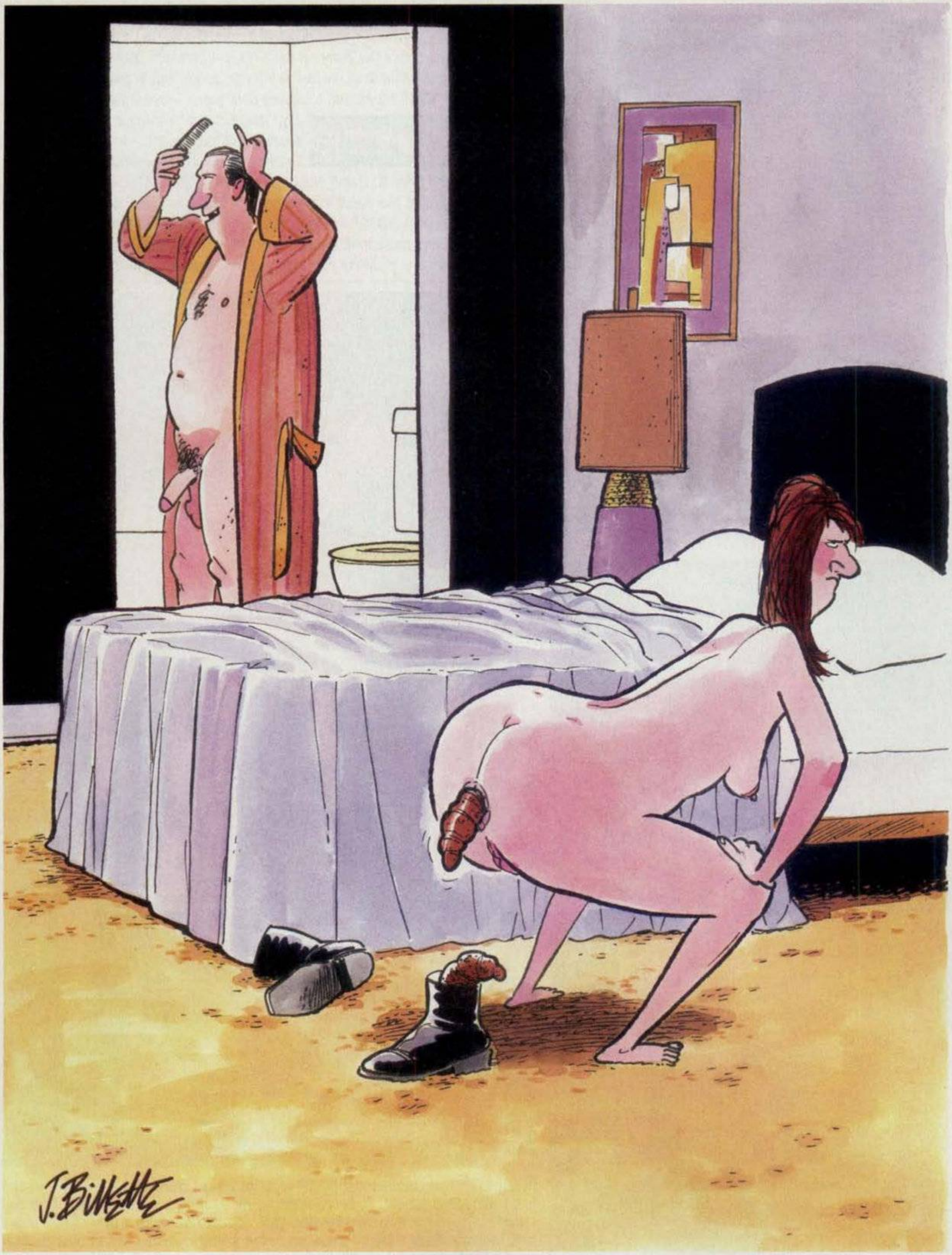
"**Jenna Jameson is my hero,**" says this **San Francisco State University** treat. "I loved her book." And here's the book on the 5-foot-4 Charlotte: She grew up down the California coast in Santa Cruz, majors in interior design and is a sorority girl with a lipsmacking 34B-23-36 figure and a slightly dark side. "I love walking around the city," she confides, "looking in all the S&M sex shops for stripper outfits—my parents think I work at a copy store—and collecting pictures of Bettie Page." Charlotte, who moonlights at the local HUSTLER Club, also digs reading Victor Hugo and the much tawdrier Henry Miller, leading us to her boudoir fancies. "I'm very open-minded," the foxy femme proclaims, "and I enjoy *everything*, eating out and vibrators most of all." Charlotte brightens at the thought of "posing for a HUSTLER layout with one of Jenna Jameson's contract girls." —Photos by Friend

CHARLOTTE



"I love slipping off my panties for a partner who knows where and how I want to be kissed!"

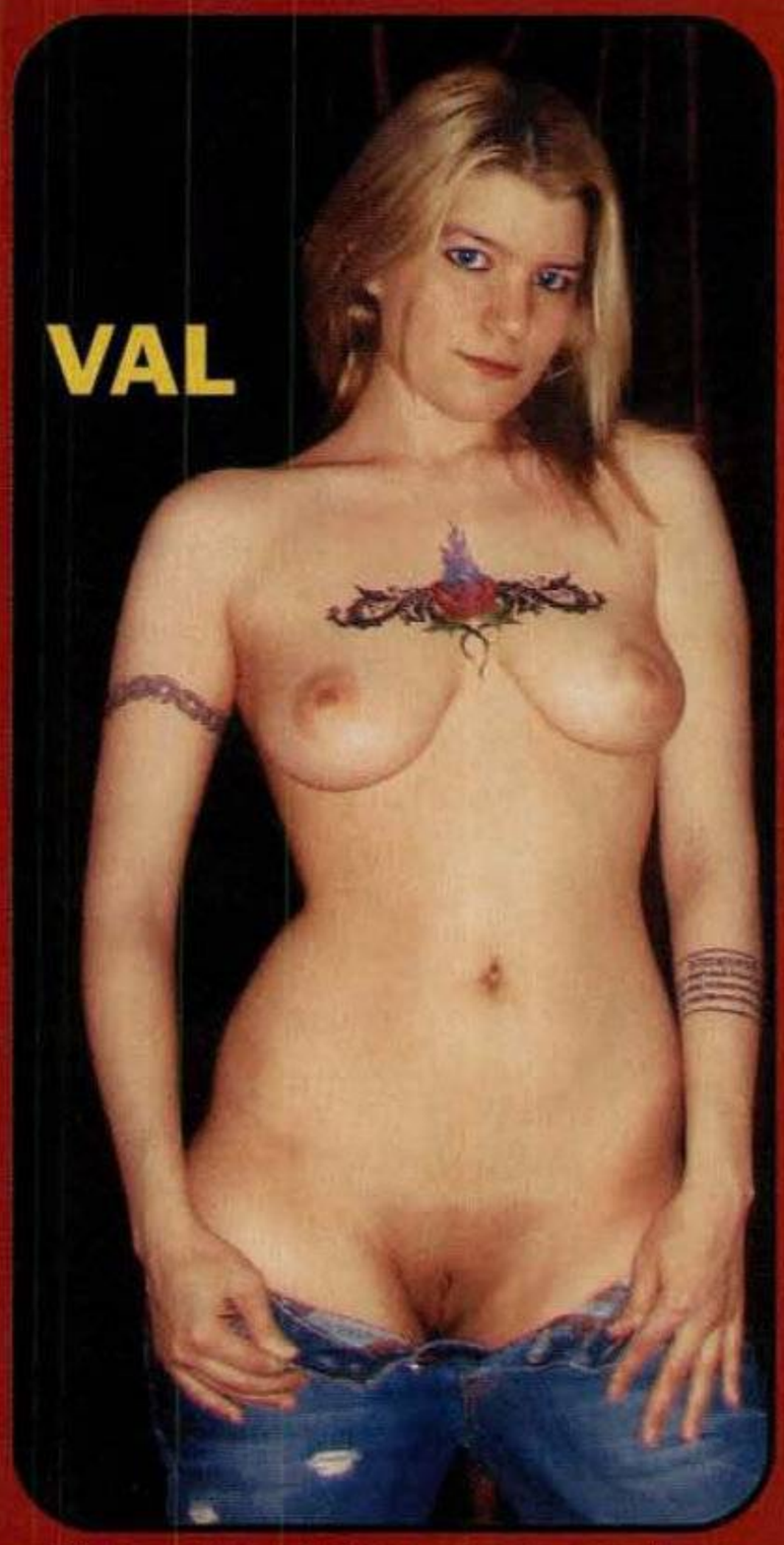
ELIGIBILITY: Candidates must be 18 years of age or older and currently enrolled in an accredited school. To be considered for exposure here, please follow detailed instructions in model release that appears on page **131** of this issue and indicate ***Real College Girls*** on submission envelope. All published RCG applicants have a shot at HUSTLER amateur models' annual $5,000 grand prize!



"I hope you're not still mad that I came in your mouth!"

Beaver Hunt debuted in July '76, and the first contestant—Gloria—hailed from Aspen, Colorado. Now comes Sydney, 24, a Colorado Springs nanny who "thought it would be fun" to give us a peek in all *her* glory. "I'm always horny," the bondage and horseback riding buff admits. "What I love most is sucking dick, and I'm also into anal." Outgoing Sydney's desire is "being dommed on the beach by complete strangers." —Photos by Friend

"I love porn," says this 19-year-old online college coed from Grand Forks, North Dakota. "It's one of the most beautiful art forms imaginable." Once a Hooters waitress, Val quickly became much more daring. "At parties I'd strip," she recalls, "and then I really got into it." Does she ever! "I love partying hard like a rock star and, of course, having as much sex as possible, whenever and wherever!" Owning a nightclub is just one of Val's dreams, and singing isn't her sole talent. "I love giving head," boasts the 5-foot-7 coquette. "I have this tongue thing going. I've been told I'm very good." Is a future XXX starlet waiting in the wings? —Photos by Friend



"My sexual fantasy is having a lesbian encounter with the hottest human and porn star ever, Jenna Jameson!"

Wow! A Beaver finally shows off her box! Actually, the cutie in blue mentioned in a *Feedback* letter on page 191 received a necklace and new digital camera for her 22nd birthday. "My next set of pictures will be much better," vows the pride of El Paso, Texas. Look for foxy Jennifer's encore and dozens of other uninhibited amateurs in BEST OF BEAVER HUNT #38, coming to newsstands soon. —Photos by Husband

JORDAN

"God blessed me," says this petite 41-year-old from Baltimore. "It's neat to think I can have men all over the country looking at me." Also neat is Jordan's fave sex act: "oral on a guy, absolutely without a doubt!" This "regular woman who prefers drawing outside the lines" entertains a picturesque wet dream: "sex under a waterfall." —Photo by Jordan

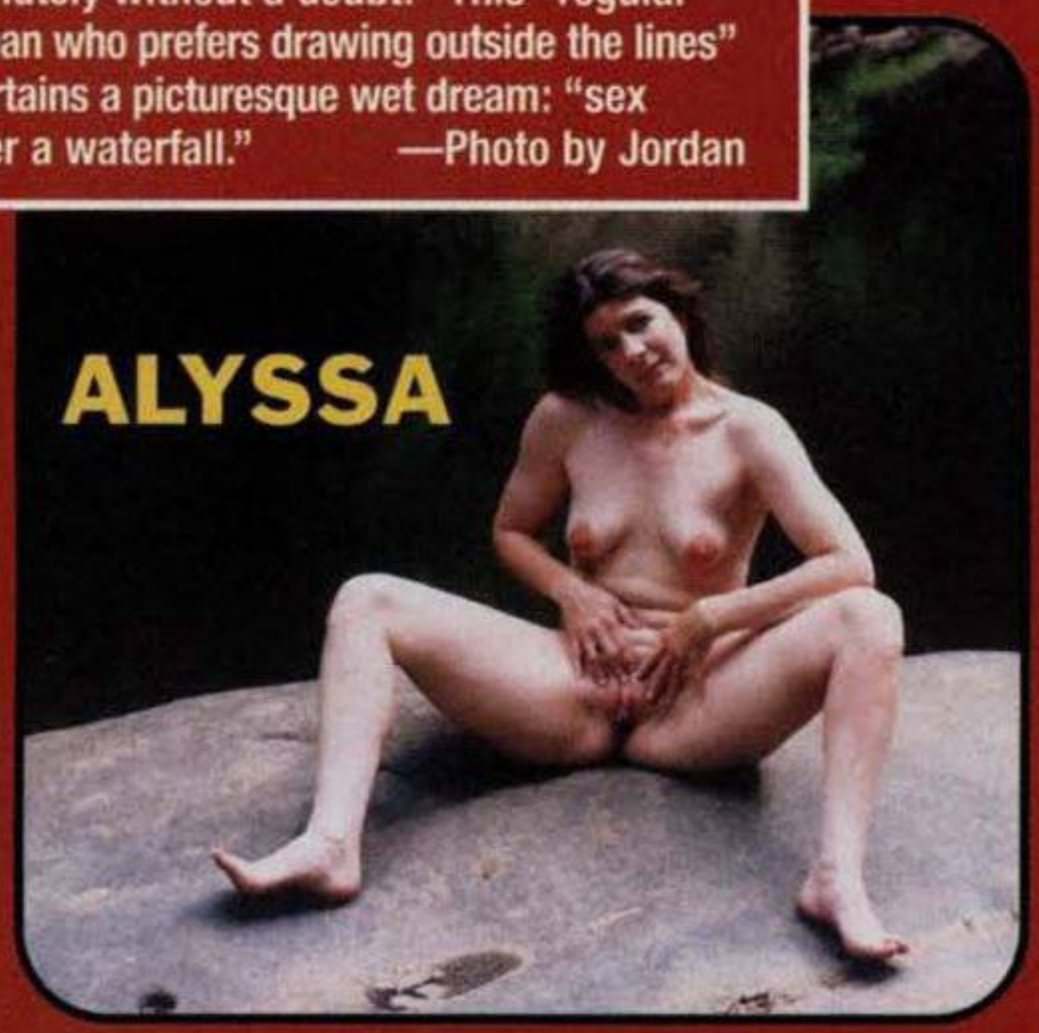
KAYCEE

Always on the prowl for a patriotic and erotically inclined flag barer, we now present Kaycee, a 35-year-old homemaker from cozy Coon Rapids, Minnesota. "I'm a budding exhibitionist," says the magazine virgin, a horror movie diehard who claims to be "kinky and very wild." How wild? "I went to this social club one night," she explains, "and had sex with my boyfriend at the time while other people were watching us. That was a huge turn-on." Looking to maybe cross the lesbo frontier, Kaycee—an avid devotee of amorous toys—dreams of "being involved sexually with my best friend." —Photos by Friend

ANGEL FARO

Now it's time to meet a lovely 5-foot-5 meter reader and aspiring songbird from Grand Prairie, Texas. "The idea of men looking at me in a magazine is very exciting," says Angel, who blows ID checkers and admirers away when they see she's hit 35. Assessing her sexuality as "upbeat," Ms. Faro also points out, "I masturbate a lot." The filly's loftiest ambition is "to make men drool by being a centerfold." Even just a pair of amateur snapshots should be sufficient for salivation. Hallelujah! —Photos by Angel Faro

ALYSSA



Here's a registered nurse and summertime nudist out of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, who enjoys hiking, backpacking and "wild sex." Adds Alyssa, 35, "I'm pretty much open to anything, but mutual oral rocks!" For a "swinging housewife" fantasy, she's got "getting it on with hubby in public and then inviting a few hot girls and other couples to join in for an orgy." —Photo by Husband

IVY

"I want to have hot, passionate sex on the beach after scuba diving at Australia's Great Barrier Reef!"

"Back when I tended bar at a strip club," recalls this Rapunzelesque denizen of Arlington, Texas, "people tried and tried to get me onstage." Now pouring drinks at a gin mill sans nude dancers, Ivy, 32, has finally given everyone more than a passing glance. "I'm married to a camera buff," the B-movie, roller-skating and barbecue fan discloses. "I like the caught-in-the-shower shot." And sex, of course. "I'm very active and experimental," the vivacious country girl chirps. "It's *all* good." Having enjoyed a few trysts in the woods, Ivy now wishes "to screw Down Under." —Photos by Husband

JENNI

"I have no problem with flaunting," coos this assistant manager from Peabody, Massachusetts. "I love to show off my body. Being a Beaver girl has always been a dream." A workout and wrestling buff, Jenni, 32, amplifies her private life with full-spectrum sex. "I'm bi," she admits, "and I'll try everything. I like to be in control, but I can also be very submissive." And vividly imaginative: "My sexual fantasy involves my boyfriend taping me having an orgy with other women, with lots of toys and strap-ons. Of course, he'll have to join in."—Photo by Boyfriend

REGINA

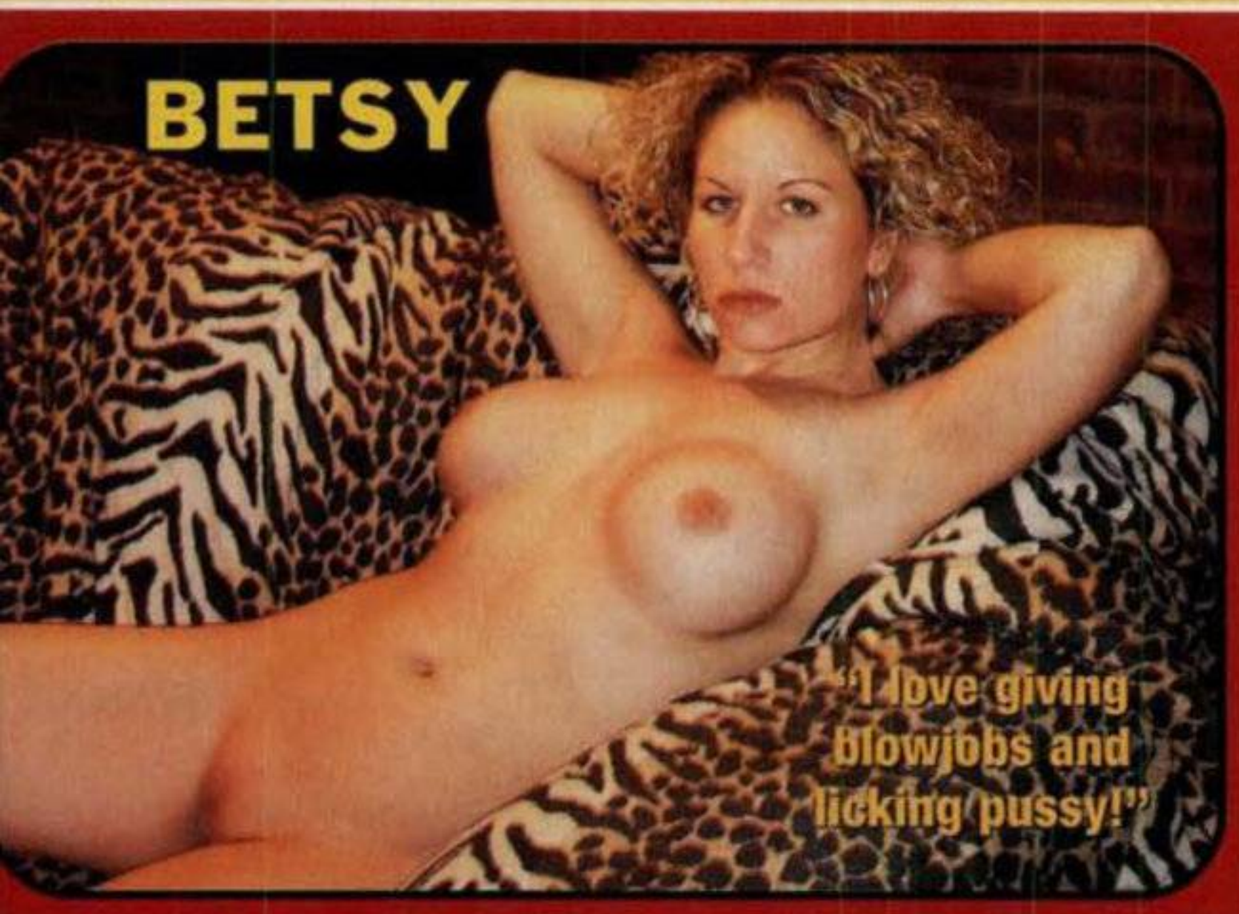
"Being a sex object at my age is wonderful," declares this zesty damsel from Leipzig, Germany. "Sex keeps me young." At 56, Regina is still basking at nude beaches and rolling in the proverbial hay, although the bondage aficionada does have "geriatric" hobbies—gardening and knitting. "I just never wear a stitch," reveals Regina, whose risqué fantasies include "wet, hand-fucking sex with two girls" and "spermashowers from beautiful men and transvestites." —Photo by Friend

T.J.

"I love HUSTLER," proclaims this sexy bank teller by way of Fort Wayne, Indiana. "I read every month's issue before my boyfriend comes home. Being in it is so cool." But T.J., whose low-key hobbies are tanning and shopping, is one hot newcomer. "I've been naked in my backyard," the 5-foot-8 Hoosier confides, "and there's no fence. The neighbors have probably seen me." Hang on, folks, T.J. is only warming up. "I'm very open," she adds, "and my guy and I do all kinds of stuff together. I really love to give head. I'm a big oral-sex person." On that note, T.J.'s top fantasy (she has a load) is "to suck my boyfriend's dick while his friends take turns on me." —Photos by Boyfriend

"I'd love to be able to see all the men when they get off to my pictures!"

"One of my fantasies is to be fucked in a very public place where lots of people will see it!"



Born on the Fourth of July 1974, right around when HUSTLER revved up, this interior designer from Evansville, Indiana, is an ideal Anniversary Beaver. Admittedly kinky and bi, Betsy digs stock-car racing, traveling and "hosting naughty parties." Her pedal-to-the-metal fantasy is "having sex on Victory Lane at the Daytona 500." —Photo by Fiancé

Looking for a little fun to round out a rigorous regimen of bodyboarding, horseback riding and "all-night sex with my man," this 5-foot-1 muffin from Maui decided to pose stark naked. Although especially fond of getting head, the 20-year-old Hawaiian pipes, "I love giving it too!" Mia's fantasy? "I've only been with guys, but I can't wait to be seduced by a girl." —Photo by Friend

AMATEUR PHOTO CONTEST
WIN $5,000 CASH!

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur exhibitionist 18 years of age or older? If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $350 and a chance at the mag's annual Grand Prize—a layout worth $5,000. (Grand Prize Finalists win $1,500 each; the Grand Prize Winner's lensman pockets $500, the Finalists' shooters $250 each.) All photographers of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here in the near future.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

City | State | Zip

Hobbies & personal interests

Sexual fantasy (can be listed on separate sheet of paper if necessary)

I hereby declare under penalty of perjury that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release/entry form and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide entry form) | Date (month/date/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of $350 for photographs, I grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself [the "Images"]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as LFP Publishing Group, LLC may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

BLUE-MOVIE ★★★★ SHOWCASE

EDITED BY TOM FARRELL

Bustful of Dollars: *"I want your six-gun in my holster, baby!" chirps Brianna Love.*

Bustful's *Taryn Thomas takes Manuel Ferrara up the old dirt trail.*

Bustful of Dollars

DIRECTOR: JAMES AVALON. **STARRING:** BRIANNA LOVE, VERONICA STONE, RILEY MASON, NIKKI NIEVEZ, TIFFANY RAYNE, VERONICA LYNN, CHARLOTTE STOKELY, ANNA PIERCESON, LEAH LUV, TARYN THOMAS, LISA MARIE, MANUEL FERRARA, ERIK EVERHARD, MR. MARCUS, JOHN STRONG, ETHAN CAGE, MARCOS LEON AND REGAN SENTER. **VHS & DVD:** RED LIGHT DISTRICT FILMS.

Bustful of Dollars suffers from an embarrassment of riches. With twice the hot chicks (and twice the running time) of an average XXX outing, the hardest part is sifting through the hours of plot to get to the action. A hard-core spoof of a spaghetti western might have been fun, but instead we're treated to a self-absorbed porn satire. At least director James Avalon wisely spent most of his big budget on the female cast, which is a virtual who's who of blazing newbies. Brianna Love and Taryn Thomas stand out in the crowd. Brianna is up for anything from mud wrestling to letting Mr. Marcus ride her like a pony. Plus, the sight of this trollop (as well as her *compadres*) in bottomless chaps would even bring the *Brokeback Mountain* guys to their knees. Taryn tears shit up, going buck-wild for an ass-whupping not once, but twice. *Bustful of Dollars* has its flaws, but back-to-back orgies with nymphos in cowgirl hats are not among them. ***—Kevin Wright***

Teagan Presley (above and right) personifies a gorgeous young hussy's ***Raw Desire.***

Raw Desire

DIRECTOR: LAURENT SKY. **STARRING:** TEAGAN PRESLEY, DILLAN LAUREN, BOO, CHARLIE LAINE, TALON, FELIX, VANESSA, MARC DUATO, NICK MANNING, GEORGE, WEIN LEWIS. **DVD:** VIVID.

Laurent Sky's futuristic vision of all things techno and pornographic combines *Blade Runner* trappings and post-*Tron* special effects. Set in an ersatz world of tomorrow, *Raw Desire* provides scorching sex scenes shot against backdrops stamped with sloganistic words like *Art* and *Fashion* and computer-generated, laser-zapped screens. The end result is an artsy presentation that stimulates and titillates, but doesn't forget that it's XXX-rated. In fact, the main menu includes a "Skip the BS" option to get viewers straight to the action. Vivid always showcases the prettiest girls in the biz, and with dolls like Teagan Presley, Dillan Lauren and Charlie Laine who love to suck and fuck, you can't go wrong. That *Raw Desire* is so nicely filmed just adds to its impact. Can't ask for more. ***—Alan Smith***

Riley Mason (left) and Veronica Stone square off versus Brianna Love in the Wild West hoedown ***Bustful of Dollars.***

5 People You Meet in Porn: *Angela Stone does her best Elvis impersonation.*

Way of the Dragon: *Charmane Star and Jamie Huxley breathe fire.*

Brooke Haven gets more than a mouthful in ***5 People You Meet in Porn.***

Marie Luv loves the cock in ***Way of the Dragon.***

5 People You Meet in Porn

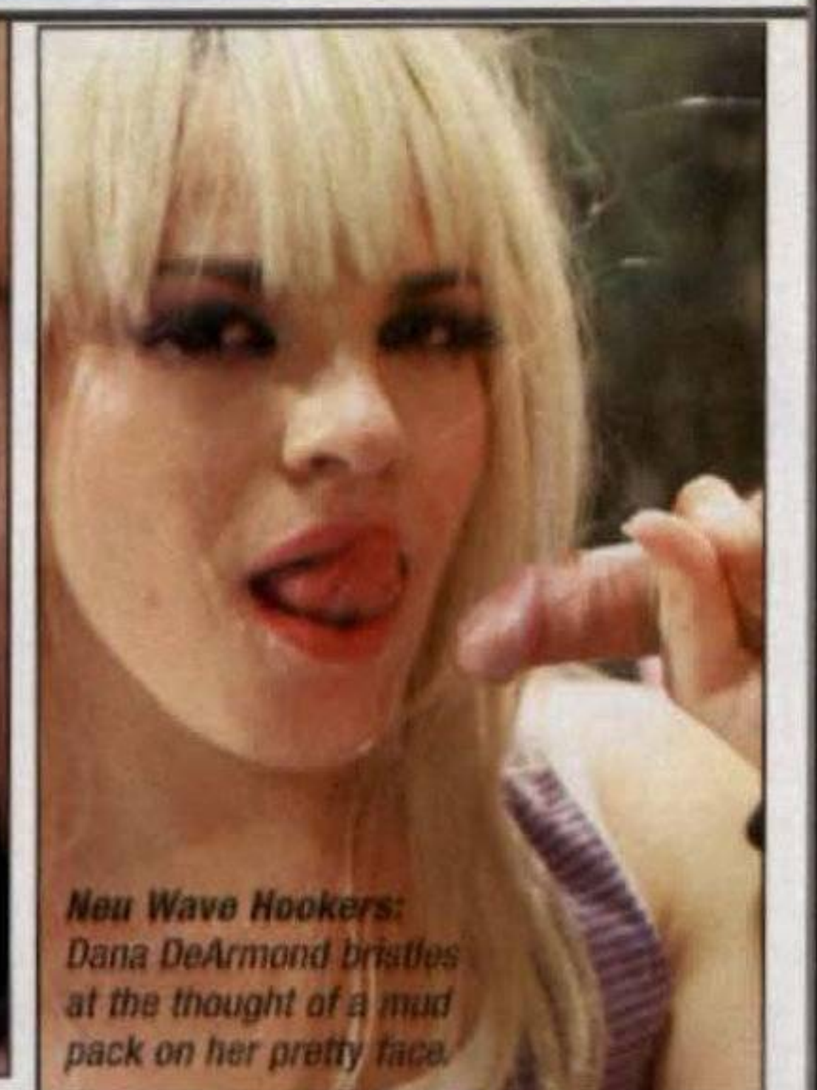
DIRECTOR: JEROME TANNER. **STARRING:** HARMONY, JAMIE HUXLEY, TIFFANY TAYLOR, ANGELA STONE, BROOKE HAVEN, SCOTT NAILS, JACK LAWRENCE, EVAN STONE, JACK VENICE AND MANUEL FERRARA. **DVD & VHS:** HUSTLER VIDEO.

5 People You Meet in Porn is all about one person—Harmony Rose. Ms. Rose is arguably the hottest talent in the industry right now. The chick is so together that she doesn't even need her old last name anymore. Just the moniker Harmony is enough to get tongues wagging for those who've seen this gorgeous blonde in action. Besides T&A that'll bring a tear to your eye, she's got enough charisma and acting chops to carry the film. Starting with luscious brunette Jamie Huxley, who kicks things into high gear with an explosive performance, director Jerome Tanner splendidly captures the high-octane action. The women are flawless, and every moment is intense. Technically, Harmony has only one featured scene, but she appears throughout, even if just to masturbate. Plus, the doll lends a hand—or more accurately, her mouth—in Angela Stone's spectacular squirting scene and Brooke Haven's anal. You don't want to miss *5 People You Meet in Porn.* ***—K.W.***

Way of the Dragon

DIRECTOR: CELESTE. **STARRING:** SOPHIA SANTI, JANINE, CHARMANE STAR, JAMIE HUXLEY, MARLENA, CELESTE STAR, SARA STONE, BOBBI BLAIR, MARIE LUV, JAMIE LYNN, PENNY FLAME, TALL GODDESS, SCOTT NAILS, BEN ENGLISH AND JERRY. **DVD:** DIGITAL PLAYGROUND.

Sophia Santi makes her presence felt in Celeste's tastefully shot *Way of the Dragon.* A sensual performer with a great body, Sophia is easily recognizable by the giant dragon tattoo that covers her back. The vixen only does girl/girl, but with babes like Janine, Marlena, Bobbi Blair and Tall Goddess lining up to fuck her, it's a little hard to complain. Especially since Sophia keeps her blowjob skills sharp and her pussy wet with the help of strap-ons. Meanwhile, Sara Stone, Marie Luv and Penny Flame keep the stunt cocks employed. Charmane Star and Jamie Huxley double-team Scott Nails in one of the film's hottest non-Sophia scenes, while Celeste Star and Jamie Lynn provide some solo eye candy. The slow, but sexy action is set to mellow song stylings that reflect the movie's Asian theme. With all of Digital Playground's usual high-def bells and whistles, *Way of the Dragon* does Sophia Santi (and her ribald companions) justice. ***—K.W.***



Neu Wave Hookers: *Dana DeArmond bristles at the thought of a mud pack on her pretty face.*

Sierra Sinn gets doubly whorish in ***Neu Wave Hookers.***

Neu Wave Hookers

DIRECTOR: EON McKAI. **STARRING:** RILEY MASON, JOANNA ANGEL, JUSTINE JOLI, TIGER, NYOMI ZEN, SIERRA SINN, FELIX VICIOUS, DANA DeARMOND, JAMES DEEN, KURT LOCKWOOD AND TOMMY PISTOL. **DVD:** VCA PICTURES.

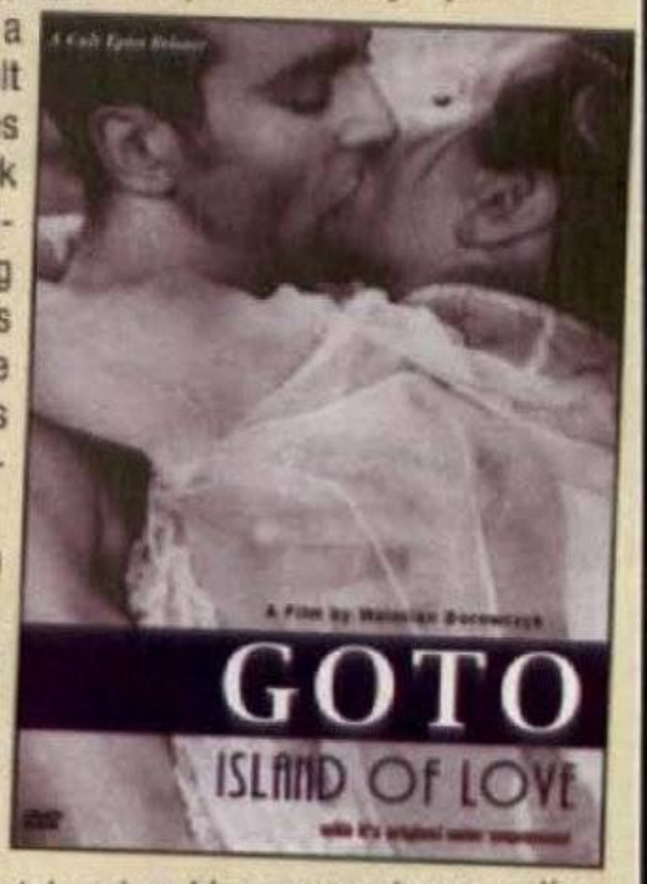
Like Peter Jackson's blockbuster remake of *King Kong*, VCA's *Neu Wave Hookers* triumphantly reimagines an original masterpiece with spectacular results. Director Eon McKai's inimitable style, enhanced by music from current indie and electro-clash bands, pays homage to the '80s while adding a cutting-edge twist. Leading ladies Joanna Angel and Riley Mason are phenomenal pinup types who like to play rough. Joanna takes it up the ass, while Riley is fucked hard in two scorching scenes, including a threeway with Nyomi Zen and Kurt Lockwood. Make that three total if you count Justine Joli banging Riley with a strap-on during a wild all-girl orgy. Most alt-porn films choose style over substance, but *Neu Wave Hookers* has plenty of both. The deluxe three-DVD set includes a bonus disc full of extras, as well as the original 1985 Dark Brothers classic (minus the infamous performance of an underage Traci Lords). The coolest XXX movie of the year. ***—K.W.***

WALERIAN BOROWCZYK

(1923-2006)

Cinema's Master of Perversion

ART-HOUSE FILMMAKER WALERIAN BOROWCZYK, a revolutionary and true erotic horror visionary, died this past February—just three weeks prior to the release of a collection of his works from Cult Epics. Rising up from the ashes of postwar Poland, Borowczyk became one of Europe's top underground animators, winning critical praise and prestigious awards. But in the late '60s he found a bolder outlet for his unique creativity: soft-core horror movies.



"The films of Walerian Borowczyk inspire and repulse, titillate and outrage," Cult Epics declares. "He is both a consummate artist, adept at staging and lighting even the most trivial items to give them a sense of grandeur and meaning, and a taboo-breaking provocateur, creating some of the most controversial and offensive *(continued on page 136)*

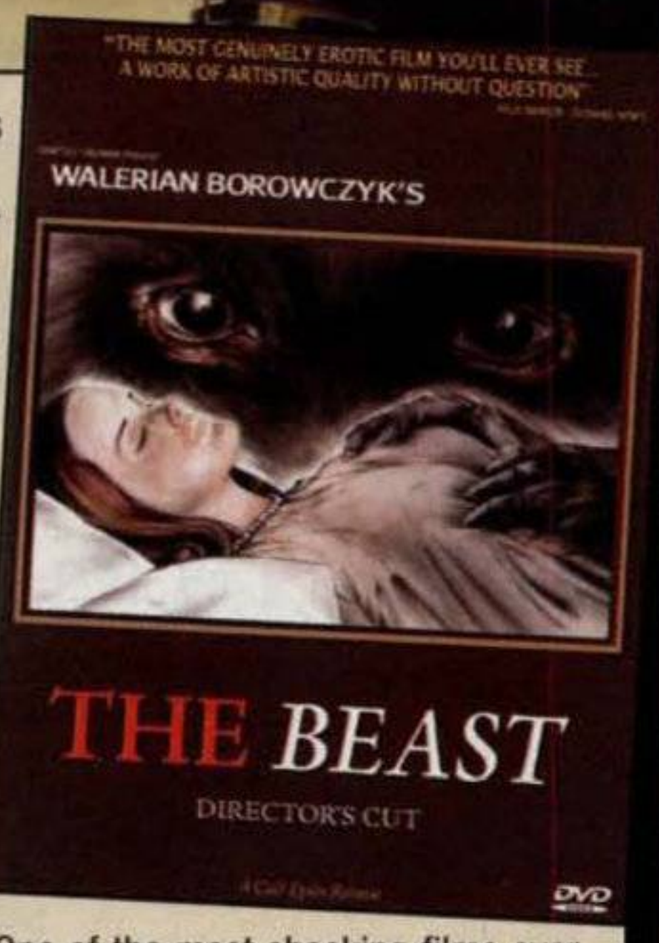
Borowczyk and star Sirpa Lane during filming of ***The Beast.***

WALERIAN BOROWCZYK

The legendary horror director on the set of his most controversial opus, ***The Beast.***

(continued from page 135) images of the 20th century."

The Walerian Borowczyk Collection captures three of the films that put the cutting-edge auteur in the same league as fellow European horror-porn directors like Jess Franco and Jean Rollin. The three-disc box set starts off with the DVD premiere of Borowczyk's debut feature, *Goto, Island of Love*, a Kafkaesque look at life on a devastated island in the late 1800s.



On disc 2 is *The Beast*, a 1975 release that cemented Borowczyk into cult-movie lore. One of the most shocking films ever at that point in time, *The Beast* recounts the journey of a young beauty on her way to meet the man she's to marry. In a sex scene that pushes the envelope even by today's standards, the bride-to-be's trip through the French countryside is interrupted by a horny, grotesque predator that assails her. Although it comes off like a XXX Benny Hill sketch, that sylvan encounter alone makes *The Beast* a standout in the annals of erotic horror.

Finally, the third disc contains *Love Rites*. Based on a story by prize-winning French author André Pieyre de Mandiargues, Borowczyk's final cinematic endeavor was released in 1987, but was rarely screened in theaters.

Besides offering all three classics in wide-screen versions, the box set includes various liner notes, a filmography, photo galleries, trailers, four collector's postcards and a bonus short film—*The Astronauts*, winner of three Grand Prix International awards. *The Walerian Borowczyk Collection* is available online at **CultEpics.com** and at select video retail stores.

Why's this chick called Jersey Jaxin when she's got a Texas tattoo on her tummy? Jersey Jaxin contemplates the state of the union in ***Teen Sensations #12.***

Intoxicated's *Charlotte Stokely is fit to be tied.*

Teen Sensations #12: *Tiger, Tiger, burning bright. Does she swallow; does she bite?*

Teen Sensations #12

DIRECTOR: ALEX LADD. **STARRING:** TIGER, SUNSHINE, JERSEY JAXIN, LAVEAH, HALEY SCOTT, KINZIE KENNER, BUSTER GOOD, NICK MANNING, CHEYNE COLLINS, CHRIS CANNON, MARCOS LEON, RENO AND VAN DAMAGE. **DVD & VHS:** DVSX.

Teen Sensations #12 director Alex Ladd knows how to shoot skin. Too many would-be pornographers just point and shoot, but technical details can make or break a great sex flick. Not since the late, great Clive McLean got the *Barely Legal* video series rolling has someone made this much effort to ensure that his girls look fan-fucking-tastic. Of course, it helps that Ladd is using some of the hottest seasoned jezebels and freshest faces in the biz. Kinzie Kenner, Haley Scott and Jersey Jaxin provide the star power, while Tiger, Laveah and Sunshine have a golden opportunity to make names for themselves. Apparently, Ladd must have kept these babes under lock and key before sneaking them onto the set, because this journeyman critic has never seen a more ravenous pack of cock fiends. As always, Kinzie is awesome. Meanwhile, Sunshine gets D.P.'d, and Laveah steals the world's greatest cocksucker crown from Jersey in a photo finish. *Teen Sensations #12* goes the extra mile to get you off. ***—K.W.***

Scott Nails plows Devon's virgin back 40 in **Intoxicated.**

True Hollywood Twins: Tawny Austin Kincaid is matched with real-life siblings Lacey Love and Lyndsey Love.

Intoxicated: Charlotte Stokely assumes the position for Scott Nails.

Lacey and Lyndsey have identical ambitions in **True Hollywood Twins.**

Intoxicated

DIRECTOR: CELESTE. **STARRING:** DEVON, CELESTE STAR, ALICIA ALIGHATTI, SAMMIE RHODES, CSILLA, KARLIE MONTANA, CHARLOTTE STOKELY, SANDRA SHINE, MARLENA, SCOTT NAILS AND JERRY. **DVD:** DIGITAL PLAYGROUND.

Intoxicated's claim to fame is Devon's first anal scene. Unfortunately, reducing the visceral thrill, the momentous event is presented in slow-motion with soft music dubbed over all the ensuing moans and groans. But that's not necessarily bad. Devon does look sexy with a cock in her ass. Plus, the shot of her crushing maraschino cherries in her hand while being reamed pretty much says it all. Digital Playground's 90-minute affair features ten episodes, including four sexy solo spots by Celeste Star, Sammie Rhodes, Karlie Montana and Devon. As a matter of fact, Devon appears in four scenes, highlighted by a threeway with Csilla and Jerry and a pussy-poke from Scott Nails. A busy dude, Mr. Nails also bones Alicia Alighatti and Charlotte Stokely along the way. The sex is surprisingly kinky, considering how soft it all seems. Director Celeste knows how to craft hard-core erotica that appeals to both men and women. Shot in high-definition widescreen with 5.1 digital surround sound, *Intoxicated* is for connoisseurs. **—K.W.**

True Hollywood Twins

DIRECTOR: PAUL THOMAS. **STARRING:** LACEY LOVE AND LYNDSEY LOVE, AUSTIN KINCAID, DILLAN LAUREN, CHRIS CANNON, BRETT ROCKMAN, JACK LAWRENCE AND STEVEN ST. CROIX. **DVD:** VIVID ENTERTAINMENT.

Identical twins Lacey Love and Lyndsey Love bring all your Olsen fantasies to life in *True Hollywood Twins*. In fact, the flick is a thinly veiled parody of Mary-Kate and Ashley, with jabs at Paris Hilton thrown in for good measure. Luckily for us, the Love twins are just as hot as (if not hotter than) everyone's favorite ex-jailbait duo. More importantly, the real-life college coeds aren't afraid to get down and dirty in front of the camera. The twins are featured in four of the five encounters, sharing cock side by side in three. The only scene without the two newbies features Dillan Lauren getting her ass reamed. Lacey and Lyndsey really come to life while sucking and banging Jack Lawrence, but they save the best for last. Austin Kincaid ignites the grand finale when she starts finger-banging the horny twins, and a full-blown orgy erupts when Chris Cannon and Steven St. Croix join in. Shot on film, *True Hollywood Twins* is the perfect showcase for the sexiest sisters in porn. **—K.W.**

JERRY MONTANO

OFFERING HIS TAKE on a pair of hard-core videos from the dark side—the third entry in DVSX's *Gothsend* series and Joanna Angel's Lovecraftian spoof *Re-Penetrator*—is one of heavy metal's most dogged bass guitarists. After stints with The Deadlights and Nothingface, Jerry Montano hit the big time by backing up Danzig for the past three years. "Glenn [Danzig] is a totally cool guy, and he's treated me great," says our guest critic. "He's a legend."

With no immediate Danzig tour in the works, Montano recently resurrected Nothingface. "I'm not really much of a fan of the new stuff out there," he confides. "I listen to everything from Social Distortion to Black Label Society to Depeche Mode. Everything from heavy metal to punk rock to old school. Sisters of Mercy one day, Pantera the next."

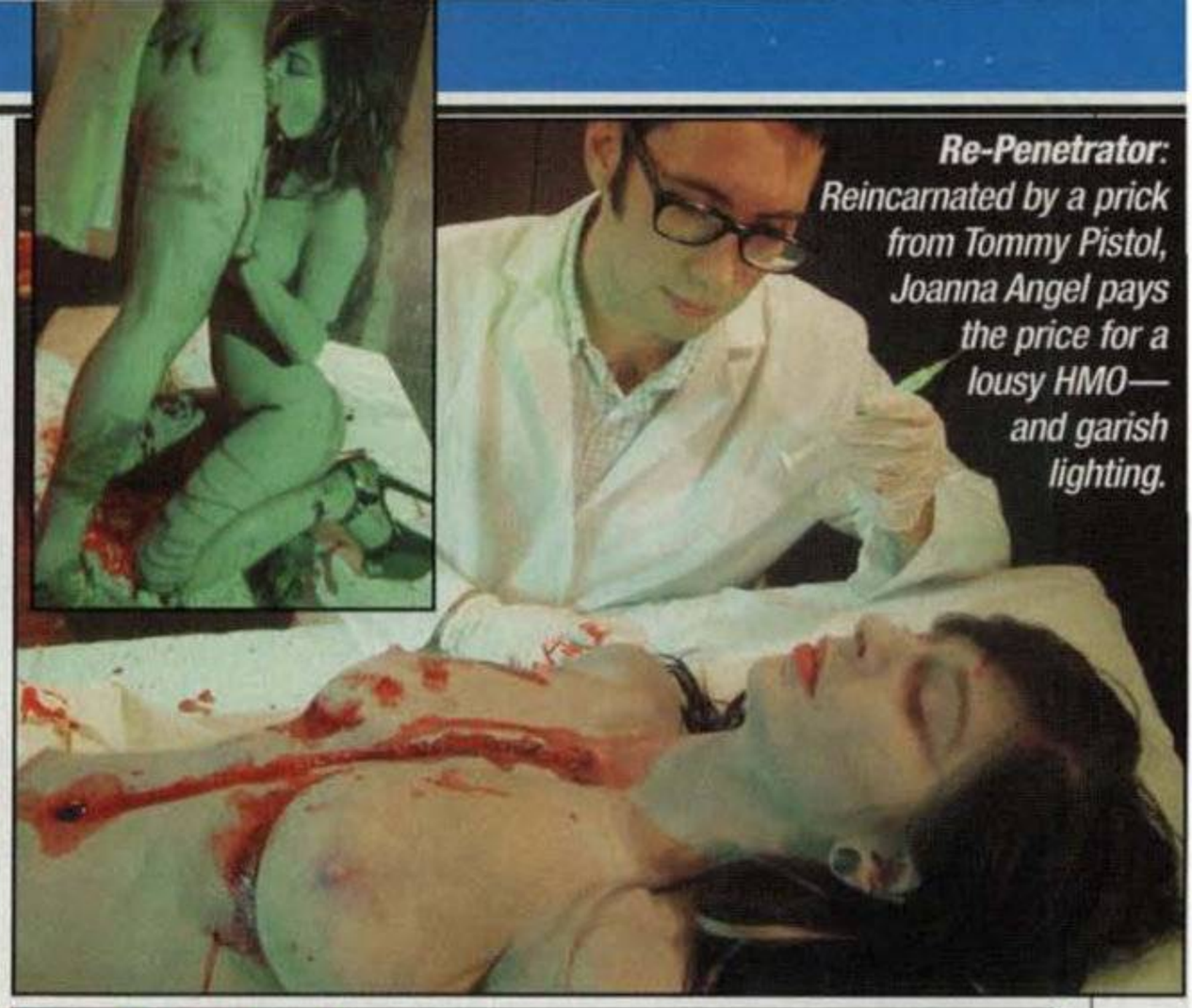
For Montano, the first porn star to ring his bell was voluptuous Christy Canyon. "She had those big old titties!" he fondly recalls. Having been in so many bands, the veteran bassist has inevitably encountered a bevy of fuck bunnies and sordid behavior. "I've seen it all," the Stephen King aficionado remarks. "You meet so many of them. A fuckin' two-headed midget could come in riding a donkey with dildos for ears, and you wouldn't give it a second glance." We won't say that four-string maestro Jerry Montano is jaded, but he sure has a way with words.

Jen X boffin' in a coffin for ***Gothsend 3.***

Gothsend 3

DIRECTOR: GUY CAPO. **STARRING:** BROOKLYN, CARMEN, DILLAN LAUREN, JEN X, RENEE PORNERO, TARYN THOMAS, ALIAS, BRETT ROCKMAN, CHRIS CANNON, JACK SPADE, JUSTIN SNYDE AND RENO. **DVD & VHS:** DVSX.

Hail Satan! You gotta give it up for all the goth girls, and if you're not into the blond scene, this movie is for you. These girls are all dark, dirty, loud and fucking tattooed. Your ticket to chicks getting fucked and shocked with electrical devices while sucking a cock and ready to take it in the ass daily has just arrived. Dillan Lauren is hot, and her scene alone makes the movie worth checking out. She's no Mercedez, but she's one dirty piece of work! Watching Jen X getting it in the casket was really great, and the chick getting shocked was funny, but one of the most memorable parts of the movie was Taryn Thomas's "Dead and Sucking It" scene. One thing could have made *Gothsend 3* even better: a lot more violence. Sex and violence are like Crown Royal and Coke. ***—Jerry Montano***



Re-Penetrator: *Reincarnated by a prick from Tommy Pistol, Joanna Angel pays the price for a lousy HMO—and garish lighting.*

Re-Penetrator

DIRECTOR: DOUG SAKKMAN. **STARRING:** JOANNA ANGEL AND TOMMY PISTOL. **DVD:** BURNINGANGEL.COM.

If you're a fan of blood, knives, naked women and horror, then you'll be happier than Jim Jones at a Kool-Aid convention. BurningAngel.com has put together a cool little ditty with *Re-Penetrator*, a short gore-and-horror sex film that is a takeoff on H.P. Lovecraft's *Re-Animator*. The acting sucks, but if you're like 99.9999% of the rest of the world, you aren't buying this for the talking! Anyway, good thing for this porno. It's straight to the point. A stripper gets resurrected by a mad scientist, then it's all about watching this Joanna Angel (the stripper) gag on a bloody cock after the mad scientist vaginally injects her with a serum that brings her back to life. Then the fucking and bloodshed begin. The black and bloody stilettos are a nice touch, and all the sex, blood and ass work out to a good combination. *Re-Penetrator* is a cool break from all the usual shit out there. ***—Jerry Montano***

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Britney Jay in ***Barely Legal #50.***

Precocious Cuties

Rule in *Barely Legal School Girls*

BY STEVE PALMER

Sunny Lane will soon be a hot roller.

A BRIGHT, SUNNY DAY QUICKLY HEATED UP when I arrived at a mansion tucked high in the Hollywood Hills, where HUSTLER Video was shooting the first volume of its new *Barely Legal School Girls* series. As I was introduced to director Will Rider, I marveled at the sight of so many totally innocent-looking girls not only fresh out of high school, but also eager to get down and dirty in a hard-core video.

The story revolved around a mythical university sorority called Alpha Pussy Chi, and every sorority sister was drop-dead gorgeous. Blond muffin Ashley donned a pink cheerleading uniform complete with pom-poms, while Daisy chose an enticing blue plaid skirt that barely covered the Latina's juicy pussy. Lexi was adorned in a bright-orange skirt with matching fuck-me socks, and adorable Adrianna came prepped in a tiny green skirt and demi-shirt that accentuated her budding titties. And last but not least was Michelle Maylene, who had to show her ID twice because the compliance person couldn't believe the horny hottie was of legal age.

"Okay, ladies," the director commanded. "I want to see some cheerleading!" In unison the babes began jumping up and down, shaking their booties and bellowing "Alpha Pussy Chi" over and over. Their poolside routine was one of the sexiest things I have ever witnessed.

This *Barely Legal* spin-off did everything to make its young starlets even more fetching. With maps of the world plastered on the walls so they wouldn't forget where Indonesia was, the girls got to take turns drawing penises in coloring books and used huge felt-tip markers to write their names in bold colors. Everywhere I looked, Greek-style letters spelled out *Alpha Pussy Chi*, but it was the proximity of real-life pussy begging for cock that made me wish I were more than an observing journalist.

Just a few feet from me, Daisy shimmied out of her duds and began to suck on lucky stud Alex's monstrous cock. Like a pro, she dripped a river of saliva onto his shaft while squeezing his balls tightly with one hand. For a few more minutes, Daisy's tongue swirled around the crown of her partner's dick and down to the base like a snake looking for a mouse before the young floozie climbed on top in the reverse-cowgirl position. Slowly, her hot, wet, oozing coed cunt engulfed Alex's entire rod. "Oh, yeah, fuck me, baby!" the foxy señorita moaned, and what ensued was some of the sweetest sex imaginable. After the furious fucking and a second round of fantastic fellatio, Daisy took a massive load directly onto her face and gulped every drip of jizz like a campus cafeteria dessert.

Michelle Maylene may have been the youngest-looking tyke of the bunch, but she tackled a humongous prick and sucked the wind out of it during an Oral 101 lesson, ravishing her tutor during a mind-boggling tryst. In my opinion, girls coming of age shouldn't be such gifted cocksuckers, but I was even more shocked seeing that the newbie had no problem taking a massive schlong deep into her almost-virginal vagina.

Moving the camera in for an extreme close-up, Rider instructed Michelle to look directly into the lens. "When you come, make sure you get it into my mouth and not in my eyes," she pleaded, and her well-hung Romeo's aim was true. His jizz bomb flew into the coquette's mouth and onto her chin, with some splooge finding a temporary resting place on the chickie's youthful tits before dripping all the way down toward her exhausted pussy.

Every gal in *Barely Legal School Girls* was a perfect 10 and fucked like a whore under a Navy pier. In fact, I can't remember visiting any porn set frequented by such fine fresh meat. Hats off to producers Jeff Mullen and Scott David and director Will Rider for creating a blazing collegiate romp. On my way out, I asked the director why he prefers casting breathtaking babes in their late teens, and his reply was classic: "Young girls really appreciate a good fuck," Rider declared, "and that's what *Barely Legal School Girls* is all about." And with that, Rider kicked back on a sofa, a dazzling coed snuggling at his side.

Director Will Rider catches James Deen laying pipe in Lexi Love.

Makeup artist Maryanne preps Ashley Steel and Valerie Vasquez.

Rider gets what he's looking for from Michelle Maylene (left) and Lexi Love.

HUSTLER'S

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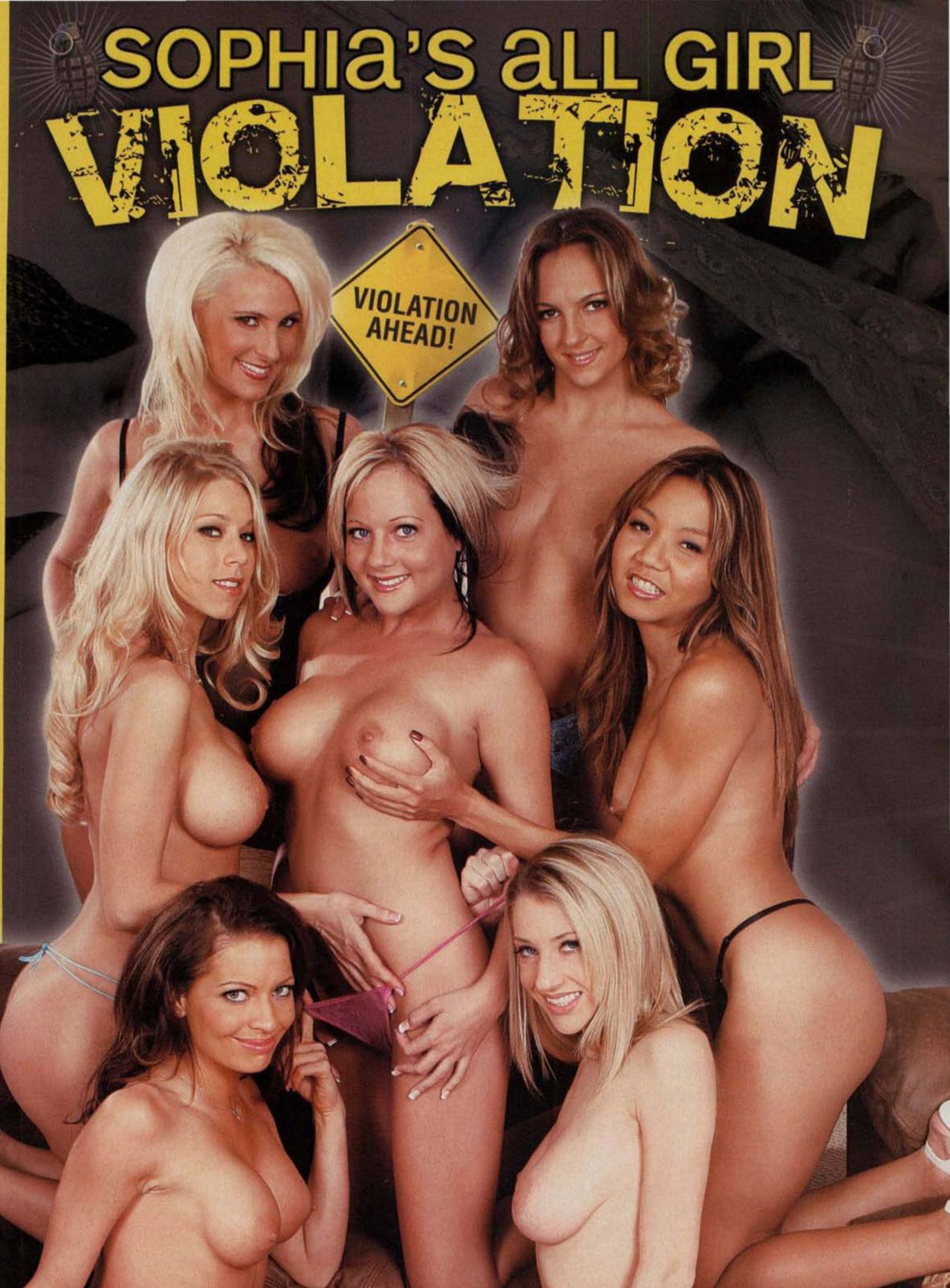

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7
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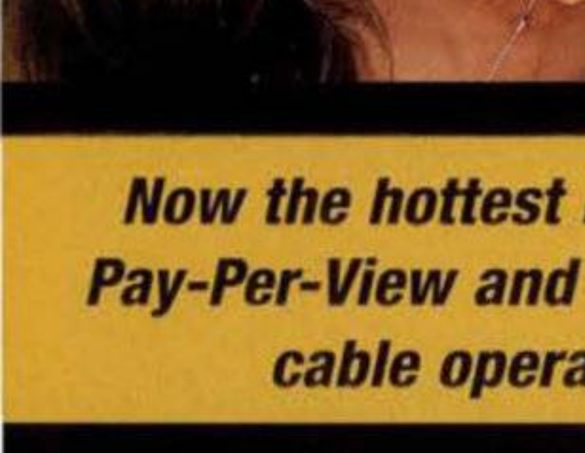

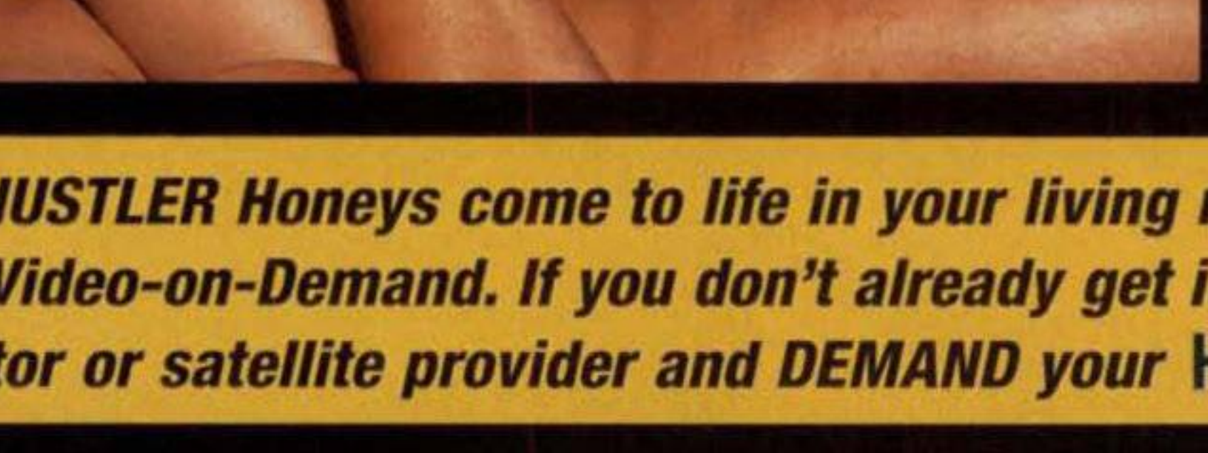

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Reginald (K.D.) has returned home victorious from a challenging round of polo matches at the club. Thrilled to the bone, mouth-watering Muffy (Mya Luanna) is ready to celebrate her husband's latest triumph.

Wait! Polo? Who plays polo, and what the hell is polo anyway?! All we know is it's some sort of blue-blood sport involving horses, mallets and really gay-looking attire. So to bring everyone up to speed, here's a quick lowdown.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

MYA LUANNA & K.D. A GUIDE TO POL

◆ Polo is the oldest organized sport in the world. Nomadic warriors played it more than 2,000 years ago. Rumor has it the first polo balls were human heads.

◆ The British Cavalry drew up the first set of rules in the 1850s, firmly establishing the game in a country where we understand numerous men dress like women.

◆ American publisher James Gordon Bennett brought polo to New York in 1876. He also brought home a nasty rash.

◆ By 1930, polo—in the midst of its golden age—became an Olympic sport, sadly leaving the door open for water polo.

◆ Established in 1890, the United States Polo Association (USPA) now sanctions more than 225 member clubs, with an estimated 3,000 registered players.

◆ A match is divided into six seven-minute periods called chukkers, with a ten-minute overtime should the score be knotted at the end of regulation.

◆ Each team has four players mounted on horseback (mostly thoroughbreds, not ponies), using mallets, also known as "sticks," to whack the ball. Although scoring goals is the objective, looking cool and impressing the ladies are indispensable.

0

We hope our polo tidbits have been mildly entertaining. And thanks to Muffy and Reginald for a hard-fought chukker.

Mya Luanna scores in *Desperate Housewhores #3*, *Asian Persuasion*, *Breakin' In the New Chick* and *Asian Sex Objects #2* on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HUSTLERhollywood.com to order.

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Brute	3mo. []	1Yr. []
Bill Blass	3mo. []	1Yr. []
Calvin Klein	3mo. []	1Yr. []
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Cool Water	3mo. []	1Yr. []
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Obsession	3mo. []	1Yr. []
Old Spice	3mo. []	1Yr. []
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MEPHISTO'S SUBLIMINAL SCRIPTS

Are extremely effective because each script is directed at a very specific topic and addresses every possible reason that a woman might have for rejecting these new sexual ideas. FACT: these new sexual ideas resurface as her very own.

Subliminal messages work whether you've known her 10 minutes or 10 years!

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For a more complete list visit our website:
www.mindcontrolling.com

[] SEDUCTION- CODE "Z" (Our most popular script for over 23 Yrs.) Perfect for First Dates. Simply play as background music to sexually excite any woman who hears it. She won't know why she's so Horney. The subliminal messages tell her to focus her desires on YOU.

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[] ANAL SEX- CODE "AN"
[] SEX TOYS- CODE "ST"
[] FEMALE MASTURBATION- "MB"
[] MENAGE A TROIS- CODE "MT"
[] DOMINANCE- CODE "SM"
[] REVEAL FANTASIES- CODE "RF"
[] SEXUAL EXPERIMENTATION- "SE"
[] GOLDEN SHOWERS- CODE "GS"
[] FOOT FETISH- CODE "FF"
[] INTENSIFY ORGASMS- CODE"IO"
[] VOYEURISM- CODE "V"
[] TABOO SEX- CODE "TS"
[] SEXUAL SLAVE- CODE "SS"
[] FACIAL CUM HUMILIATION- "FCH"
[] BI-SEXUAL FEMALE- CODE "BSF"
[] ANALINGUS- CODE "AL"
[] DIAPER FETISH- CODE "DF"
[] LEATHER FETISH- CODE "LF"
[] ORGY CREATOR- CODE "OC"
[] SEXUAL CLOTHING- CODE "SC"
[] SEXUAL ROLE PLAYING- "SRP"
[] SEXUAL BONDAGE- CODE "SB"
[] FISTING FETISH- CODE "FF"
[] EXHIBITIONISM- CODE "E"
[] GANG BANG- CODE "GB"
[] GROUP SEX- CODE "GS"
[] TITTY FUCKING- CODE "TF"
[] ARMPIT FUCKING- CODE "AF"
[] CAR SEX- CODE "CAR"
[] ENEMA SEX- CODE "ES"
[] INTER RACIAL SEX- CODE "IS"
[] STRAP ON SEX- (GIVING) "SOS-G"
[] STRAP ON SEX-(RECEIVING) "SOS-R"
[] ENJOY PORN- CODE "EP"
[] OUTDOOR SEX- CODE "ODS"
[] PHONE SEX- CODE "PS"
[] CROSS DRESSING- CODE "CD"
[] SUBLIMINAL VIAGRA-CODE "SV"
[] DARE DEVIL SEX- CODE "DS"
[] PREMATURE EJACULATION - "PE"

Also available, Self-Help Subliminal Scripts Designed to change destructive habits in yourself.

[] SUBLIMINAL DIET- CODE "SD"
[] LAST CIGARETTE- CODE "LC"
[] ERASE STRESS- CODE "ES"
[] ENERGY & EXERSIZE-CODE "EE"
[] MEMORY- SCRIPT CODE "M"
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10. Festive Holiday Music Favorites
11. Mountain Spring with Light Music
12. Tropical Rain Forest with Song Birds
13. Ocean Waves with Caribbean Music
14. Soft Rain with Background Jazz Music
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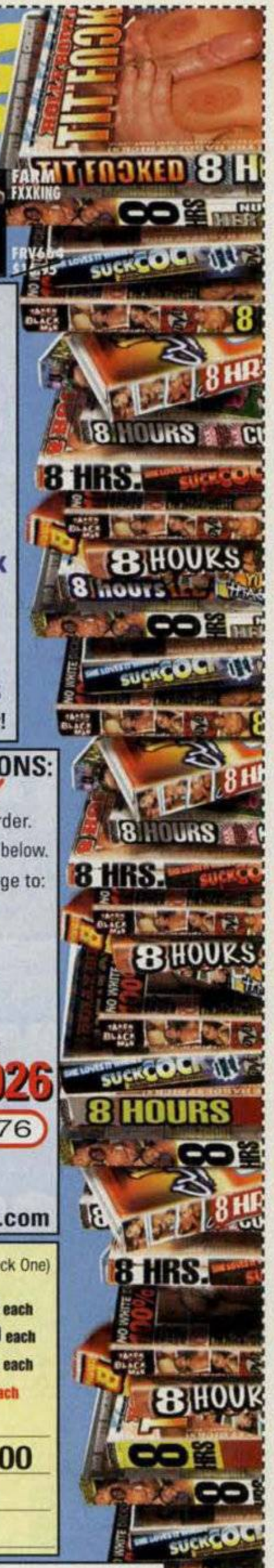

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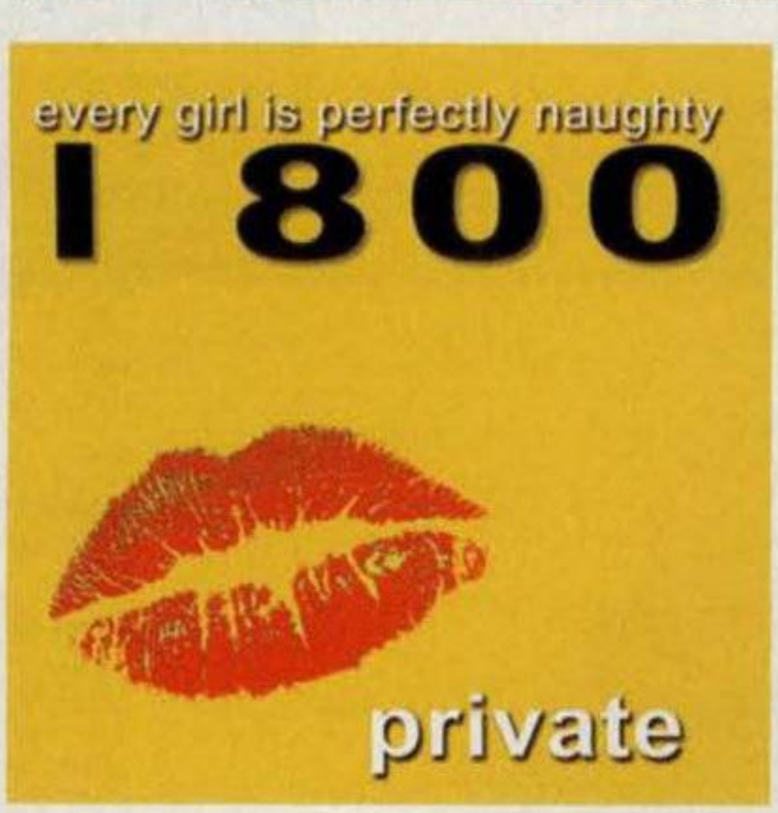
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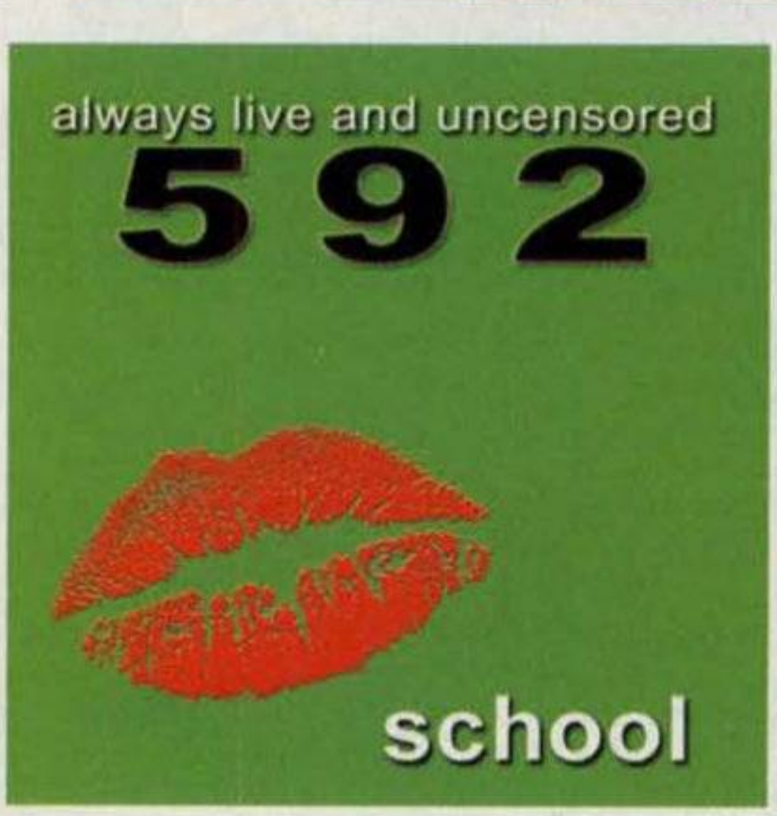
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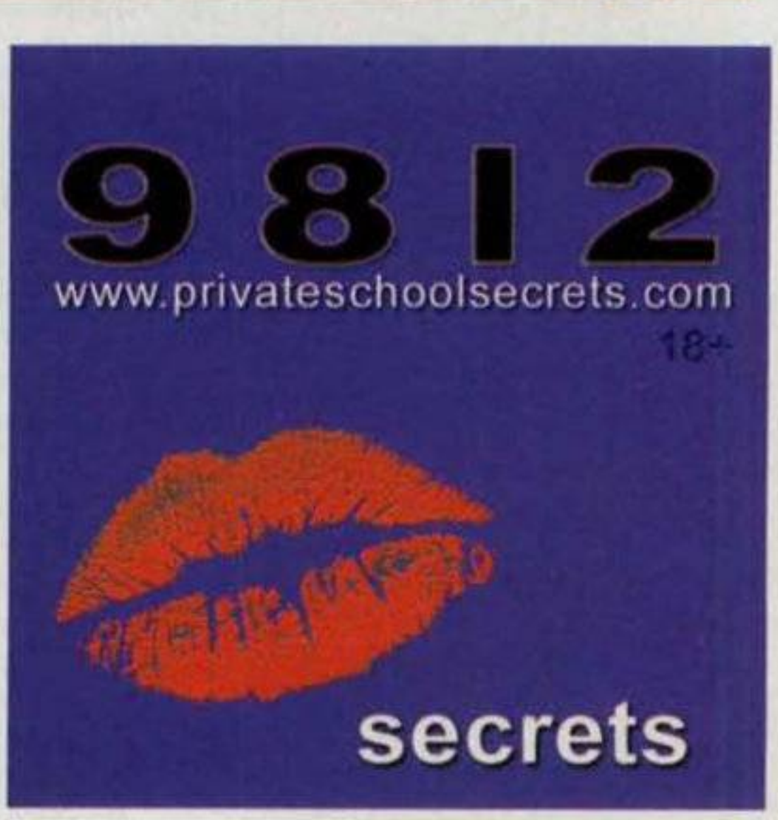
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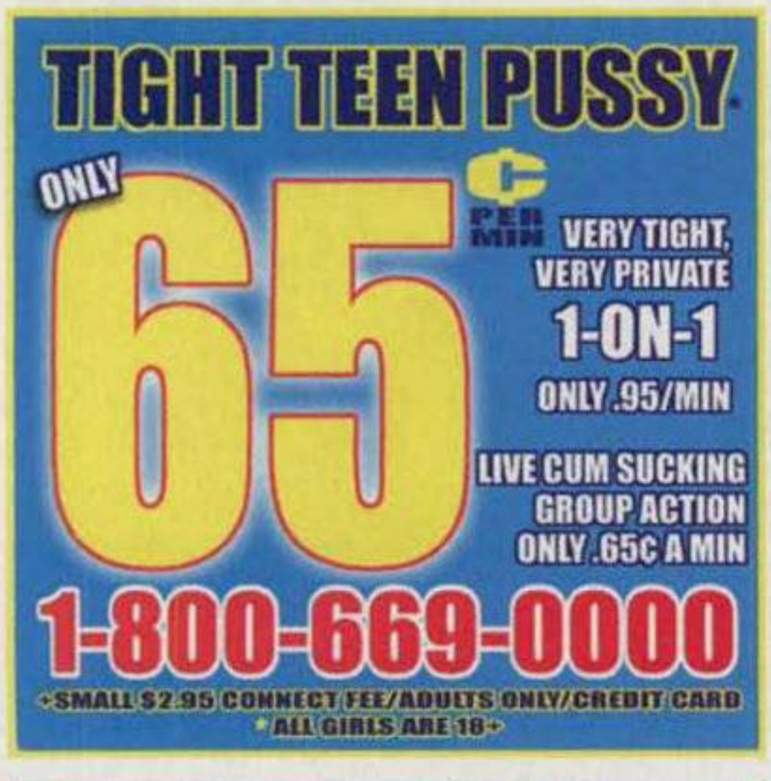
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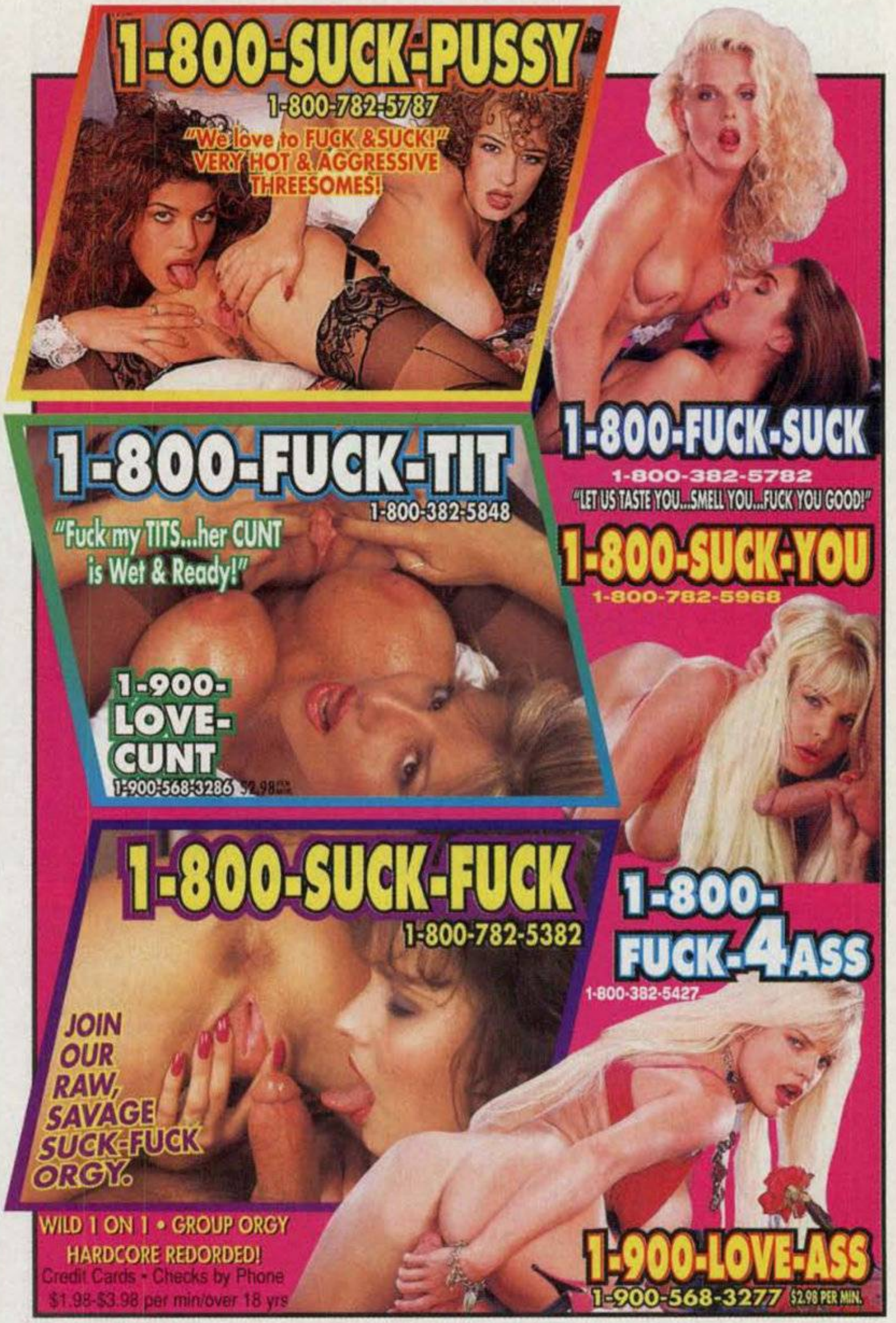
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1-800-SUCK-YOU
1-800-782-5968
1-800-SUCK-FUCK
1-800-782-5382
1-800-
FUCK-4ASS
1-800-382-5427
JOIN
OUR
RAW,
SAVAGE
SUCK-FUCK
ORGY.
WILD 1 ON 1 • GROUP ORGY
HARDCORE REDORDED!
Credit Cards - Checks by Phone
$1.98-$3.98 per min/over 18 yrs
1-900-LOVE-ASS
1-900-568-3277
$2.98 PER MIN.

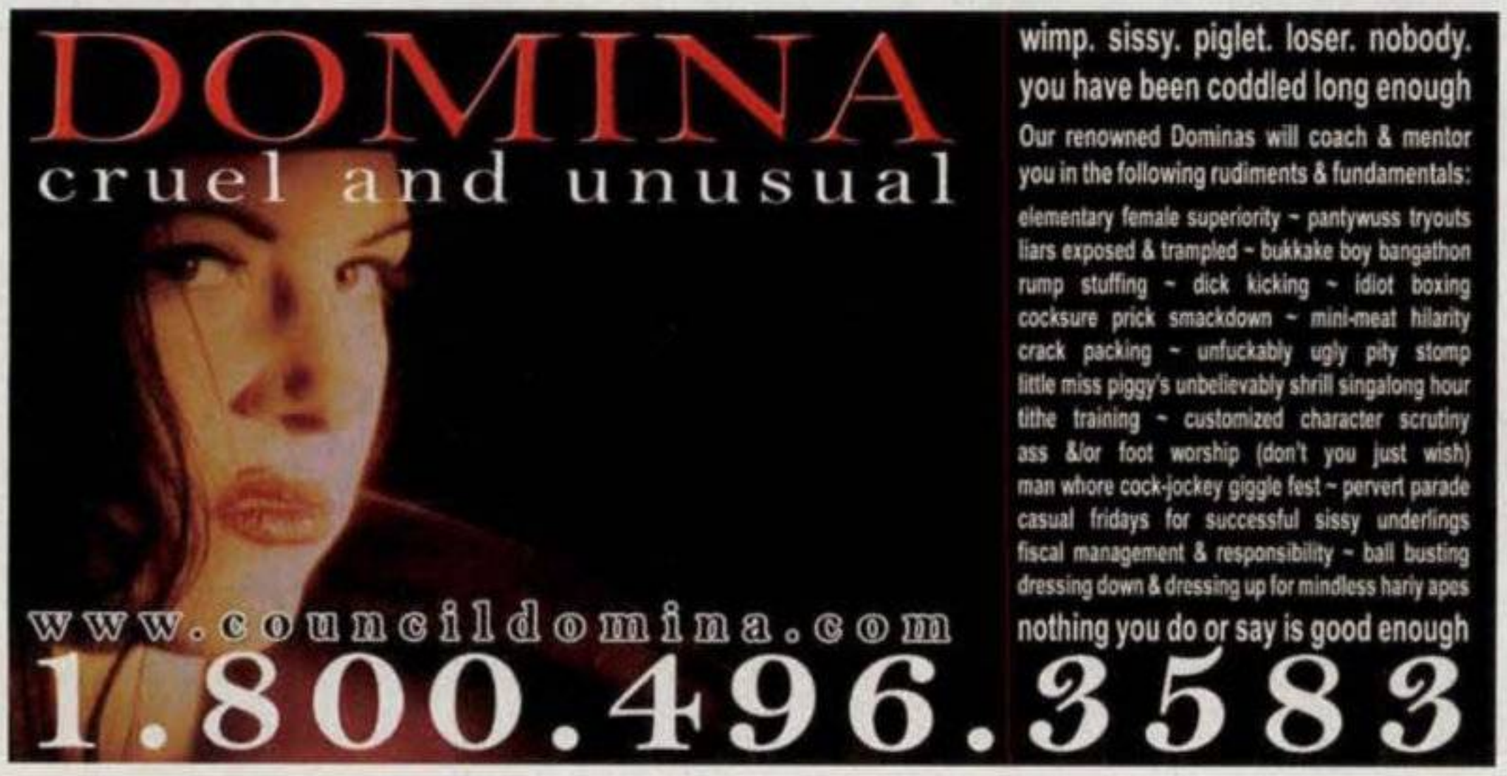
RED HOT PUSSY
1 ON 1 ONLY...
.95¢
PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+ SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

CALL NOW, SO I CAN MAKE...
1-800-670-UCUM
8286
ALL GIRLS 18+
From $2.49 / min. 18+ Major Credit Cards Accepted

Let's Explore
Our Kinky Fantasies
Together!
1-800
669-3D4C2C5K
MOST MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED $2.98 TO $3.98 PER/MIN. ADULTS ONLY!

BEST PHONE SEX...BEST PRICE
KINKY COLLEGE GIRLS
69¢
PER MIN
18+
1-800-644-4666
EAVESDROP ORGY

FUCK MY ASS!
LIVE 1-ON-1
59¢ Min
1-800-520-4SEX
1-900-263-8080 $2.99 Min. 18+


DOMINA
cruel and unusual
wimp. sissy. piglet. loser. nobody.
you have been coddled long enough
Our renowned Dominas will coach & mentor you in the following rudiments & fundamentals:
elementary female superiority ~ pantywuss tryouts liars exposed & trampled ~ bukkake boy bangathon rump stuffing ~ dick kicking ~ idiot boxing cocksure prick smackdown ~ mini-meat hilarity crack packing ~ unfuckably ugly pity stomp little miss piggy's unbelievably shrill singalong hour tithe training ~ customized character scrutiny ass &/or foot worship (don't you just wish) man whore cock-jockey giggle fest ~ pervert parade casual fridays for successful sissy underlings fiscal management & responsibility ~ ball busting dressing down & dressing up for mindless hairy apes
nothing you do or say is good enough
www.councildomina.com
1.800.496.3583

18+
Horny
ASIAN
Sluts
$10
Live 1 on 1
1-888-525-MING

SUCK ME OFF & I'LL FUCK YOU!
1-800-WET-TSTV
(1-800-938-8788)
FIRST TIMERS WELCOME!
NEW TSTV DATE LINE!
1-800-ASK-TSTV
(1-800-275-8788)
• LIVE
• 1 ON 1
• GROUP
• Totally Discrete

1-800-WET-TWAT
Fresh 18-21 year olds take it in both holes!
As Low As 95¢ A MIN!
Fuck us NOW!
Visa, MC, Amex, Discover Check By Phone
1-800-ASK-4-ASS
(1-800-275-4277)

Fresh GIRLS FROM Asia!
1-800-960-ASIA
(1-800-960-2742)
1 on 1 or group!
All NEW ASIAN DATELINE
U4601 All Models 18+

CUM SUCKING SLUTS

ONLY 65¢ PER MIN

LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 ONLY .95¢/MIN

LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN.

1-800-669-0000

+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

HARDCORE SEX FROM 29¢ Per Min

1-800-906-FUCK (3825)

18+

BARELY LEGAL PUSSY

1 ON 1 TUTORING...

ONLY .95¢ PER MIN.

1-800-669-1111

+SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

1-800 666-FUCK (3825)

MY PUSSY ACHES FOR YOUR HARD COCK!

Fuck my mouth... I'll milk your cock deep!

FUCK ME NOW!

1-800 666-SUCK (2866)

RAM IT HARD-UP MY ASS!

1-800 666-ANAL (2625)

FUCK ME!
SUCK ME!
DO ME!
JOIN ORGIES
BISEXUAL
AND MORE?

FRESH PUSSY!
ALMOST TOO YOUNG!

1-800 505 TEEN (8336)

1-800 666-1234

$1.98-$3.98 per minute/18 yrs + over

All Girls are 18+.

10 MINUTE Jerk Off!

1-800-955-7803

18+

TEENS READY TO FUCK

ONLY 89¢ PER MIN

LIVE ONE ON ONE

1-800-TO-WHORE (8669473)

ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD

ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

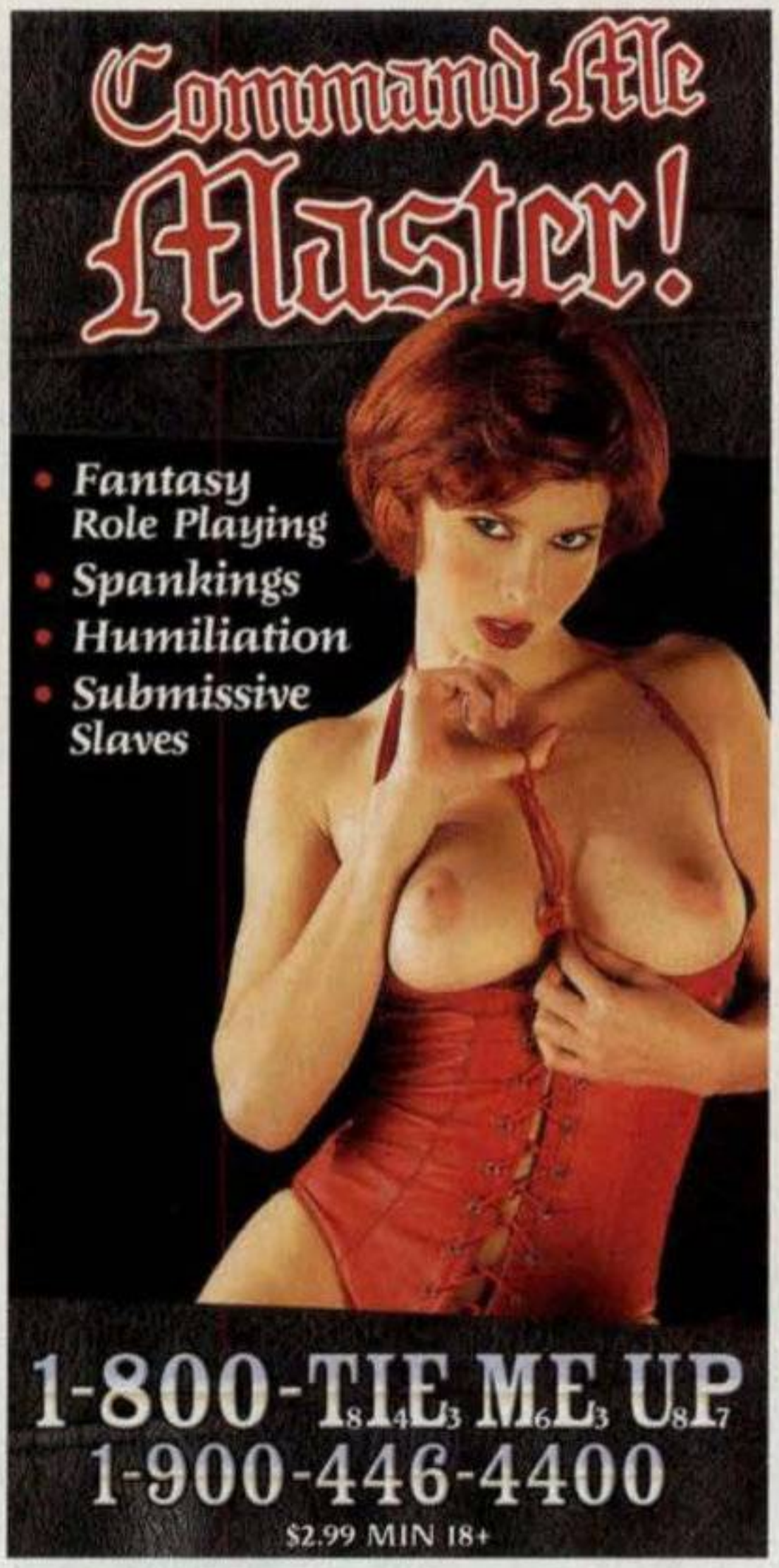
You'll Be My Bitch!

1-800 927 WHIP (9447)

From $2.49 / min. 18+ Major Credit Cards Accepted

ALL GIRLS 18+

BLOW JOBS
$10
LIVE TALK 1 ON 1
1-800-615-1488
1-900-988-6800
18+ $4.99 Per Min

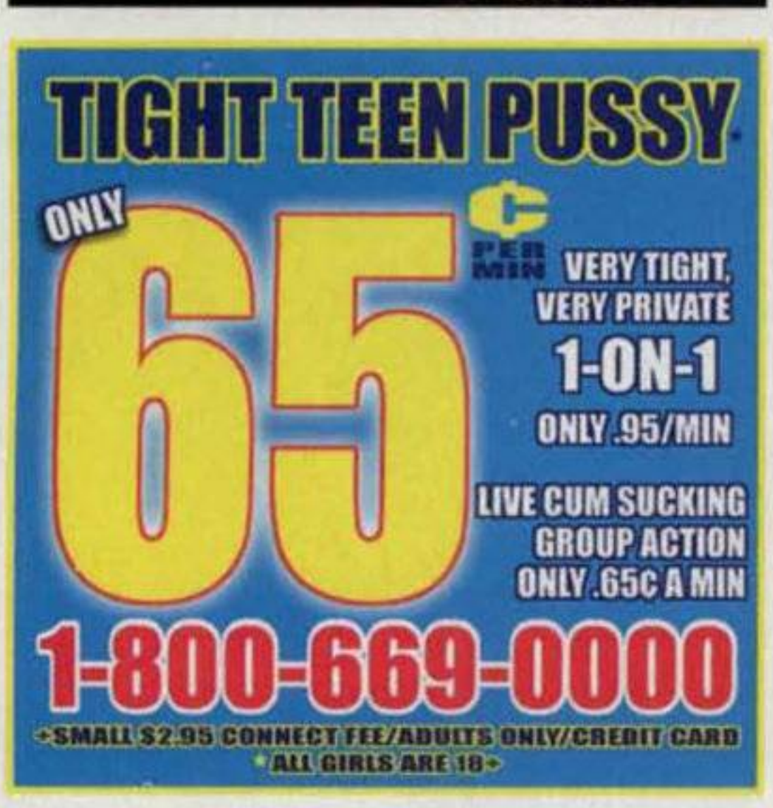

Command Me Master!
Fantasy Role Playing
Spankings
Humiliation
Submissive Slaves
1-800-TIE ME UP
1-900-446-4400
$2.99 MIN 18+

Don't fight the feeling, my clit is throbbing for you!
AS LOW AS
96¢
a min
1-800-WET-CLIT
938 2548

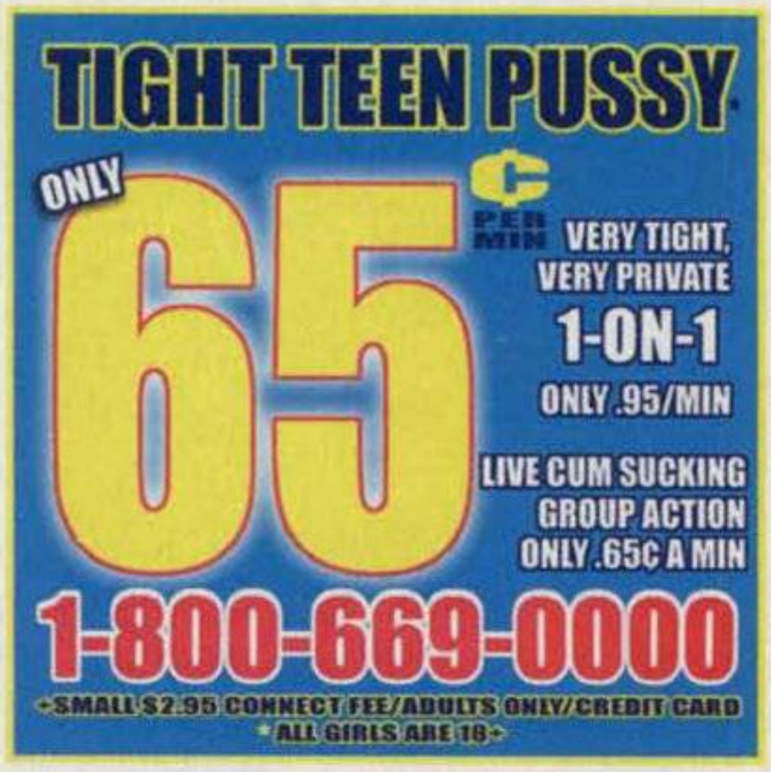
$10 BUCK
PHONE FUCK
LIVE 1 ON 1
18+
1-800-479-4468

I SUCK & SWALLOW
LIVE 1-ON-1
Only 99¢ Min
1-800-896-FUCK
3825
1-900-78-PUSSY
78779
$2.99 Min 18+

1-800-833-6288
"Cum feel how tight it is!"
"Cream this BaBy!"
1-800
TEEN BUTT
8336288
$ 3.99 / MIN. VISA / MASTERCARD / AMERICAN EXPRESS / DISCOVER MUST BE 18+
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+


TIGHT TEEN PUSSY
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65¢ A MIN
1-800-669-0000
*SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
*ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

TRY IT NOW
GET OFF
Sexy • Dominant • Kinky Women
FROM ONLY 69¢ PER MIN
1-800-560-6969
1-900-226-7800
$4.99 Per Min 18+
PHONE SEX FOR LESS


TIGHT TEEN PUSSY
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65¢ A MIN
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
*ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

RED HOT PUSSY
1 ON 1 ONLY...
.95¢
PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+ SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

Sweet Naughty Coeds
With Hottie Bodies!
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1-900-246-7874
1-800-478-7874
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WHERE LOCAL GIRLS GO WILD™
RedHotS dateline™
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TRY FOR FREE CALL NOW!
WWW.REDHOTDATELINE.COM

How Would You Like Me?
$1.89
per minute
cc and checks
Live 1-on-1
1-888-921-FUCK

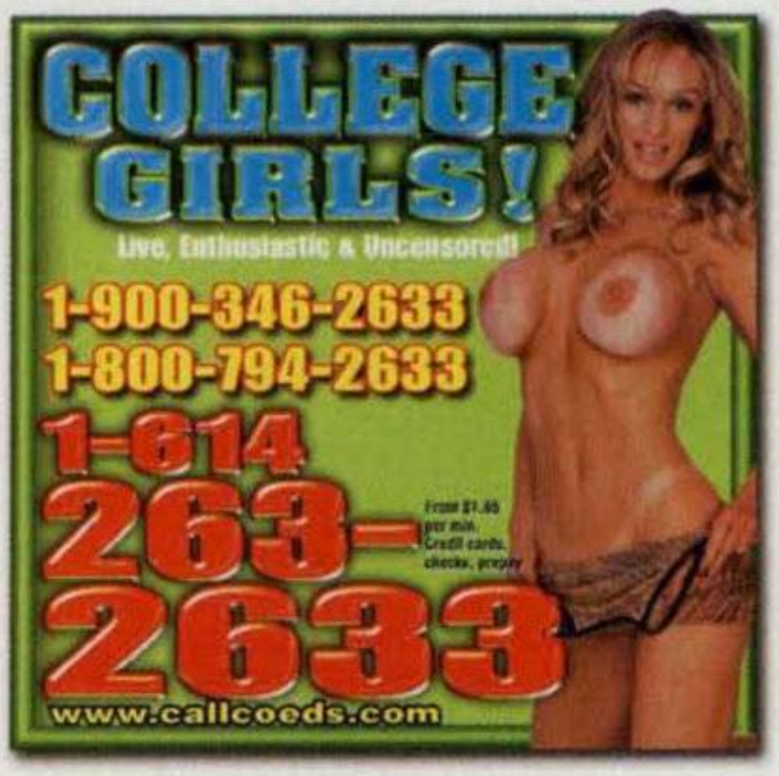
HORNY STEP MILFS!
I won't tell your dad.
Fuck... 1-800-MOM'S-BUTT
(1-800-666-7288)
SMILF DATELINE
1-888-MOM-LOVE
(1-888-666-5683)

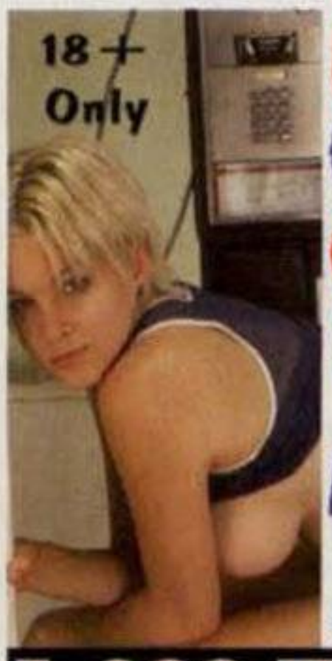
Chat & hook-up with REAL WOMEN from your cell NOW!
Send the text message HUSTLER to 32323

BITE MY NIPPLES
FUCK ME HARD
THEN CUM ON MY...
AS LOW AS 96¢ per min
All Models 18+
U4610
All Major Credit Cards Accepted & automated Check By Phone
ALL LIVE 1 ON 1!
1-800-WET-TITS
9 3 8 8 4 8 7

LIVE ONE ON ONE
I'LL BE YOUR TEENAGE WET DREAM!*
ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
1-800-TO-WHORE
8 6 9 4 6 7 3
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

Bi-Curious? 1.888.MANLINE





HOT LIPS' Cum Sluts Getting Your Rocks Off Since 1994
NO TABOOS
Only $2/min
Credit Card Required
1-800-746-1396

I'M GONNA BEND THIS SLUT OVER & FUCK HER ...
1-800-Wet-Clit
(1-800-938-2548)
JOIN US NOW!
1 ON 1 OR GROUP ALL LIVE!
All Major Credit Cards Accepted & automated Check By Phone
AS LOW AS 96¢ per min
All Models 18+

The HOTTEST CELL PHONE SERVICE!
1000's of hot girls want to text you!
LIVE 24/7 Hook-up NOW!
TEXT: HUSTLER TO: 32323
Must be over 18
Cust service 1-888-400-5444
MuttMob.com · 99¢ per reply received (plus carrier fees if any) billed to phone.
All major carriers · Text STOP to opt out · Text HELP for info.

CHICKS WITH DICKS! TOTALLY CONFIDENTIAL
First time okay... We'll be gentle!
1-888-RAW-TSTV
(1-888-729-8788)

ALL NEW TSTV DATELINE 1-800-ASK-TSTV (1-800-275-8788)

1-800 WETTEEN
1 800 938 8336
"PLAYFUL TEENS GETTING YOU OFF."
"..LIKE TO HAVE A GO WITH THIS !"
"Whoops..Look what just slipped off!"
ALL GIRLS 18+
$3.99 per min VISA / Mastercard / Discover / American Express Must be 18

SEX ACTION!
NO CONNECT FEE!
25¢ Min
1-800-818-6661
1-900-255-9999 $1.29 Min. 18+

Mother I'd Like to Fuck!
Tired of girls who don't know what to do?
Women with years of experience, want to FUCK!
96¢
1-800 -444- 0000
MILF Dateline 1-800-288-DATE

HOT WET XXX SEX
ONLY
LIVE
ONE ON ONE
89¢
PER MIN
1-800-TO-WHORE
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD

teach me how!!!
lessons... 1-on-1
95¢
PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

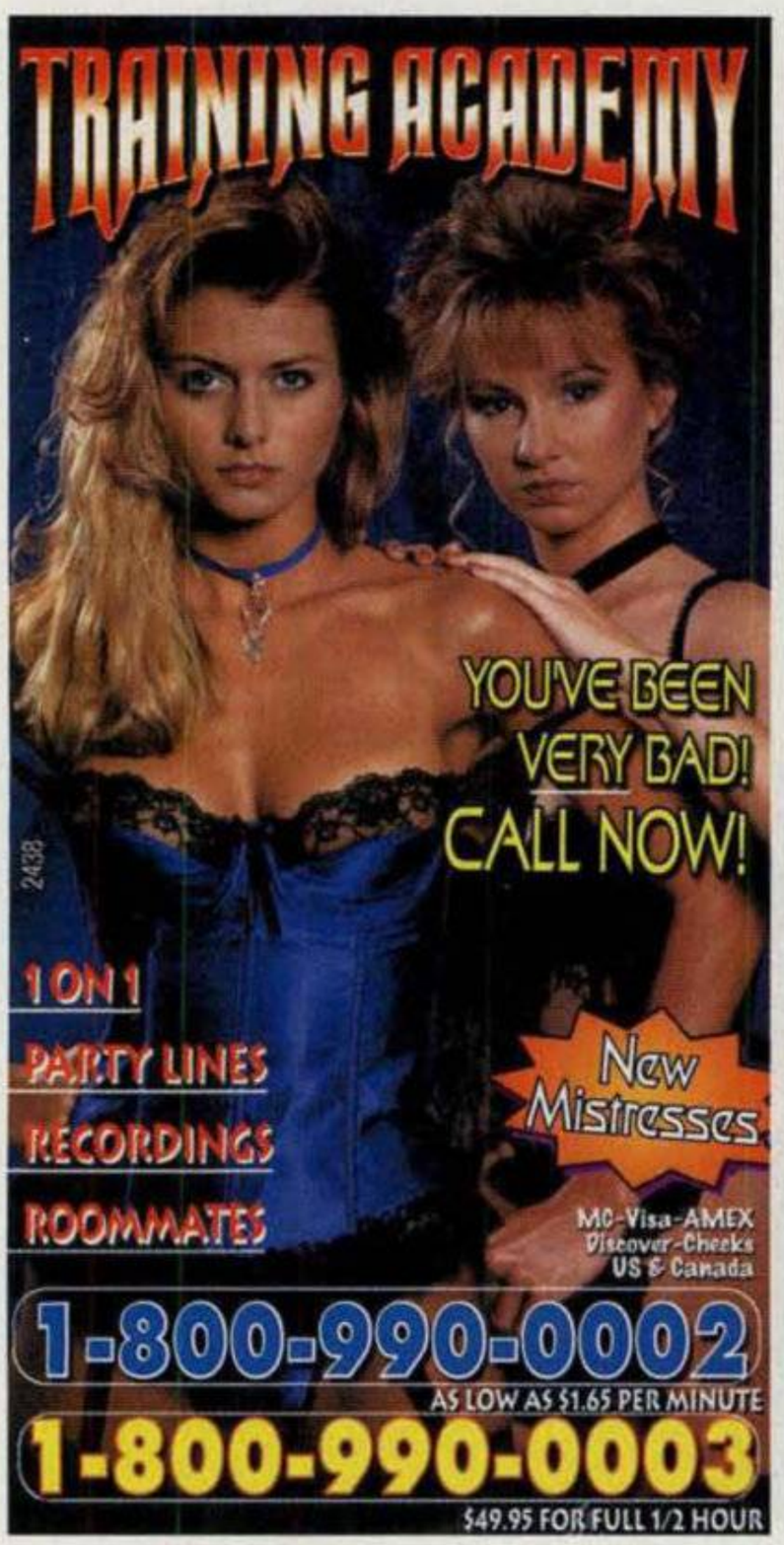
YOU GOTTA HAVE IT!
1-800 406 LICK
5 4 2 5
From $2.49 / min. 18+ Major Credit Cards Accepted
ALL GIRLS 18+

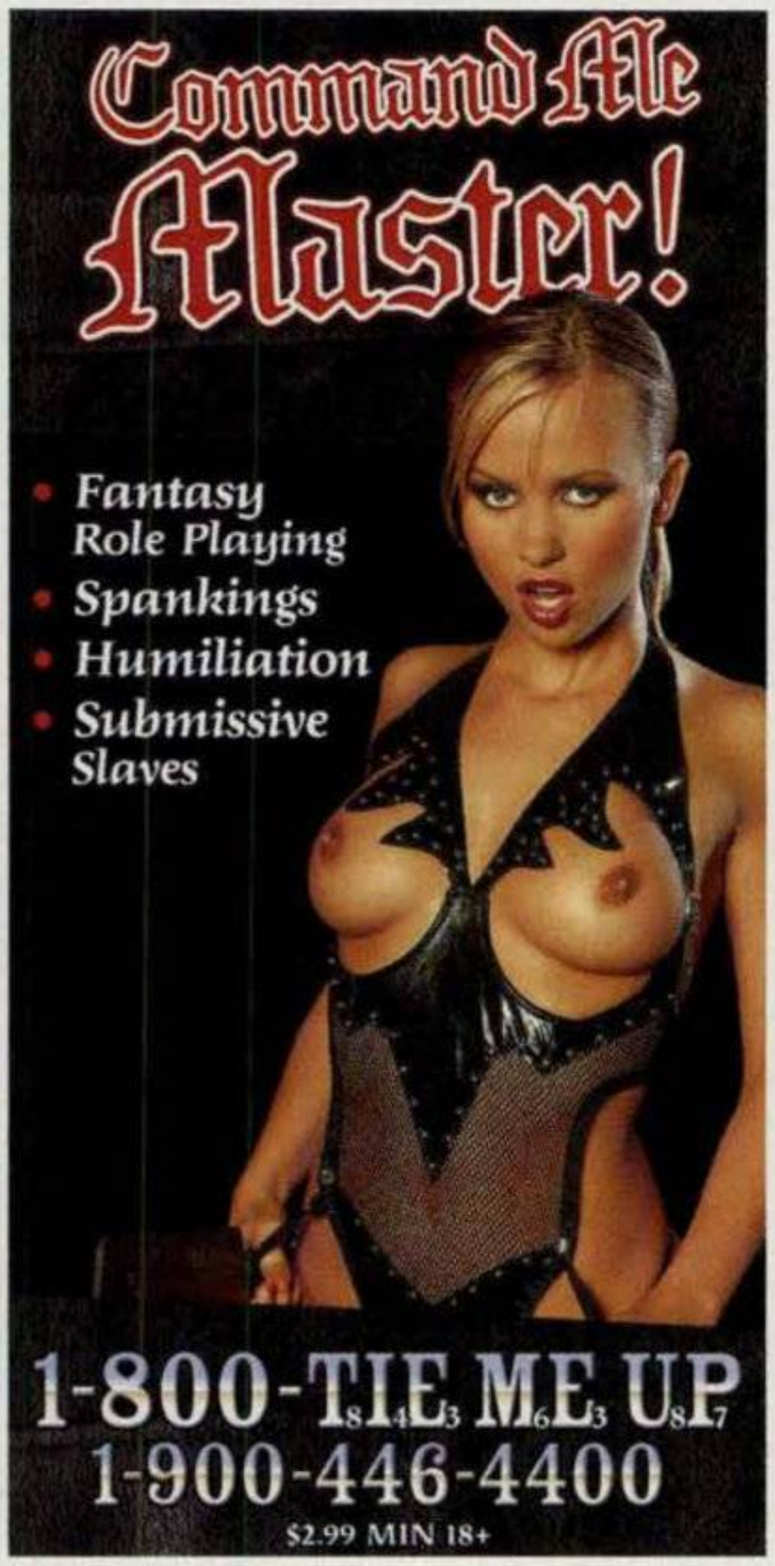
All Major Credit Cards Accepted! or try ... ALL NEW CHECK BY PHONE
MICRO-CHECK! All 900 #s billed to your phone at $4.95 per minute.

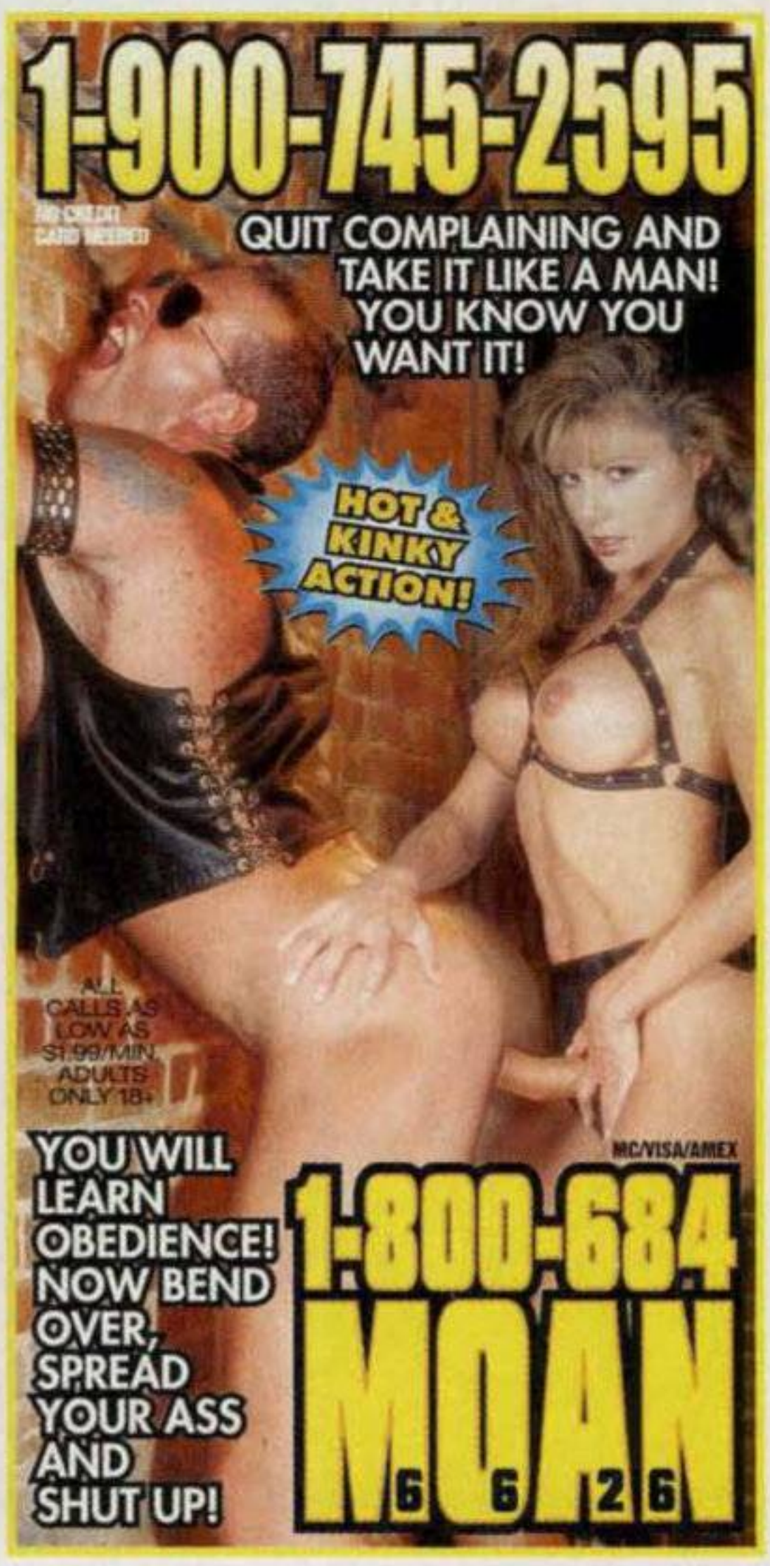
1-800-707-5465 KINK
MC/VISA/AMEX
PREGNANT, & HORNY. THIS GIRL IS BEGGING FOR YOUR COCK!
ALL CALLS AS LOW AS $1.99/MIN. ADULTS ONLY 18+
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
PREGNANT CUM CRAVERS
1-900-993-9701

1-900-993-5899
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!
MY HUGE TITS ARE CRAVING A HUGE LOAD OF YOUR HOT CUM!!!
1-800-588-BLOW 2569
HOT ORAL ACTION!!!
I REALLY WANT TO SUCK YOU DRY!!!
ALL CALLS AS LOW AS $2.50/MIN. ADULTS ONLY 18+

1-900-993-8577
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!
I'M A CHICK... WITH A DICK!!!
HOW FAR WE GO IS UP TO YOU...
1-800-718 6328 MEAT
HARDCORE SHE-MALE ACTION!!!
ALL CALLS AS LOW AS $2.50/MIN. ADULTS ONLY 18+


TRAINING ACADEMY
YOU'VE BEEN VERY BAD! CALL NOW!
2438
1 ON 1
PARTY LINES
RECORDINGS
ROOMMATES
New Mistresses
MC-Visa-AMEX Discover-Checks US & Canada
1-800-990-0002
AS LOW AS $1.65 PER MINUTE
1-800-990-0003
$49.95 FOR FULL 1/2 HOUR


Command Me Master!
Fantasy Role Playing
Spankings
Humiliation
Submissive Slaves
1-800-TIE ME UP 8463 8367
1-900-446-4400
$2.99 MIN 18+


1-900-745-2595
QUIT COMPLAINING AND TAKE IT LIKE A MAN! YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT!
HOT & KINKY ACTION!
ALL CALLS AS LOW AS $1.99/MIN. ADULTS ONLY 18+
YOU WILL LEARN OBEDIENCE! NOW BEND OVER, SPREAD YOUR ASS AND SHUT UP!
MC/VISA/AMEX
1-800-684 MOAN 6626

100% MADE IN THE USA
18+
CALL NOW
1-800
4 6 8
HOT
7 8 7 7
PUSSY
1-900-VIP-PUSSY
www.PHONESEX24HRS.com
From $2.99 + Access Fee

HARDCORE SEX
29¢
Per Min
1-800-906-FUCK
18+

HOT WET XXX SEX
ONLY
LIVE
ONE ON ONE
89¢
PER MIN
1-800-TO-WHORE
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD

HOT LOCAL GIRLS!
Real Sex Connections
1-800
664-9444
49¢
Min
1-900-448-4443
$1.29 Min 18+

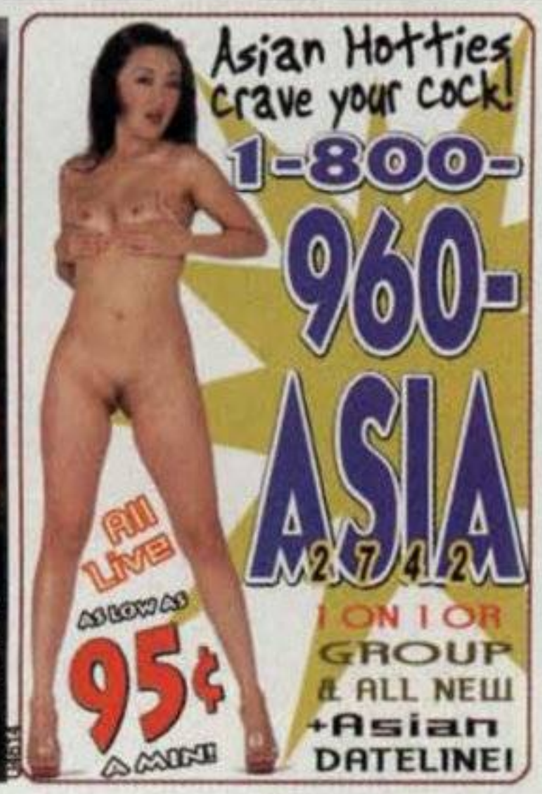
WHERE LOCAL GIRLS GO WILD™
RedHotDateline™
1☆800☆WILD☆616
TRY FOR FREE CALL NOW!
www.REDHOTDATELINE.com

CUM SUCKING SLUTS
ONLY
65¢
PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1
ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

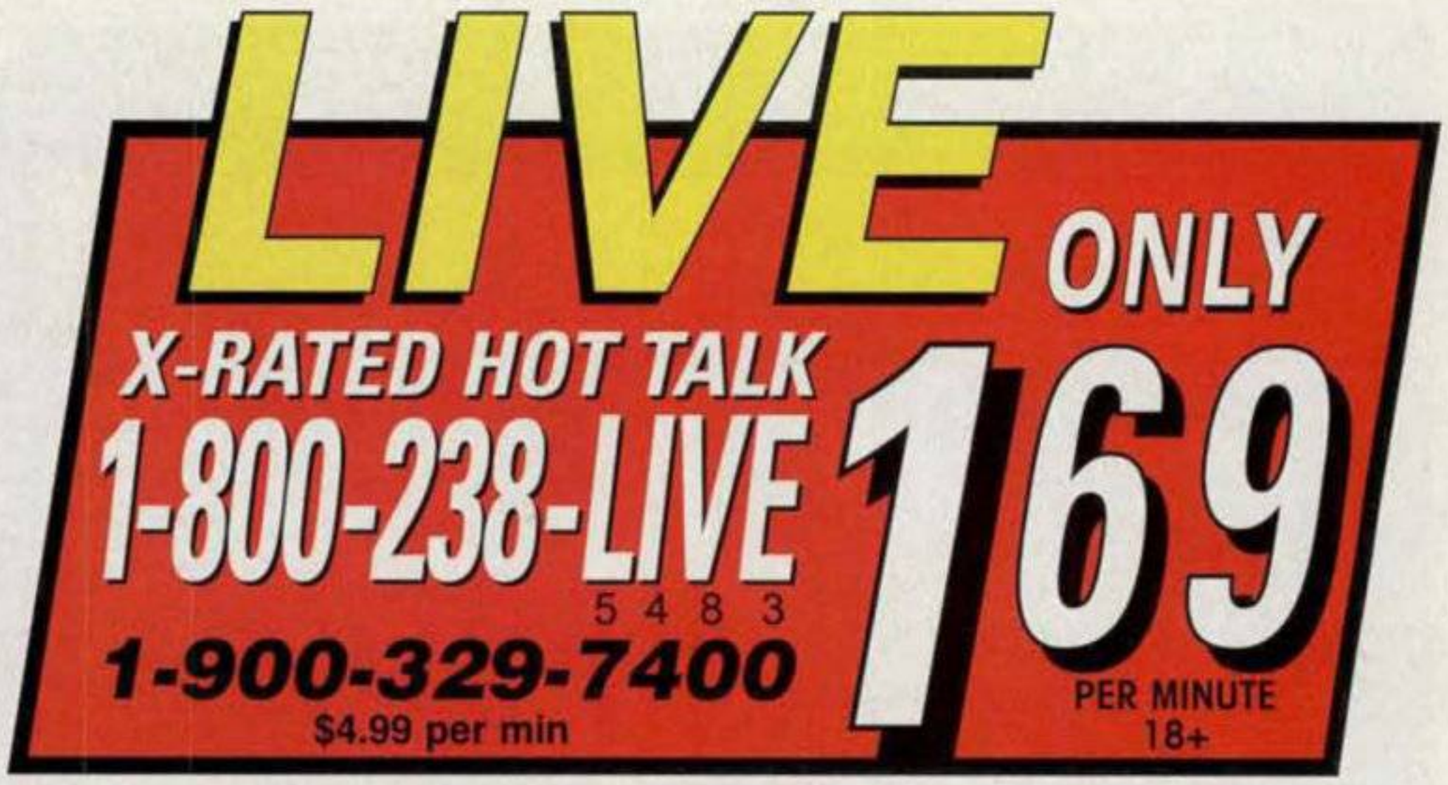
I'M HOLDING FOR YOU . . .
ONLY $2.00 / MINUTE
Call me at 1-800-232-0337
LIVE ONE ON ONE · PHONE SEX!
PERSONAL CHECKS & MAJOR CREDIT CARDS OVER 18 ONLY

BARELY LEGAL PUSSY
1 ON 1 TUTORING...
ONLY
.95¢
PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

GRAB MY HIPS AND FUCK MY ASS HARD!
1-800-WET-FUCK
(1-800-938-3825)
SHOOT YOUR CUM ON MY...
1-800-WET-TITS
(1-800-938-8487)
1-900-WET-FUCK
$4.95 per minute, billed to your phone
All models 18+


Asian Hotties crave your cock!
1-800-960-ASIA
ALL LIVE
AS LOW AS
95¢
A MIN!
1 ON 1 OR GROUP
& ALL NEW
+Asian DATELINE!

HOTTIES WANT TO TEXT YOU NOW!
SEND THE TEXT MESSAGE
HUSTLER
TO
85858
NO COST TRIAL!
Looking for guy to guy action? Text GUY to 85858


LIVE
X-RATED HOT TALK
1-800-238-LIVE
5483
1-900-329-7400
$4.99 per min
ONLY
1.69
PER MINUTE
18+

1-800-WET-BOYS
I get off on older guys!
95¢
(1-800-938-2697)
LIVE YOUNG MEAT!
All Models 18+
Confidential Gay & Bi Dateline
1-800-230-STUD

IS THIS WHERE YOU PUT IT ?
8336 587
1-800-TEEN LUST
ALL PEOPLE AFFILIATED WITH THIS AD ARE 18+
ADULTS ONLY. MOST MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED
$2.98 PER MIN.

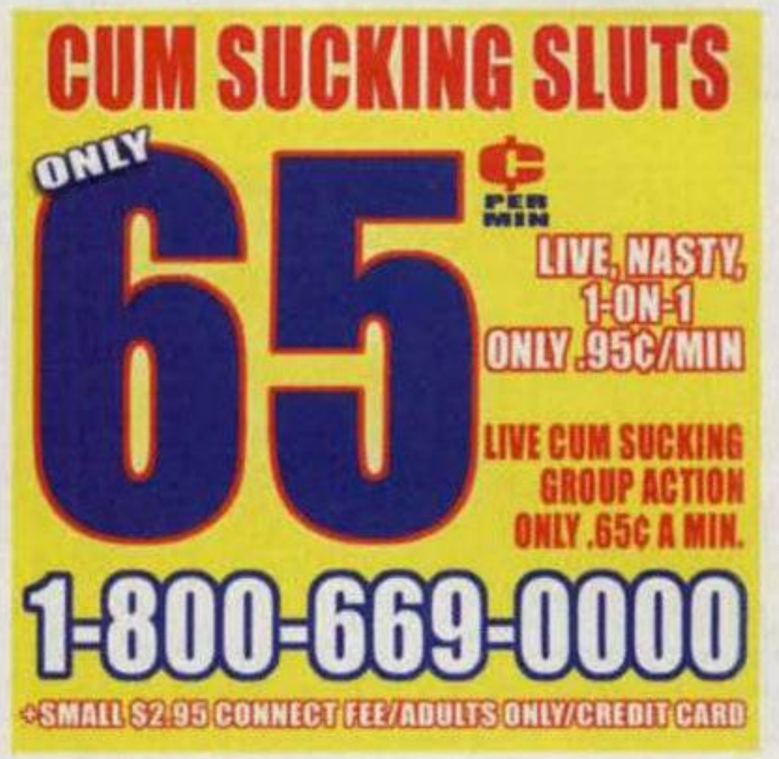
MEN WANTED!
GIRLS PAY YOU!
IN YOUR AREA!
HEY GUYS! • MAKE $$$
providing INTIMATE SERVICES to lonely ladies. $500 - $750 per week possible. You'll get real names, addresses and photos. Send $1 for info to:
ROYCE Att. Lori, 5152 Sepulveda Blvd. #200-M9
Sherman Oaks, CA 91403-1154 (U.S. ONLY)

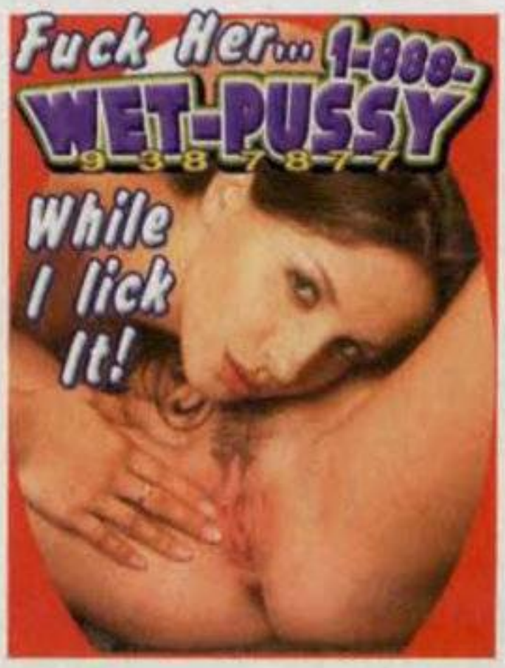
$10 BUCK
PHONE FUCK
Live 1 on 1
18+
1-800-341-1712

1-800-578-SLUT
18+
(7588)
6 min FREE
with valid cc
PHONE FUCK MY MOUTH
1-900-255-8080 $25/call
LIVE SLUTS

NAUGHTY LOCAL GIRLS!
TRY ME FREE!
1-800 676-6660
18+

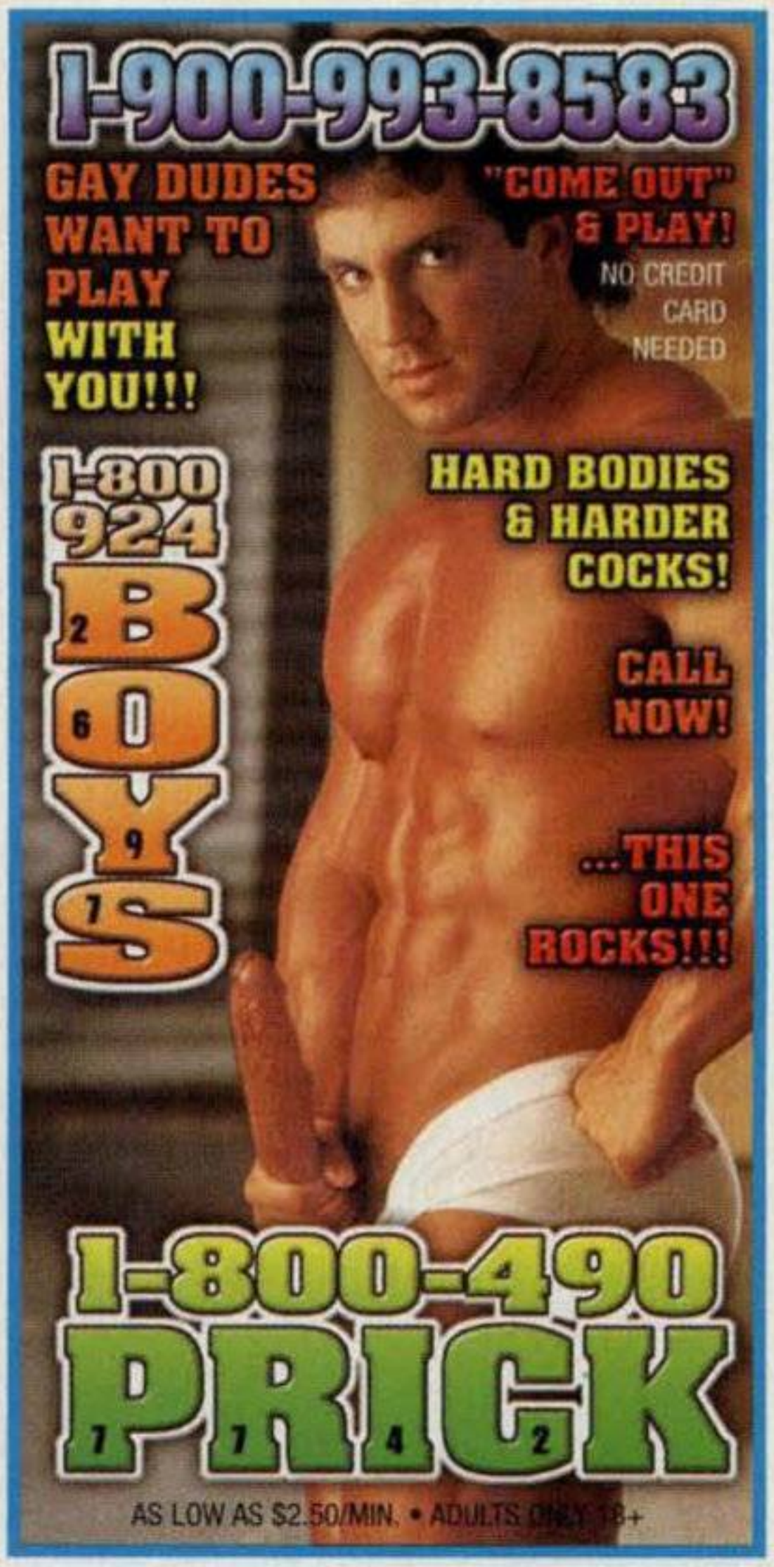
ALL CALLS AS LOW AS $1.99 PER MIN.
The SEX MANUAL
"NASTY XXX RATED SEX AT IT'S BEST!"
Let me ream my fat cock in your gaping ass. Cum on my tits and I'll cum in your mouth!
1-800 816-TITS
"CUM INSIDE THE SLEAZIEST GIRLS EVER!"
CALL US NOW!
Fill my pussy up with your HOT CUM!
1-800 888-HEAT
1-800 733-CUNT
My warm tight cunt needs your cock NOW!
1-509 789-5555
.99 cents only
1-800 444-SEXX
Lick this wet pussy, you poor excuse for a man!
1-800 905-HURT
I wanna sit on your hard cock and let you deep inside my ASS!
1-800 999-GINA
VISA/MC/AMEX & DISCOVER ACCEPTED • MUST BE 18+ • ALL GIRLS ASSOCIATED WITH THIS AD ARE 18+
www.hypersex.com


CUM SUCKING SLUTS
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD



HOOK-UP WITH REAL GIRLS ON YOUR CELL! TEXT HUSTLER TO 32323
18+ ONLY - TERMS/INFO @ MUTTMOS.COM OR 1-888-400-5444 99¢/REPLY RECEIVED (PLUS CARRIER FEES IF ANY) SEND STOP TO OPT OUT, HELP FOR INFO

LIVE
ONE ON ONE
I'LL BE YOUR TEENAGE WET DREAM!*
ONLY
89¢
PER MIN
1-800-TO-WHORE
8 6 9 4 6 7 3
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+


1-900-993-8583
GAY DUDES WANT TO PLAY WITH YOU!!!
"COME OUT" & PLAY!
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
HARD BODIES & HARDER COCKS!
CALL NOW!
...THIS ONE ROCKS!!!
1-800 924 2B 6O 9Y 1S
1-800-490 1 7 7 4 2 PRICK
AS LOW AS $2.50/MIN. • ADULTS ONLY 18+

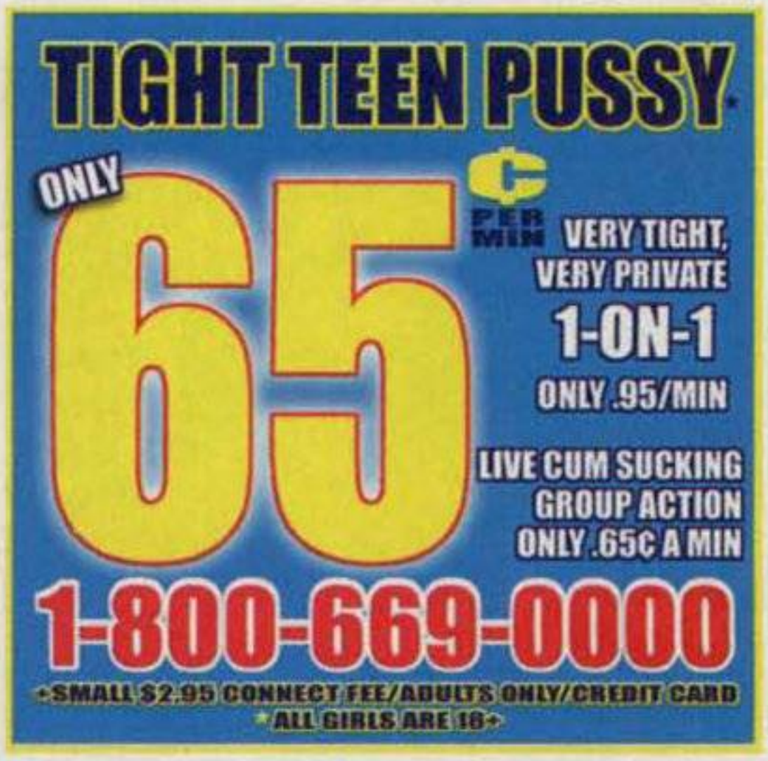
NASTY 1 ON 1
LIVE 99¢/MIN LIVE
866-89-NASTY
6 2 7 8 9
900-950-0600
18+ eroticneon.com $3.99 PER/MIN

HARDCORE SEX
FROM
29¢
Per Min
1-800-906-FUCK
3 8 2 5
18+

FROM 49¢ PER MIN
TOLL FREE
866-32-DIRTY
3 4 7 8 9
900-990-6610
18+
$1.49/min

She just turned 18!
Fuck her...
1-800
-WET-
C,U,N,T
REAL GIRLS 18-21 WANT TO MEET YOU!
Local & National Dateline
1-800
-888-MEET
(1-888-729-6338)
All Models 18+
All Major Credit Cards Accepted & automated Check By Phone

MATURE, WE DO IT ALL!
•Lovely older women
•Horny housewives
•Grannies
•Lusty mamas
EXPERIENCE MAKES A BIG DIFFERENCE!!
1-888
95-OLDER
6 5 3 3 7
From $1.99 per min.
1-900-ALL-BOOB
2 5 5 2 6 6 2
$2.99 - $5.99 per min.
18+. Checks
also


TIGHT TEEN PUSSY
ONLY
65¢ PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65¢ A MIN
1-800-669-0000
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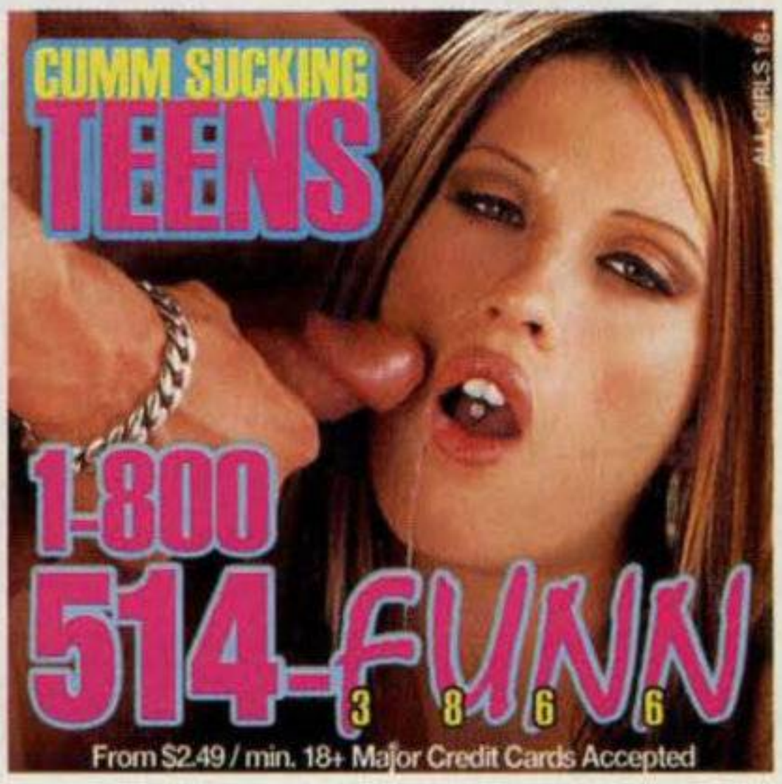
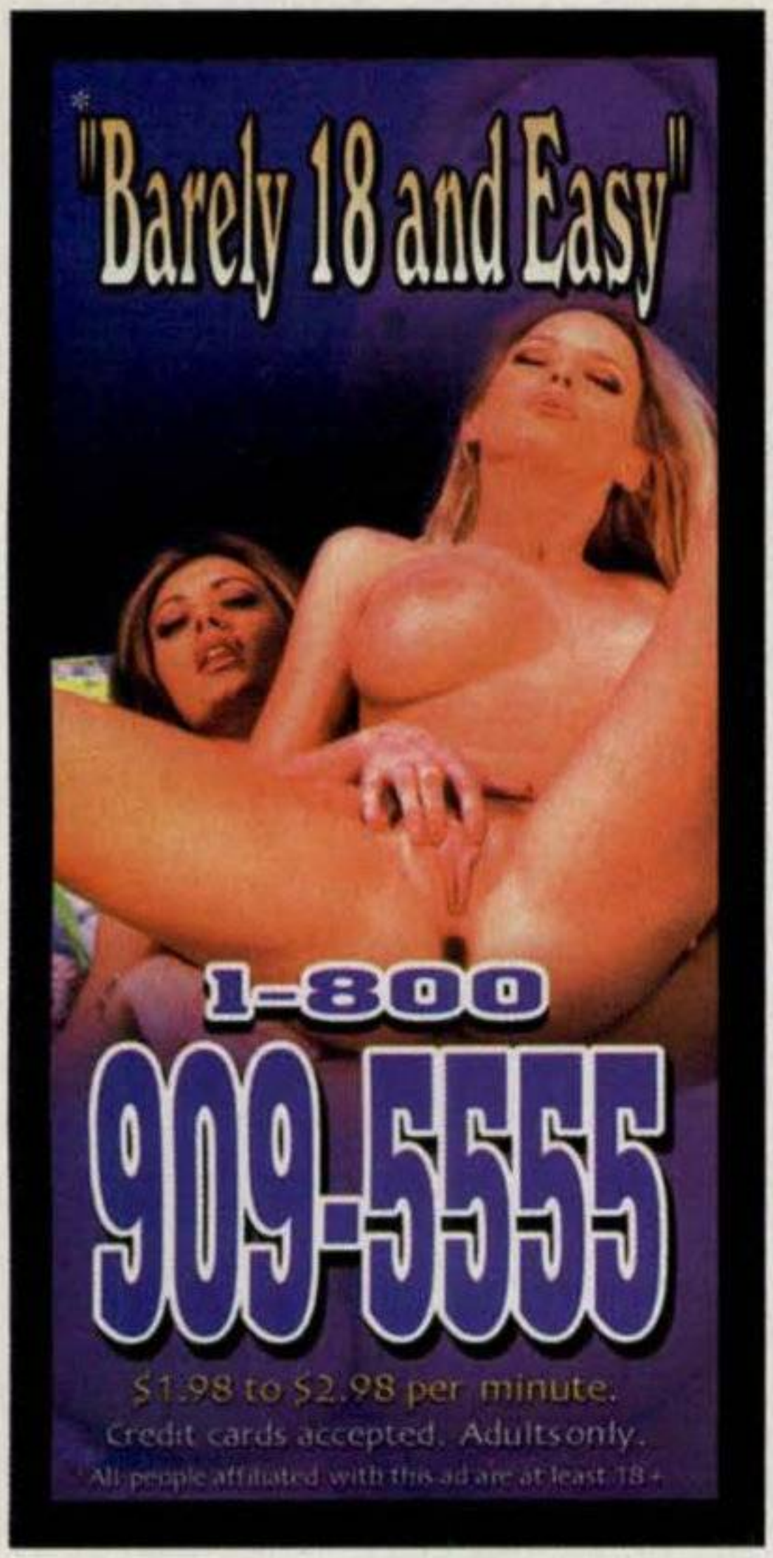

CUMM SUCKING TEENS
1-800
514-FUNN
3 8 6 6
From $2.49 / min. 18+ Major Credit Cards Accepted
ALL GIRLS 18+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$1.98 to $2.98 per minute.
Credit cards accepted. Adults only.
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3825
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LIVE
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8694673
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WET-PUSSY
9387877
...And suck my tits!
AS LOW AS
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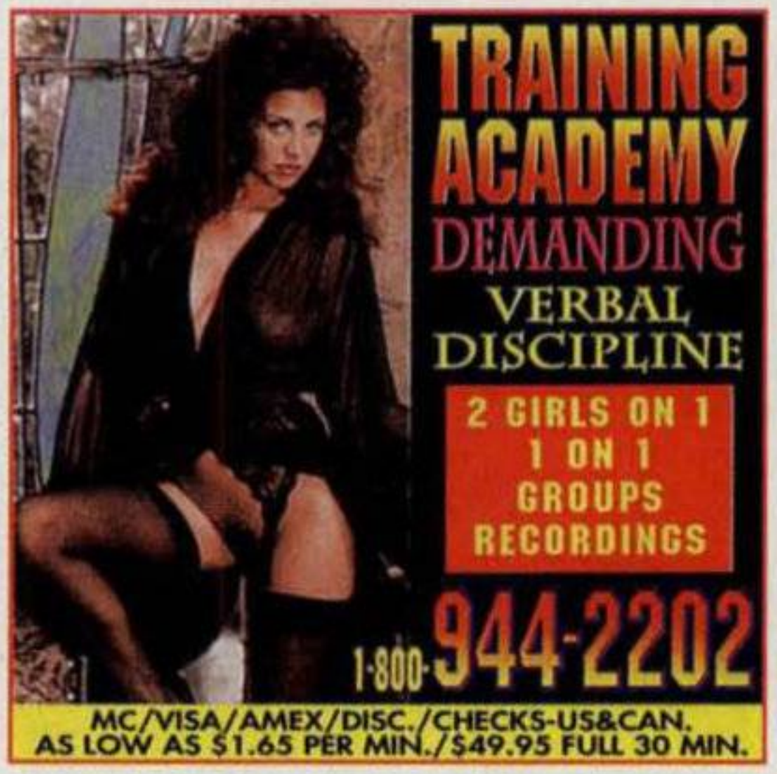
PER MIN
ALL LIVE!
All Models 18+
UM617
ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLES DATELINE!
1-800-444-DATE (1-800-444-3283)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DEMANDING
VERBAL DISCIPLINE
2 GIRLS ON 1
1 ON 1
GROUPS
RECORDINGS
1-800-944-2202
MC/VISA/AMEX/DISC./CHECKS-US&CAN.
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Fuck Me!
MATURE WOMEN
LOOKING FOR
FRESH STUDS!
1-800
-888-
BETTY
2388
All Models 18+
AS LOW AS
95¢
A MIN!
Mature Ladies
DATELINE!
1-800-288-DATE
All Major Credit Cards Accepted
& automated Check By Phone
3283

teach me how!!!
lessons... 1-on-1
95¢
PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

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I'm Crazy Benzi I've lost my mind. I want to destroy the competition. If you don't buy from me, your wasting your money. ***I stock 'em deep and sell 'em cheap.*** If you don't buy from me, your crazy. I won't be undersold. Check out my

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I'm the manufacturer. There is no middle man. I duplicate and replicate and now ***I want to annihilate my competition.***
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10. HERMAPHRODITES - THE THIRD SEX	11. FARMGIRL DESIRES	12. YOUNG GUSHERS
13. MONSTER COCKS	14. SEDUCING THE BABYSITTER	15. CUTIE PIE 2
16. YOUNG TIGHT BODIES	17. BARELY LEGAL IN JAPAN	18. BOFFING THE BABYSITTER
19. LITTLE CHICKS BIG DICKS	20. LITTLE WHITE GIRL BIG BLACK MEN	21. ANIMAL LOVE
22. LOVE FLUID	23. LOVING THICK WOMEN	24. TAKING CONTROL 2
25. MONSTER TITS & PRETTY PUSSIES	26. REAL COUPLES AT HOME	27. DOUBLE PENETRATED
28. DUAL SEXUALITY	29. WIVES & THEIR GIRLFRIENDS	30. THE TEASE NEXT DOOR
31. FARMGIRL DESIRES	32. OOZE FEST	33. MIDGETS LOVE COCK
34. LITTLE INDIAN GIRL	35. THE ART OF THE DEEP THROAT	36. FAT GIRLS TRY HARDER
37. BIG CLITS	38. 1ST TIME W/ A BLACK MAN	39. ULTIMATE BANGERS
40. PAKISTANI POON	41. DRIPPING SNATCH EXTRAVAGANZA 2	42. HEAVY PETTING
43. SEXY REDHEADS	44. BUTT BUSTERS	45. OLDER WOMEN IN CONTROL
46. DOUBLE LOVIN'	47. ADULT'S MOST PERFECT STARS	48. TITTY JUICE
49. RAUNCHY CUMSHOT	50. THE BIGGEST TITS IN THE WORLD	51. PUSSY SQUIRTS
52. JUNGLE LEZZIES	53. ALL BLACK SKIN	54. BLACK BOOTY
55. BIG WHITE DICKS TIGHT BLACK PUSSY	56. GIVING IT UP TO THE BLACK MAN	57. BIGGER & BLACKER
58. BLACK TEENIES	59. BLACK GIRLS WHO CUM LIKE CRAZY	60. MY WIFE LOVES BLACK COCK

(ALL GIRLS ARE 18+)

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SIGNATURE X _____ D.O.B. _____

By signing I certify that I am over 18 years of age. MUST include date of birth.

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SEND ENTIRE PAGE

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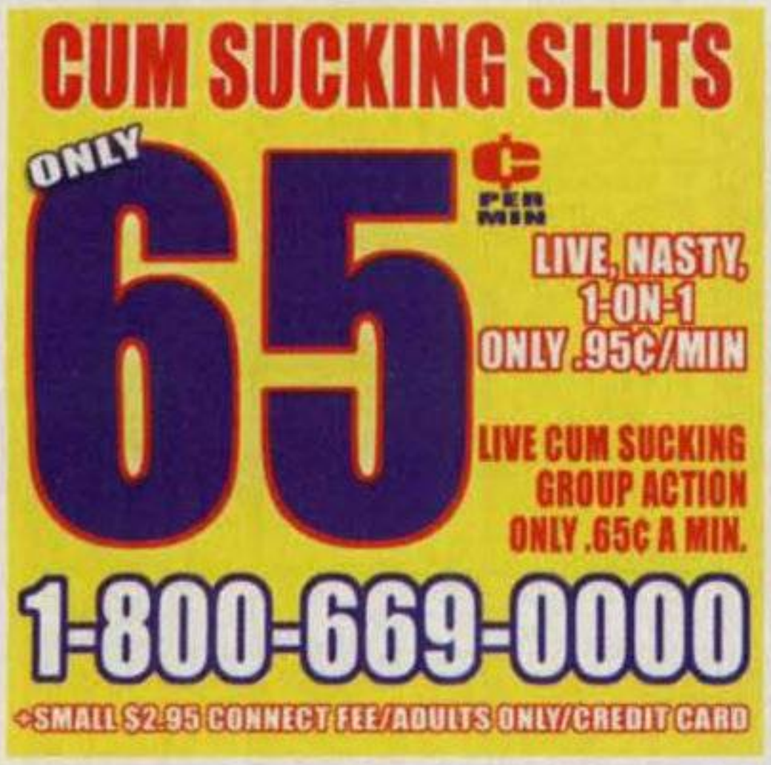
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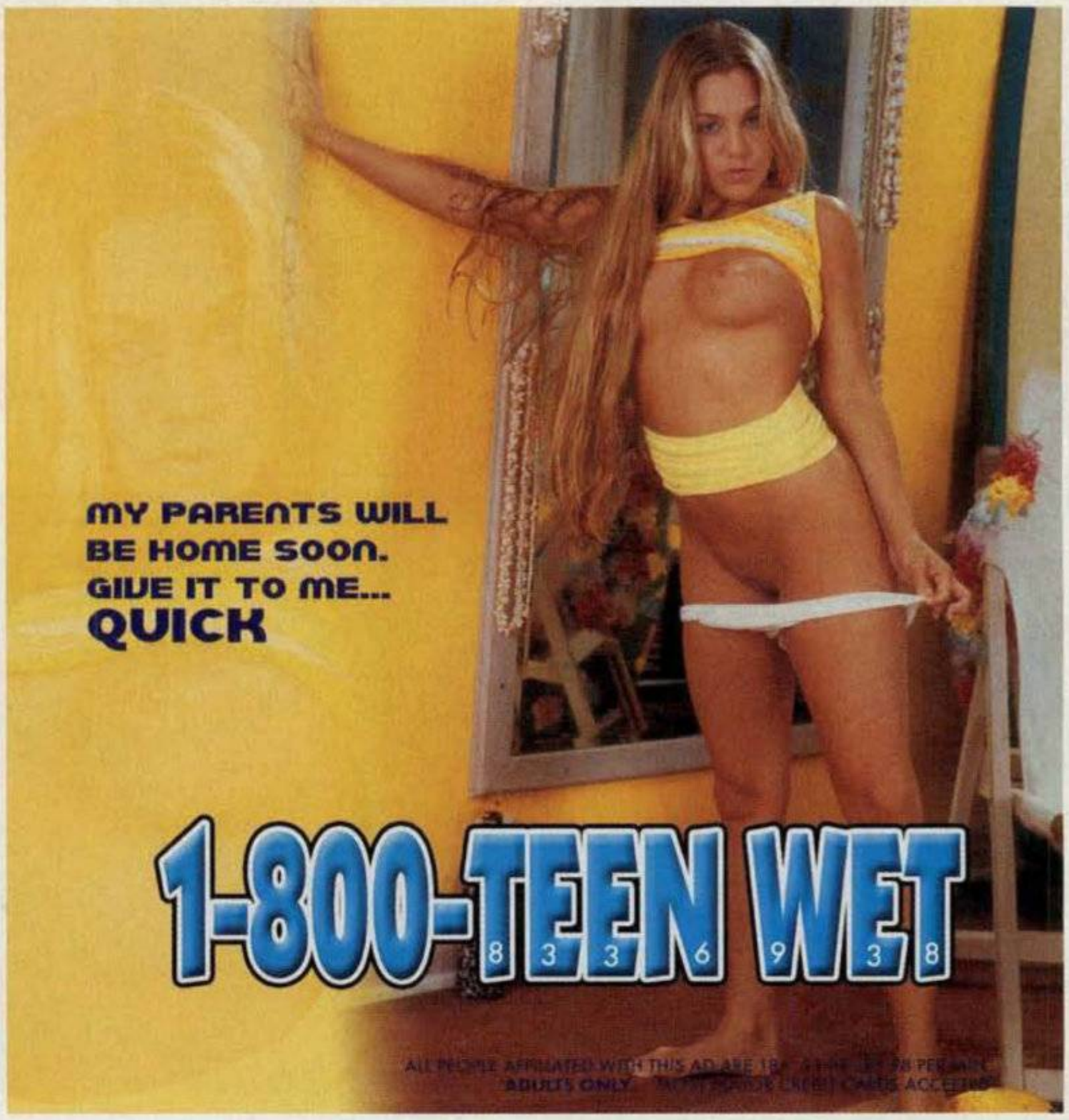

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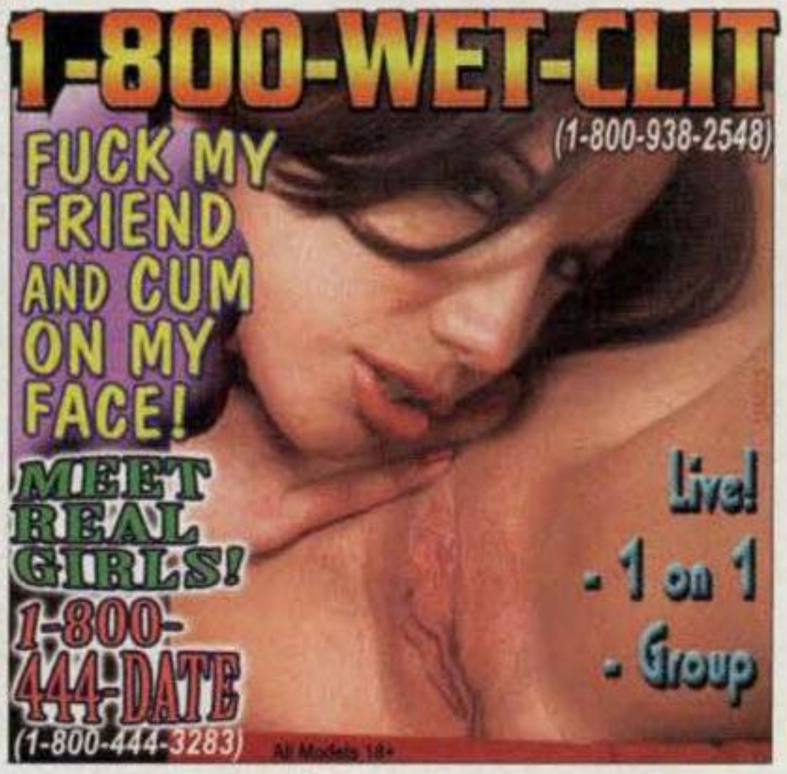
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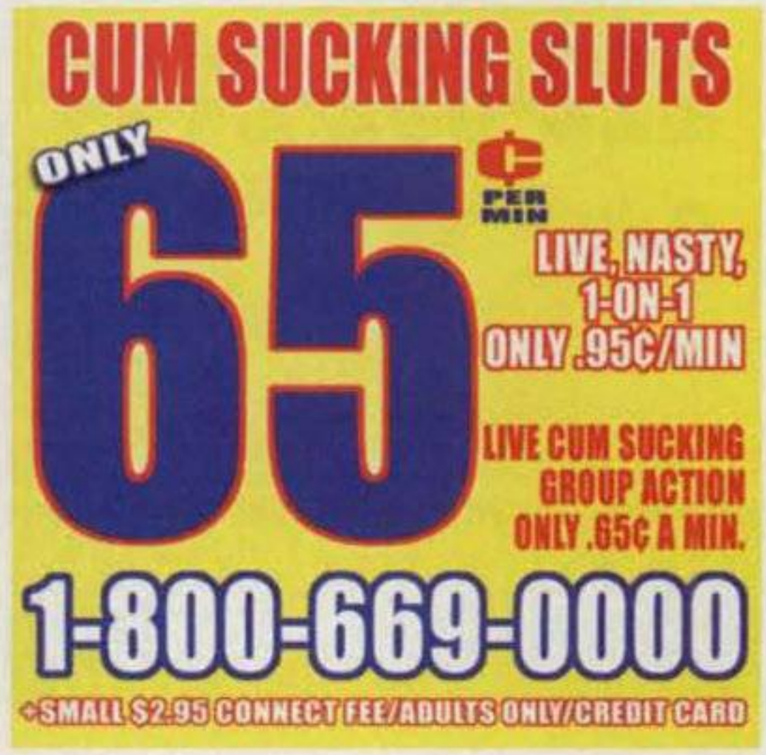
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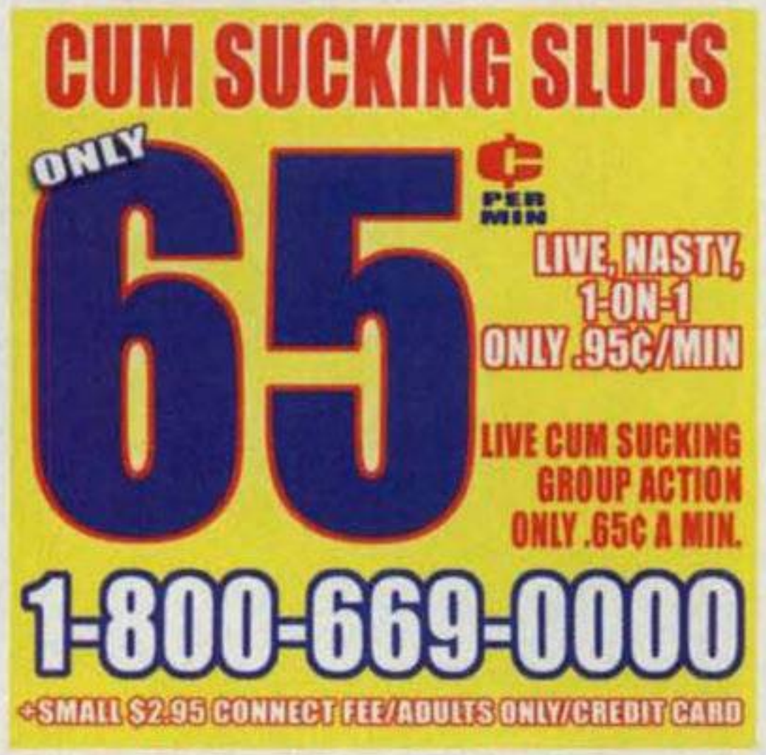
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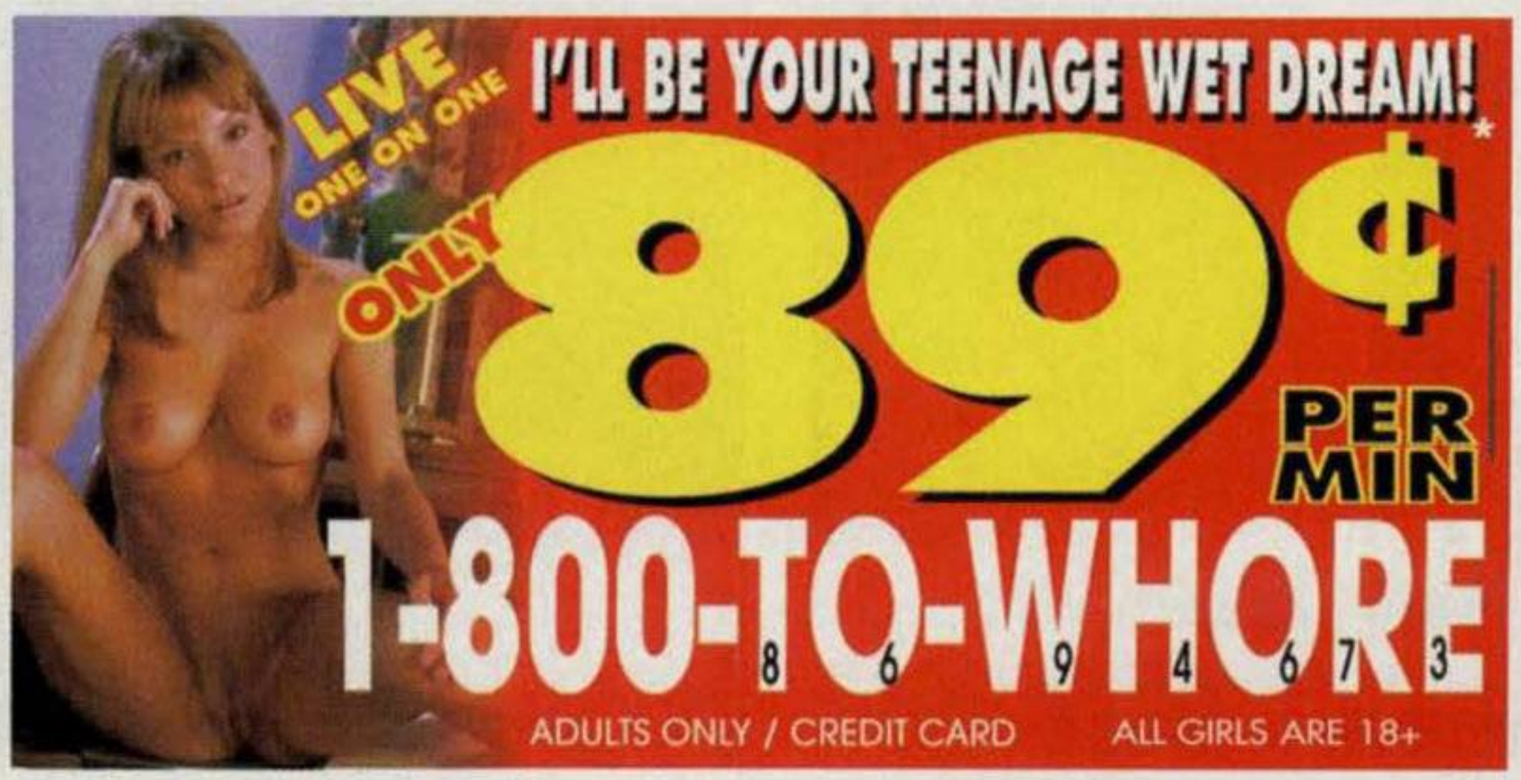
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ONE ON ONE
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ONLY
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PER MIN
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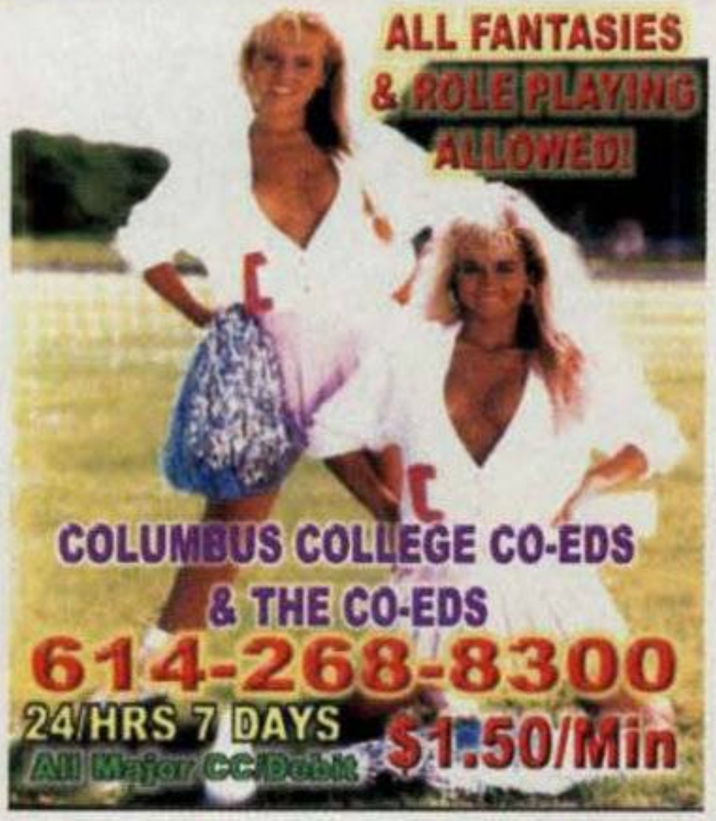
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-WET-
TWAT
(1-800-938-8928)
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-WET-
TWAT
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Squeeze my...
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WET-
TITS
(1-800-938-8487)
& slam your cock into my pussy!
All Models 18+
BIG TIT Dateline
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$10
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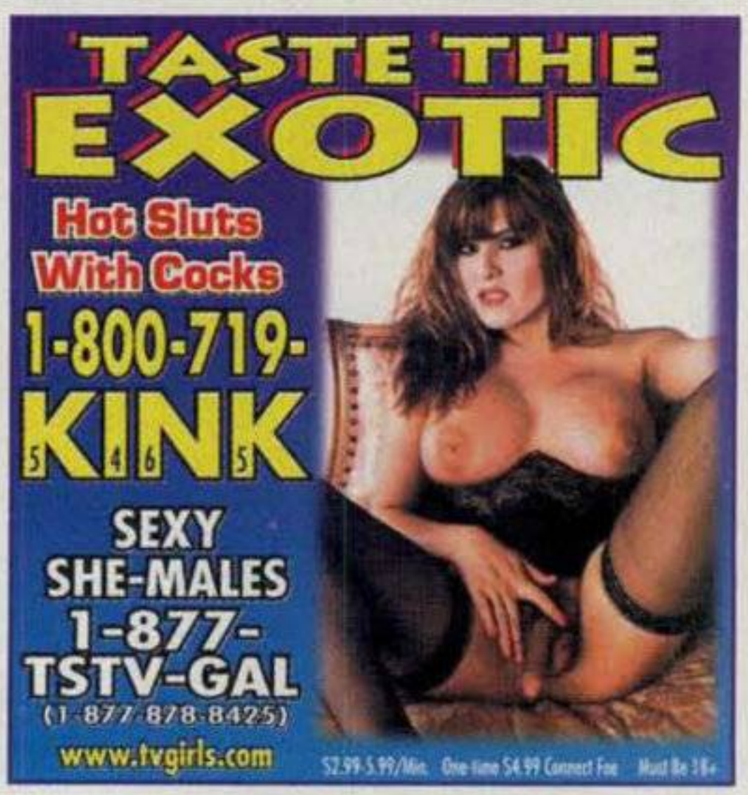
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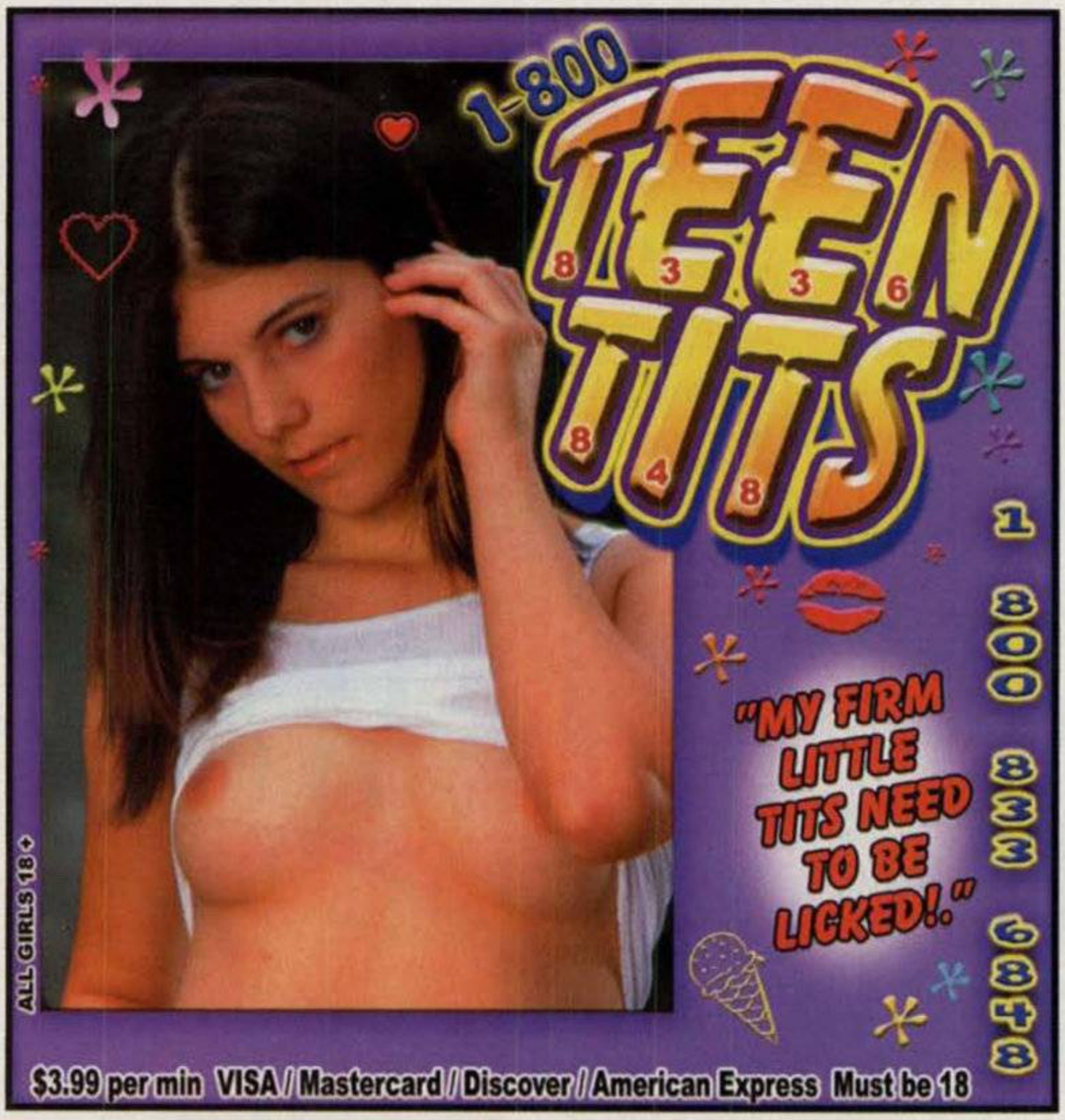
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TEEN TITS
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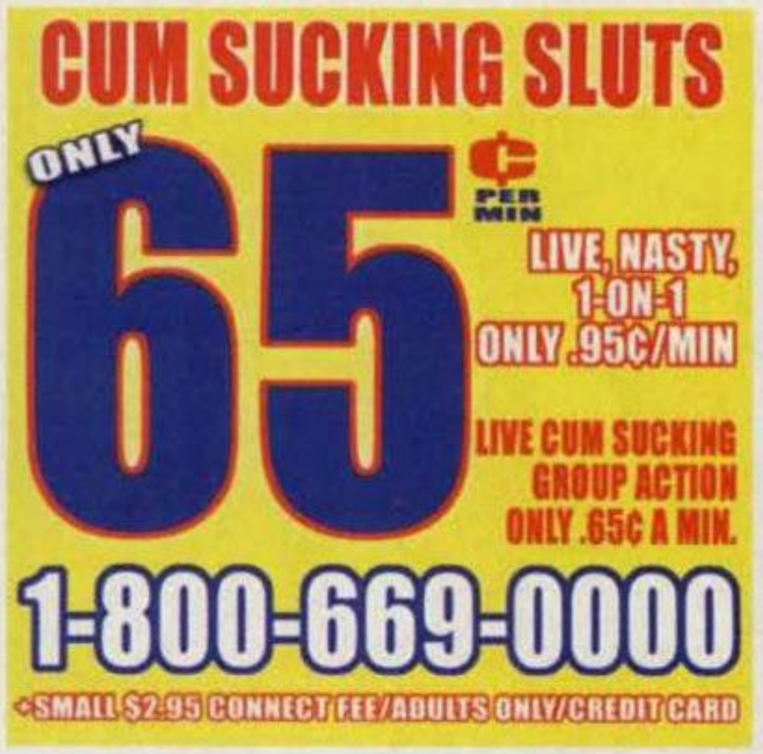
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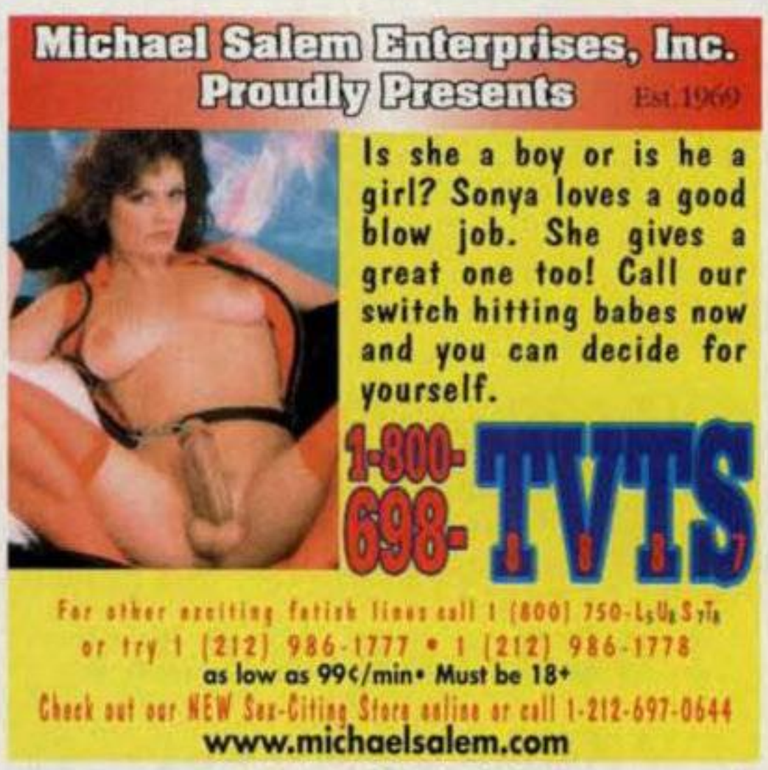
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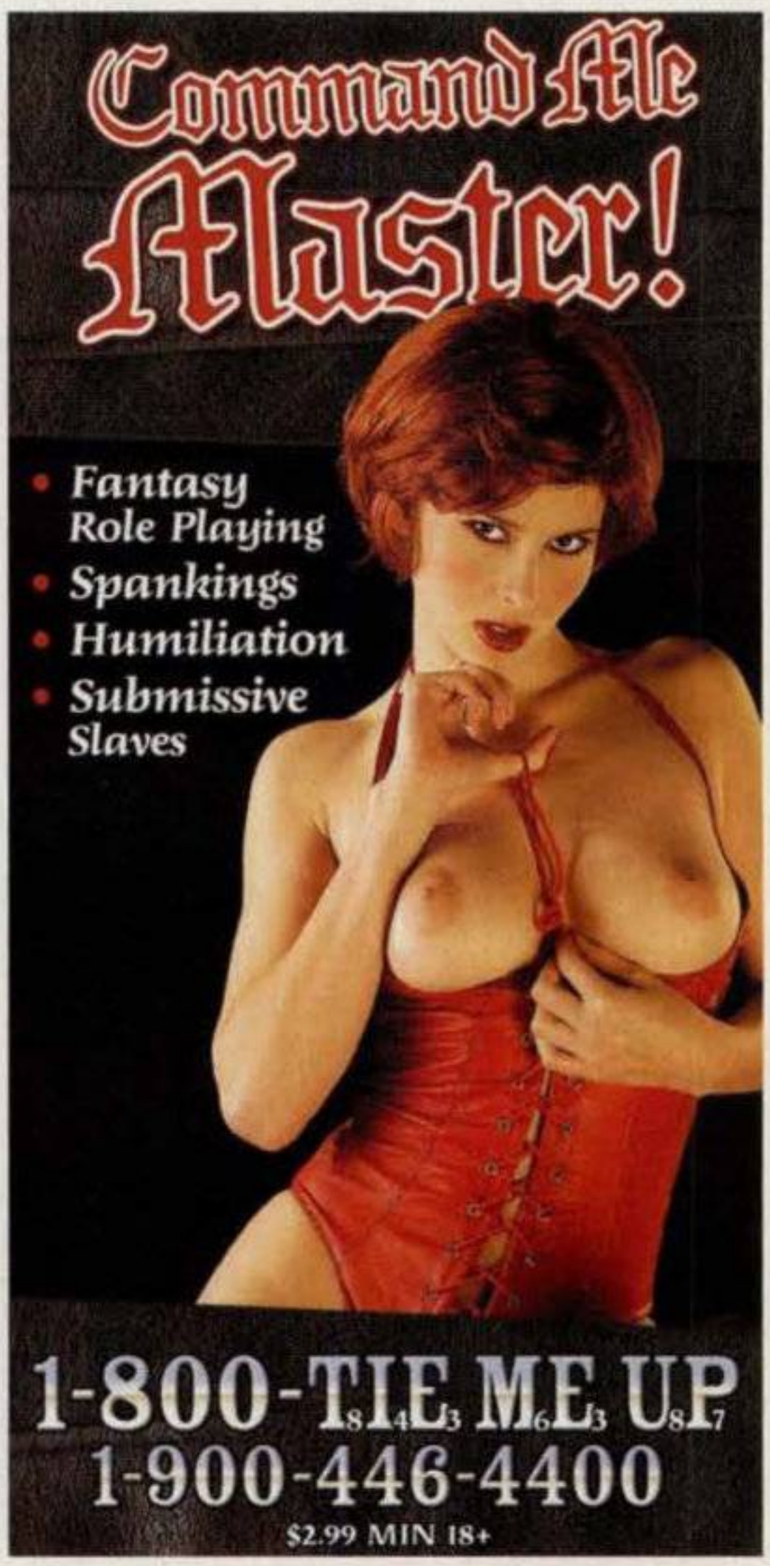
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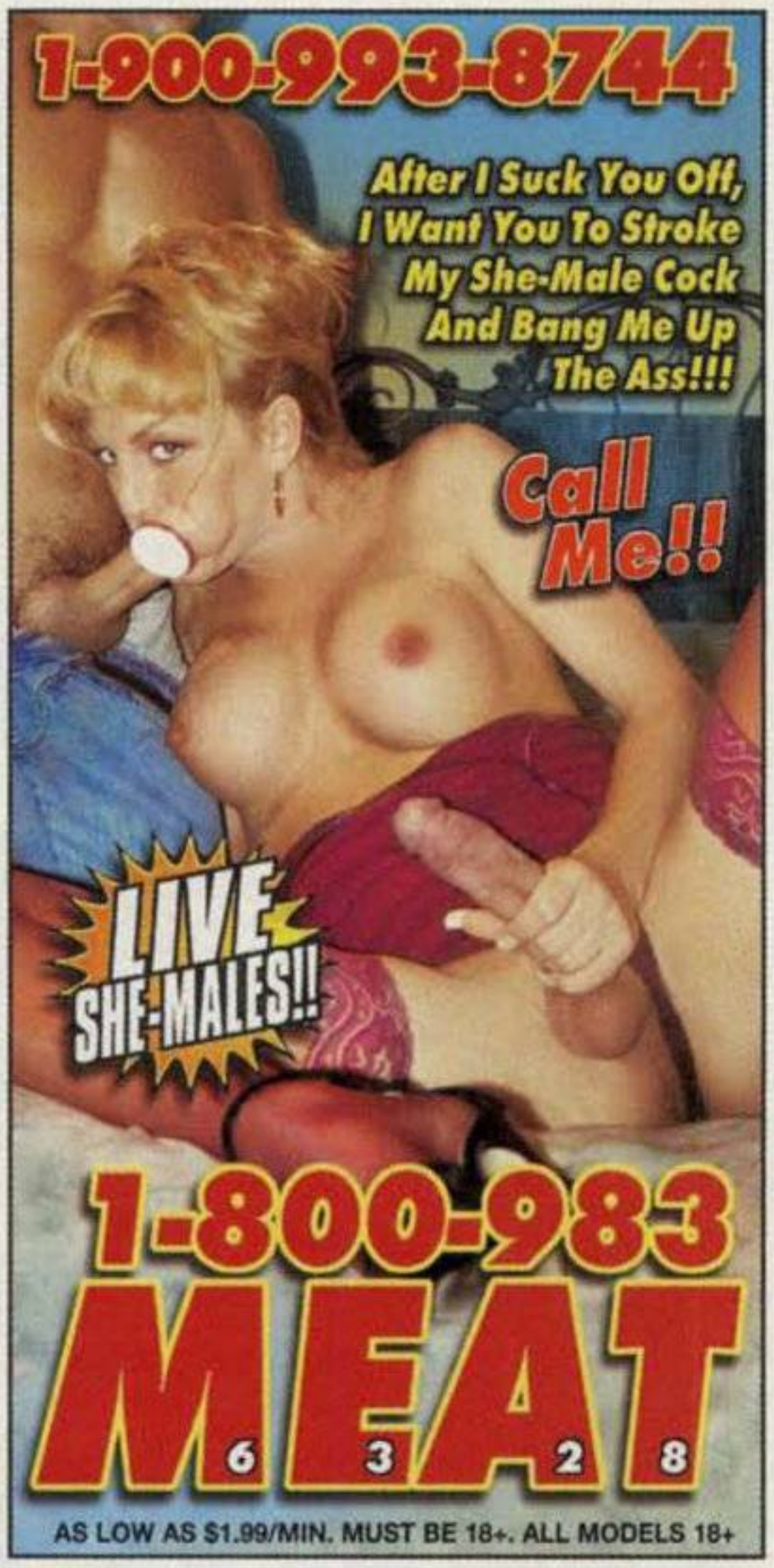
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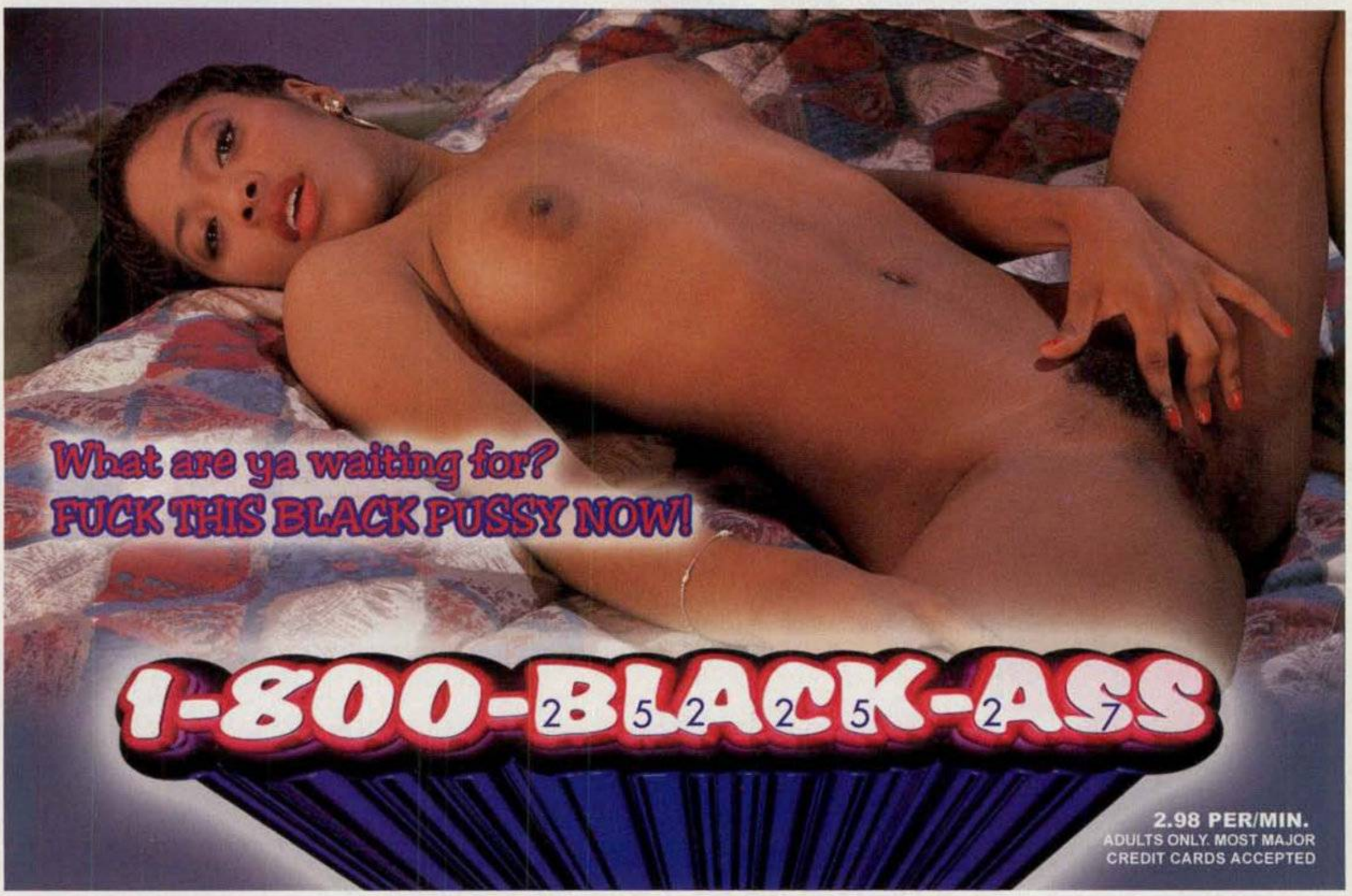
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"Bad news, President Jefferson. A week before the election, your political enemies are going to break the story that you fuck niggers!"

(continued from page 13) be on porn, not politics, and that the magazine would never become as pretentious as his competitors, particularly *Playboy* and *Penthouse*. He has gone back on that promise in a *big* way.

Finally, since Larry Flynt and the HUSTLER staff obviously believe that Democrats aren't as morally bankrupt or politically corrupt as their Republican counterparts, here's something interesting about your former "Hero of the Year," Bill Clinton: During his administration, President Clinton wanted chips installed in all new computers so that FBI hackers would be able to steal whatever information the government desired. If George W. Bush had advocated doing this, Larry Flynt and HUSTLER would have nailed him on it, and rightly so.

Thanks for the years of service, and maybe I'll reconsider renewing my subscription after George W. (mercifully) leaves office or when Larry Flynt comes off his high horse.

—Tony Banks
Atkins, Arizona

Oh, yeah? Who else is going to print your long-winded letters? But, seriously, thanks for drawing attention to Bill Clinton's computer hackery plans, which make him an Asshole in our book.

Leave It to Beaver

I've been an avid HUSTLER fan since its inception 30 years ago in 1976. [*Editor's Note: The mag was launched in 1974, but who's counting?*] And now at age 62, becoming Social Security eligible, I've resumed subscribing.

While looking at the table of contents of my first issue [May '06], I saw this really cute chick in blue lingerie and a caption indicating that Beavers appeared on page 123. So I eagerly turned to that page to see this fox's bush—and there were none to be found. The reason a beaver is called a beaver is because it's usually brown and *hairy*. Presenting a glut of shaved pussies is a paradox. You can't have a genuine *Beaver Hunt* section without beavers!

—C.M.
San Diego, California

C.M., we took your letter and the May '06 issue to a local university's zoology department, which confirmed that those were indeed Beavers—with shaved beavers, that is. Apparently they come in many varieties: brown, black, blond, Asian, curly and hairless, a new strain that seems to be growing in popularity as the hirsute beaver colony quickly thins out. The same thing happened years ago to the once-popular bearded clam. This is what Jennifer, the cutie in blue, told us after hearing about your concerns: "A bush just gets in the way, but shaving keeps my pussy fresh and clean. And really, besides being hairy, don't beavers also have bucked teeth?" C.M., welcome to the new millennium of Think Pink.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com and indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

LACEY JAMES
AIMING TO PLEASE

We'd be surprised if you haven't already fallen in love with this uninhibited vixen. "I was a little nervous posing for the first time," Lacey admits, "but then I realized it's so natural to be naked. So why not?"

While growing up near Bakersfield, California, Lacey dreamed of being in showbiz. "I lived in a tiny town close to the desert where nothing really happened," she recalls. "Television was my only escape, and I always knew I'd move to Hollywood to be famous one way or another."

When it comes to sex, the hottie draws on her exhibitionist tendencies. "I'm looking for a guy who is as big a fan of the great outdoors as I am," Lacey chirps. "Nothing beats fucking outside! The thrill of getting it on as the breeze blows over my naked body, the whole time wondering if a stranger is watching, makes me come again and again."

Now that she's no longer a nude-modeling virgin, Lacey hopes to pursue a full-time career in the skin biz. "If I can't be a TV star," Ms. James reckons, "then I'll make a living showing off my body. I'm just so happy to get paid for this, and I'm really into the fact that guys enjoy looking at me nude. The thought of that makes me horny!"

The thought of you being horny because we're watching you, Lacey, makes us quiver with excitement.

The August '06 HUSTLER goes on sale May 30, 2006. • Visit our Web site at HUSTLER.com.

CHANEL ST. JAMES

COMING NEXT MONTH

DANNY SCHECHTER: FIGHTING THE MEDIA CABAL

Emmy-winning producer Danny Schechter is waging a one-man war against corporate media control. The renowned "News Dissector" speaks out on why the mainstream media is lying to us and how to fight back. Interview by Editorial Director Bruce David and Features Editor Hans Feuersinger.

GILBERT GOTTFRIED UNCENSORED

Best known these days as the loud, grating voice of family-friendly cartoon characters, Gilbert Gottfried has returned to his raunchy stand-up roots with a new CD and DVD, *Dirty Jokes*. The AFLAC duck quacker shares his favorite and most explicit comedy gems in an obscene interview.

HURRICANE KATRINA VICTIMS: ONE YEAR LATER

Hurricane Katrina ravaged the Gulf Coast one year ago this August, killing over 1,400 people. It was the worst natural disaster in U.S. history. But for the survivors relying on FEMA for relief, the situation is only getting worse. Dr. Ben Marble, the man who told Dick Cheney to go fuck himself, reports.

PORN STARS TICKLE YOUR FUNNY BONE

Vivid Girls Monique Alexander and Stefani Morgan present XXX Comedy Night at the Hollywood Improv, where comics Daniel Tosh (*Late Show With David Letterman*), Jeffrey Ross (*The Aristocrats*) and hottie Chelsea Handler (*Girls Behaving Badly*) work porn into their shtick. Ed Rampell reports.

HIGH SEAS ADVENTURE

The Xingolati Groove Cruise of the Pacific is a three-night binge of horny babes and nonstop partying that's being called Burning Man at sea. Onboard for the unforgettable maiden voyage was gonzo journalist Harmon Leon, who soaked up all the revelry of this wild, floating music festival.

CELEBRITY SKIN FLICKS:

ACADEMY AWARD EDITION

Reese Witherspoon, Charlize Theron, Keira Knightley, Michelle Williams and Rachel Weisz all show skin in movies that may not have been Oscar-worthy, but are guaranteed to make *your* little bald man happy.

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